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T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY

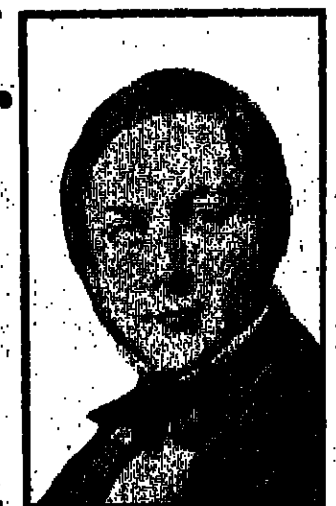
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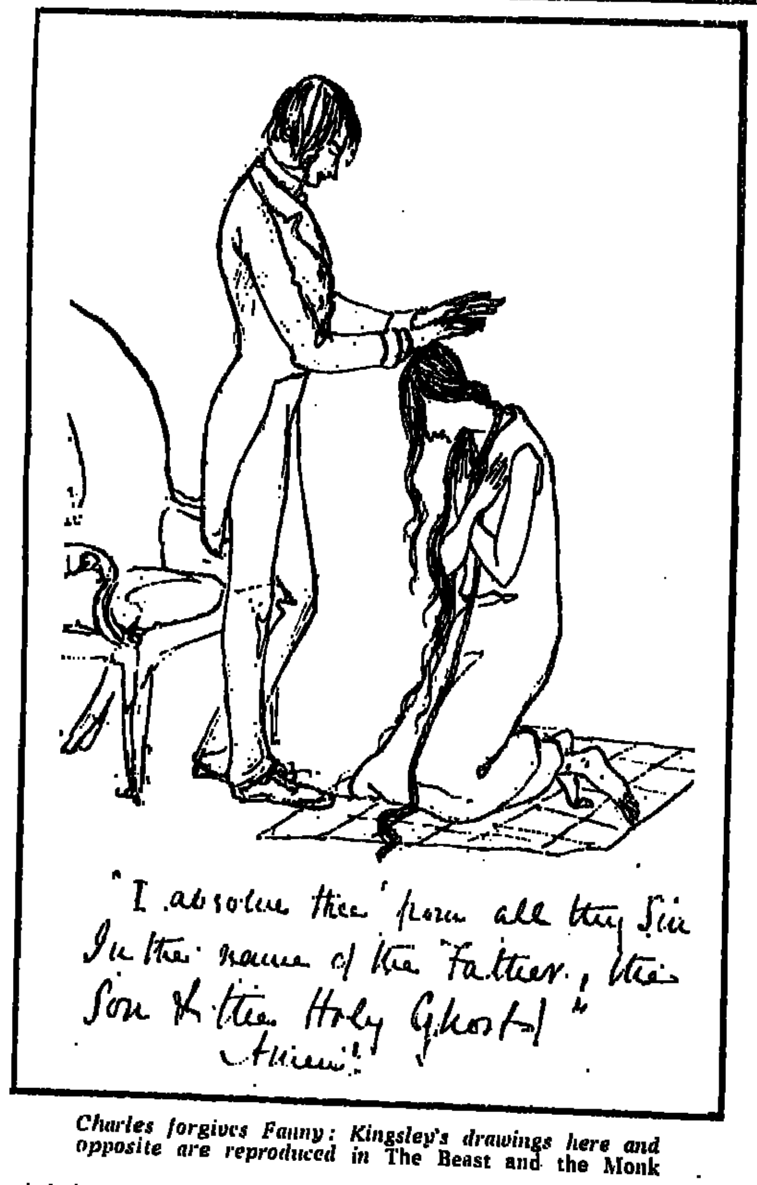
By J. W. Burrow

SUSAN CHITTY :
The Beast and the Monk
A Life of Charles Kingsley
317pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £4.95.

BRENDA COLLOMS :
Charles Kingsley
400pp. Constable. £5.

Which Victorian clergyman, born in the same year as the Queen, wrote "Be good sweet maid and let who will be clever" and *Brave Words for Brave Soldiers*, published lectures on sanitary reform and popular science, was tutor to the Prince of Wales and collected marine specimens for Philip Gosse? As an alternative question: how could G. M. Young, playing the game of looking for the greatest Victorian (not, as he explained, the greatest of the Victorians but the most "Victorian"), have failed to include Charles Kingsley, the centenary of whose death falls this month, in his list of candidates? His choice, Walter Bagehot, indicated his own preference for coolness and irony, for a calmly superior tone, educative rather than edifying, over the enthusiasms of the preacher and reformer, but it is highly questionable whether it was the more typical. Bagehot, though, was a shrewd choice for anyone trying to arouse a respectful interest in the mid-Victorians after the jeers of what Young called "The Dirty Twenties". Bagehot stressed their moral and intellectual continuity with Young's own England: Kingsley would have boisterously rattled some of the skeletons picked over by Lytton Strachey and his imitators.

Yet this seems curious at first sight. Kingsley, after all, was something of a rebel in his time, while Bagehot was at the most a tease. A clergyman who proclaimed himself a Chartist, supported Darwin, grew warm about the physical joys of marriage and was once banned from preaching in London because he was thought to have attacked property from the pulpit (actually this was just a characteristic muddle), and some of whose novels—*Yeast*, *Alton Locke* and *Hypatia*—drew accusations both of radicalism and impropriety, looks like a strong candidate for twentieth-century approbation. But the paradox is superficial. Lytton Strachey never pretended that General Gordon was an orthodox general or a conventional Christian, or that Florence Nightingale conformed to the ideal of mid-Victorian womanhood, but the sarcasms impaled their age as well as themselves. Kingsley was lucky to escape, for about him too there was a terrible earnestness, the undisguised earnestness that takes such dire risks with one's reputation among a posterity with different prejudices, and stands an excellent chance of blotting one's centenary with a clutch of embarrassing quotations. Not, of course, that Kingsley would have cared much for the judgment of a generation as corrupt, as effeminately Alexandrian, as he would have thought us. "arnest" was in fact almost as much a favourite word of his as "manly"; "effeminate", his most characteristic condemnation, meant the opposite of both.



Charles forgives Fanny: Kingsley's drawings here and opposite are reproduced in The Beast and the Monk

Humorous Kingsley could be; sarcastic sometimes; jocular often; but for irony he needed the refuge of a fictitious character, like the sceptical Jew in *Hypatia*, Raphael Ben-Ezra—until his conversion to Christianity, when he begins to talk in the same deadly earnest as the other characters. For all his self-conscious earthiness and dislike of the cant terms of religiosity, Kingsley never really managed, or for that matter tried, to satisfy Arnold's Hellenist criterion of ease in Zion. He was always more Hebraist than Hellenist, with, of course, as he would proudly have proclaimed, a good deal of the Barbarian as well.

As for Kingsley's prejudices, his and ours are often uncomfortably mismatched, and his more sophisticated contemporaries sometimes found them embarrassing. He may have been a fellow-traveller of the moderate Chartists—he was never more; a Darwinian who gave Darwinism a providential, teleological twist; a social reformer who became increasingly obsessed by the least radical, if also arguably the most urgent, of all social causes at the time, sanitary reform. He was also a violent jingo, a vulgar baiter of Papists and aesthetes, a relentless sermonizer even in his lectures as Regius Professor of History at Cambridge, an appointment he owed to the favour of the Prince Consort and for which, as Freeman unkindly remarked, there was as little reason as if he had been set to command the Channel fleet. Kingsley could be attractively inconsistent, for his perceptions remained as fresh as his principles were crude, and his prejudices were often blunted, as in the case of the negroes he met on his trip late in life to the West Indies, by direct acquaintance; a case in reverse, his disillusionment with Carlyle, seems equally to his credit.

Nevertheless, friends from his Chartist days were estranged by the bloodthirsty patriotism he embraced so eagerly in the 1850s and 1860s, when his zeal for vicariously slaughtering Russians and sepoys (common enthusiasms both, after all) was accompanied by admiration for the disciplinary methods of colonial strong-men like Rajah Brooke and Governor Eyre. Kingsley's was a protean character and it would be profoundly unfair to represent it by a few selective quotations, but in one of its incarnations the author of *Brave Words for Brave Soldiers* would undoubtedly have made a valued co[…] Bottomley's *John Bull*.

In a warm-hearted r[…] a sheltered life it is […] attribute some of Kingsl[…] to simple lack of imag[…] as his yearning for "an[…] mishing in those Inker[…] and five minutes with […] bayonet as a *bonne bouch*[…] off with" disarms critic[…] alliterative absurdity. […] tempting but it is un[…] Whatever Kingsley lacked […] not imagination; not, a[…] vivid, visual, sensuous […] the Indian Mutiny he w[…] ficantly perhaps: "I can[…] to look at a woman or a[…] at my own sometimes. […] such horrible images, fro[…] can't escape", and to a[…] spondent he wrote of […] filled with images fresh […] and the shambles".

As a boy in the West C[…] had seen the aftermath o[…] tol Riots of 1831, with […] human fragments lying in […] The battle scenes in *West*[…] and *Hereward the Wake* […] schoolboyish, but mobs a[…] were deeply implanted in […] ination. Both *Alton L*[…] *Hypatia* have notable r[…] and the mob of fanatical […] monks in the latter is […] book's livelier though k[…] thetic protagonists. The […] of the beautiful pagan p[…] of the title is the clim[…] book:

> She shook herself free […] tormentors, and spring[…] rose for one moment t[…] height, naked, snow-whi[…] the dusky mass around […] and indignation in th[…] clear eyes, but not a stai[…]

Tennyson, who shared so[…] Kingsley's attitudes, was […] pained by the word "nak[…]

Naked female martyrs, […] or pagan, always fascinate[…] ley. Like Browning, he […] ambitious poem on the […] Andromeda, as well as incl[…] story in *The Heroes*, his […] of Greek myths for child[…] also wrote a life of St E[…] of Hungary as a wedding p[…] his wife, the eroticism of al[…] scarcely disguised. In 18[…] still a Cambridge underg[…] he had met his future wi[…] Grenfell, the youngest of fo[…] of Puseyite leanings (Charl[…] second sister, subsequently […] J. A. Froude). Kingsley,

[…]e was vicar of St Luke's, Chel[…] had no private means, and the […]fells were adepts at keeping […]rs apart; they were later to do […]same with Fanny's niece Georg[…] and her future husband Max […]ler.

[…] the hothouse of a protracted […]Victorian engagement Kingsley's erotic imagination bloomed […]er oddly. He invented rituals […]himself and Fanny to perform […]ltaneously in their respective […]ooms; he scourged himself, […] refused to do the same to […] offering instead to sit pray[…] outside the door while Fanny […]er maid performed the opera[…] "Our animal enjoyments must […]eligious ceremonies", he wrote […]er, and invited her to look for[…]d to "thrilling writhings" […]ch would nevertheless be "but […] shadows of a union which shall […] perfect"; Kingsley had […]loped the unorthodox, but in the […]umstances understandable, view […] heaven might consist of un[…]rupted sexual intercourse. In […] sacrament of their union, he […]ld be the "priest", she the […]tim". Of the illustrations he […] for his life of St Elizabeth, […]tly of naked women under tor[…], he wrote to her: "St Eliza-



Charles and Fanny ascend to heaven.

[…]t is my Fanny, not as she is but […]he will be. . . . If my baby will […]model I will be able to draw such […]ly pictures for her."

[…]ingsley's powerful sexuality has […] been a subject of comment. […]B. Martin, in his admirable bio[…]phy, *The Dust of Combat*, pub[…]ed in 1959, spoke of some of […]gsley's letters to his wife as "too […]mate for publication". Nathaniel […]wthorne heard that Kingsley had […]e drawings no pure man could […]k at. Standards change, and the […]tations above come from Susan […]tty's attractively written and […]n highly revealing new bio[…]phy. She also reproduces some […]e drawings, and, while no one […]uld hope to find his purity […]usly endangered, they do rather […]rge one's sense of what a newly […]ained young curate in the early […]0s might be doing; the quaintest […]e of Charles and Fanny, locked […]opulation and decked (he only) […] wings, levitating towards […]ven and eternal bliss.

[…]usan Chitty, in *The Beast and […] Monk*, has thrown a good deal […]ew light on Kingsley's relations […] his family circle as well as […] his wife, on his manic[…]ressive temperament and his […]ggles with debt, with an extra[…]ant wife and a damp rectory. […]health was poor and preferment […]nonries, eventually, at Chester […]Westminster—was slow, perhaps […]ause of his radical associations. […] leaves her book with enhanced […]pathy as well as understanding. […] is essentially a personal bio[…]phy, and Martin's book still re[…]s valuable for Kingsley's intel[…]ual life and literary career. […]ortunately Brenda Colloms's new […]y, *Charles Kingsley*, which […]es primarily on Kingsley as a […]l reformer, is not in the same […] It is considerably less well […]en, and, since it makes no use […]unpublished material and relies heavily on the extensive but severely edited hagiography compiled by Kingsley's widow, it is inevitably rather bland.

The revelations of Kingsley's erotic life by Lady Chitty, which she handles with an admirably sure touch, shrewd but never sniggering or clinical, are illuminating not only because they are unusually frank for the period but because they link with some of the central preoccupations of his life: his hatred of celibacy and of the Tractarian and Catholic doctrines which had nearly claimed his wife and which seemed to exalt the celibate state as the highest kind of life. This was at the root of the detestation of Catholicism which, even though the debate was ostensibly about truth, led him headlong into his greatest public disaster and his greatest historical role, as the inadvertent begetter of Newman's *Apologia*.

Celibacy, even more than sanitation, was Kingsley's obsession; even in his Cambridge history lectures he could not leave it alone. Of course, monks, convents, confessors and the rest had long formed a staple part of the more lurid anti-Papist propaganda, and Kingsley's Protestantism was sometimes at almost this level of crudity. But one can see the obsessively sexual character of Kingsley's hatred of Popery by comparing it with his brother-in-law Froude's *History*—one of the inspirations of *Westward Ho!* Froude was no less hostile to Catholicism, but celibacy was peripheral, subordinate to what was to him the central issue of the Reformation, freedom of thought. Froude's wife had nearly become a nun but a cleric had publicly burnt one of his books, and he clearly knew what constituted a priority.

To Kingsley celibacy was an affront, witness to a Manichean view of the flesh of which he must have felt the attraction. Indeed, thanks to Lady Chitty we can be sure that he did. He wrote to Fanny:

> I once formed a strange project. I would have travelled to a monastery in France, gone barefoot into the chapel at matins (midnight) and there confessed every sin of my whole life before the monks and offered my naked body to be scourged by them.

Kingsley knew his own animal nature and decided to rejoice in it: not just his sexuality but the life of nature and the senses, of country sports and strenuous activity. He wrote of his boyhood: "I knew and worshipped nothing but the physical", and "boyish" was always a term of three-quarters' approval with him—the holiday version of "manliness". In another passage, quoted this time by his wife, which throws an interesting light on his preoccupation with sanitary reform and getting the poor to wash—the dying speech of the heroine of *Yeast* was a lyrical invocation to pure water, and the most horrifying paragraph he ever wrote described a sewer—he said: "A woodland bath to me always brings thoughts of Paradise." Endless copulation and cold bath—some identity of opposites was clearly at work here.

Kingsley preferred nature with an edge on her, of discomfort or danger: no doubt he found it purgative. But above all he needed marriage. At Cambridge he had led the life of an undergraduate hearty, of duck-shooting, hunting, boating and affectations of plebeian ruggedness: boxing lessons from a negro "professor" and innumerable pipes of "baccy" when only cigars were gentlemanly. Kingsley once wrote an instructive passage (instructive about Kingsley, that is) contrasting Byron and Shelley:

> The age is an effeminate one; and it can well afford to pardon the lewdness of the gentle and sensitive vegetarian, while it has no mercy for that of the sturdy peer, proud of his bull-neck and his boxing, who kept bears and bull-dogs, drilled Greek ruffians at Missolonghi, and "had no objection to a pot of beer"; and who might, if he had reformed, have made a gallant English gentleman; while Shelley, if once his intense self-opinion had deserted him, would probably have ended in Rome, as an Oratorian or a Passionist.

Never mind its aptness to Byron (or Shelley for that matter), what Kingsley is talking about is the kind of undergraduate physical bravado into which he had flung himself so enthusiastically and of which he retained traces for the rest of his life. It is amusing to think of this transmuted Georgian Corinthianism as one of the sources of Victorian Muscular Christianity—a name Kingsley not surprisingly hated. But the synthesis could only be achieved, the robustness or brutality adapted, for Kingsley at least, to an age of earnestness, on condition of marriage. The Cambridge dissipations had apparently included a visit to one of the Barnwell prostitutes. Kingsley spoke of this Cambridge time, in typically wholesale fashion, as his "life of a wild beast", and of nature itself as darkened for him by his sins. His recovery of his Christian faith after a period of doubt coincided with Fanny telling him she loved him. Such a cosmic reconciliation of spirit and matter required nothing less than a universal justification, an incarnation. Fanny's "priest" became rector of Eversley, and served devotedly in both capacities for the rest of his life.

But any assertion of the value of celibacy, however tacit, raised the Manichaean spectre and threatened his synthesis, the only terms on which he could avert the frivolity of despair and take life seriously. "Manliness", for Kingsley, had three linked connotations: virility, earnestness and blunt, honest directness. Newman was effeminate, celibate, veiled in subtleties; he must therefore be devious, fundamentally frivolous and dishonest. Whatever the qualities of Kingsley's imagination—and it was largely visual—they did not include understanding men radically unlike himself.

And so with his style; it was at its best in descriptions: the imagined exotic splendours of the ancient Near East or Spanish America; the precisely observed details of marine life; nightmares of Gothic horror; the sweat-shop and the slums of Jacob's Island. There is sometimes, too, a vigorously articulate anger in a "Chartist" verse like "The Bad Squire". But speaking in his own person Kingsley often failed. Gerard Manley Hopkins, comparing him with Browning, saw in him "a way of talking (and making his people talk) with the air and spirit of a man bouncing up from table with mouth full of bread and cheese and saying that he meant to stand no blasted nonsense". To think of Kingsley as a kind of Victorian Sage *manqué* may seem to put his case too strongly; he himself would not have claimed so much. His Broad Church theology he owed to F. D. Maurice, whom he always addressed as "Master". But Muscular Christianity and Christian Socialism made a distinctive enough message, whatever its poverties; and how much content is there in Carlyle? What Kingsley lacked was not a message but a tone and an appropriate rhetoric. When he wanted to be impressive he became, apart from flashes of Carlylese, merely parsonical; when he was polemical he spluttered. One can't have a Sage with his mouth full of bread and cheese.

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The housing explosion

By F. M. L. Thompson

C. W. CHALKLIN:
The Provincial Towns of Georgian England
A Study of the Building Process 1740-1820
367pp. Arnold. £10.

Until quite recently the Victorian period was a tough nut for the architect and aesthete, struggling against an inert mass of inherited prejudice and distaste to convince us that its buildings and artifacts were worthy of serious appraisal mounting towards lyrical enthusiasm; the field remained firmly in the grip of economic historians, social historians and sociologists, with noses for slums rather than eyes for seemly proportions. Not so with the eighteenth century. Here the architectural historians have long been in sole and undisputed possession, with virtual patent rights on the very concept "Georgian", a term little used by economic or social historians—or, indeed, by political historians unless of an eccentrically monarchical brand—but one which instantly conjures up visions of a particular style of architecture.

Into this preserve bravely steps C. W. Chalklin with talk, not of Palladian or Vitruvian elements, but of courtyard dwellings and back-to-backs; cajoling his sources to disclose not the derivation of a plinth or a column, but the root and descent of a backstreet title; weighing the merits and contributions not of the Adam brothers or George Dance, but of property developers or owner-builders; and placing his subject firmly in the context not of the grand stately homes and elegant town squares, but of the anonymous mass-housing of the large towns in the early industrial period. It is a triumphant foray, audacious in its scope, fascinating in the detail of its execution; and at its conclusion Mr Chalklin has annexed a whole new territory for urban history, pushing back the frontiers of knowledge of the building process by the best part of a century.

Some idea of the magnitude of the task which Mr Chalklin set himself, and of his achievement, can be gathered by starting at the end and reading his note on sources. Printed sources, apart from local newspaper advertisements, have yielded little useful evidence; the Public Record Office, apart from the lucky dip into the largely uncharted masses of Chancery and Exchequer proceedings, has been only a little more helpful; the consolidated and comparatively easily workable records of estate accounts and letter books have only been relevant in the few cases where corporation or other institutional estates chanced to lie in the path of eighteenth-century town growth. His richest source by far, the foundation on which the whole work rests, has been quite simply the title-deeds of individual properties, the conveyances, leases, assignments, and abstracts of title which can be made to show the history of a property from its first grant or sale through subdivision, subleasing, mortgaging, development, redevelopment, and resale; and can be made to disclose some of the biographical and financial history of the individuals who at different times had dealings with the property. An individual property, in this context, may be a single house; but it may also be a row of houses, a courtyard, a whole block of tenements, or an entire building estate.

And Mr Chalklin has had the inspiration to realize that on occasion a single later purchaser acquired houses and housing land which originally had many separate owners, and with them acquired great bundles of deeds which may still be consulted, perhaps in the archives of British Rail, perhaps in a city collection relating to some later slum-clearance scheme. Hence he has not literally built up his jigsaw piece by piece, house by house, but has been able to exploit caches of deeds which reveal a whole district on the move from fields or gardens into streets and dwellings. Nevertheless, even when some of his raw materials have arrived in sizable chunks, Mr Chalklin has had to be himself a builder of mosaics, piecing together a coherent account and analysis from hundreds of small fragments. The result is a virtuoso performance in the art of historical reconstruction, a brilliant example of just how much a really determined and resourceful historian can discover about a section of the past where weaker brethren would shy away, claiming that there are no records.

Mr Chalklin has, of course, studied only a minute proportion of the million or more houses which must have been built during his Georgian period (this figure derives from his own estimate that the number of persons per house did not increase, and most probably declined slightly, over this time). London, accounting for about a tenth of the country's housing-stock and building activity, has been excluded by definition, partly in order to render the remaining subject manageable and partly because something is already known of London's building businesses through studies of domestic architecture. The method, then, has been to select seven of the fifteen largest towns (by size in 1821) to put under the microscope: three industrial, Birmingham, Manchester, and Nottingham; two seaports, Hull and Liverpool; one dockyard, Portsmouth; and one resort, Bath. Scattered material is drawn from many other towns, which at most points strengthens the claim that these seven were representative of the experience of provincial urbanization; and after the herculean labours on the deeds of the seven it would be churlish to query their typicality, even though three at least rose to the stature of regional capitals and in a sense became more metropolitan than provincial in character, outlook, facilities, and in business and cultural activities. Out of the seven only Bath would hitherto have been an automatic choice for a Georgian field-trip, and indeed Bath is the odd man out in Mr Chalklin's sample, with a far higher proportion of middling to luxury-class building—for the fashionable visitors, invalids, retired people, and their supporting purveyors of services.

The generally small scale of middle-class and wealthy housing demand is, indeed, one of the striking messages of this book. Even in Bath many of the schemes for superior-class development went extremely slowly, with the building of a street or a square stretching out over fifty years, and with only one period, in the late 1780s, when there was anything like a concentrated spell of quality building. Elsewhere a visitor might at one time have found small pockets of elegant Georgian or Regency town-houses—and a persistent visitor may even find one or two surviving specimens today in the heart of industrial England—but the weakness of middle-class demand in comparison with that of the lower orders meant that these never had been more than small oases in the back-to-back townscape, and that with the possible exception of Liverpool, where a considerable class of wealthy merchants and professional people developed by the end of the eighteenth century, provincial towns could not sustain the development of large and unified higher-class residential districts on the pattern of many of the eighteenth-century London building-estates.

The layman's impression of the emphasis of eighteenth-century building in London is itself based on survivorship, a poor and unreliable guide to the social and physical balance of construction at the time. In Mr Chalklin's towns, again with the exception of Bath, there is virtually no survivorship. Much that was built in his period became the roundly abused cellar dwellings and slum properties of the sanitary reformers of the 1840s; some were swept away by railway thrusts or municipal clearance schemes later in the nineteenth century; most of the rest, if it had survived German bombs, was ruthlessly redeveloped in our own time by unimaginative local authorities impervious to possibilities of renovation and conversion. The postwar rehabilitation of Islington, after all, has been the work of private individuals and private developers; the bulldozer often seems to be the only device known to municipal improvers. As Mr Chalklin concludes, only "the street plans of the centres of our provincial cities survive as the chief memorial to the work of the Georgian land-promoters and builders".

Mr Chalklin has done much more than create a word-picture of the buildings which once stood on those streets, and the courts and alleys which ran off them. He has uncovered and laid out for inspection the detailed mechanisms of the whole process which turned fields and gardens into those streets and courts in the first place. The process was, and is, extremely complex, involving questions of ownership, tenure, finance and credit, promotion and advertising, the matching of supply and demand, as well as the organization of building materials, skilled workers and general labourers in the work of physical construction itself. Our knowledge of how this was done has now been pushed back by a century; it is perhaps no surprise to find that it was done with the same instruments as were used in the nineteenth century—land-promoters, developers, owner-builders, speculative builders, building contractors, subcontractors, mortgages, building societies, ground rents, fee farm rents, entry fines, and all the rest—with the scale of individual enterprises and businesses being much smaller, and with the appearance of part-timers, non-specialists, in one phase or another ... ing process, being prominent.

Overall there is an almost ant-like activ... one in the respectab... reaches of local ... sterers, tailors, publica... mariners, dockyard ... makers, as well as local ... surgeons—liable to ... point in the launchi... houses or a whole ... two-down terracing, ... dominant role in risk... as in actual construct... the local elite of ... trades—carpenters, bri... plumbers. The aggreg... these small people, ... contribution from larg... tors, heaved into exi... housing of the earl... period. The type of ... may not have been up ... later standards; but ... than sufficient to keep ... doubling and trebling ... in these towns, and ... the end of the period ... more house-room per ... family than they had ... ning. What is more ... housing was, on the wh... built of brick, and ... to stand for 100 to 150 ...

It was a colossal ach... capital formation, sma... ness organization, a... labour, to provide sou... for the demographic ... explosions of the time ... resort to shanty towns ... true measure of the hig... of expectations with w... entered the Industrial ... and of the high standa... ing achievement toward... its early phase. How... from this book far remo... black spot of industrial ... epitome of social neglect ... the sentimental school of ... torians usually consi... Chalklin has written a ... which must at once go ... ing-list of every moder... and every social history ...

Libertine with a cause

By Gila Curtis

LOUIS KRONENBERGER:
The Extraordinary Mr Wilkes
His Life and Times
269pp. New English Library. £3.25.

AUDREY WILLIAMSON:
Wilkes
"A Friend to Liberty"
254pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.95.

John Wilkes was a rebel in true eighteenth-century style. Witty, dissolute and reckless, he was "one of the great profligates of a profligate century", who was also capable of producing a new edition of Catullus and of sustaining the friendship of Joshua Reynolds and David Garrick. Physically hideous, he boasted with some charm that "he could talk away his face in thirty minutes", and he conducted his political battles with a coolness that Francis Drake would have approved. Thus when, after the publication of the notorious No 45 of the *North Briton*, he was summoned before the Secretary of State, Lord Halifax, Wilkes refused to attend on the grounds that he had not yet had the honour of an introduction to the noble lord. Then, when the threat of a platoon of foot guards persuaded him to adopt a more prudent course, he nevertheless insisted that a sedan chair be brought to take him, though he lived only four doors away from Halifax. To a biographer Wilkes's career certainly provides plenty of colourful material; or, as Louis Kronenberger prefers to put it, his adult life was "very animated and anecdotal".

Yet Wilkes's significance lies not in his life-style, fascinating though it was; nor in his achievements which were few; and not in his ideas which were unoriginal. His importance lay in his cause—that of the liberty of the individual against the government—which became such a dominant theme of subsequent Whig histories. Because of it Wilkes has always had a special appeal to American historians, who see him as part of a line of rebellion stretching from John Locke to the Declaration of Independence. And here, appropriately enough, are two biographies both of which have been published previously in the United States.

Indeed both books are remarkably similar in intent and content. They are very much for the general reader, relying heavily on the usual secondary sources and doing little more than retracing the familiar outlines of Wilkes's fortunes, well spiced with tales of his sexual exploits, his membership of the Hell Fire Club and his oft-quoted witticisms. Neither of them makes much attempt to delve beneath the surface to the issues at stake—to look, for instance, at the nature of his radical support; the technicalities of the legal weapons used against him; or at the evolution of governmental authority which lay at the heart of his cause.

Mr Kronenberger has, regrettably, written a facile book. His judgments are completely conventional, and even these are often difficult to isolate in the confusing and ill-organized structure he adopts. His narrative is interrupted by embarrassing attempts to give "social background". These are nothing more than separate essays headed "The Riotous Class", "The Rising Class" and "The Ruling Class". Most of "The Riotous Class", we are warned, was "buried in anonymous and pestilent darkness, while much else stomps rowdily and sprawls drunkenly and turns riotous and lawless". This was, apparently, partly the fault of the first two Hanoverian kings for, "besides being greedy, George I and George II were Germans for whom London had littl... and in whose inhabitants ... no interest at all". "T... Class" had a much mo... time and happily manag... come the fact that they ... overeat and have bad ... ners" to "develop ... character which left ... stamp on a later Engl... irresponsible goings-on ... "Ruling Class" would ... delight William Hickey ... the eighteenth century or ... tieth—although the relev... this to Wilkes remains a ... tery.

Nor is the politics ... terously handled: there ... attempt to unravel the ... cations which underlay ... challenge. Where was the ... law? Did it reside in ... and if so what part of ... allotted to the Commo... what was the relationship ... ment to the government ... both to the various coun... land? These were impor... tions for the eighteenth ... and behind the gradually ... answers grew a differen... to English law and the ... tion. And they are impor... tions also for the biogr... Wilkes, but Mr Kronenber... pletely fails to raise them.

Audrey Williamson's *Wilkes* suffers from all the weaknesses of *The Ext... Mr Wilkes*, and is even ... in its acceptance of the ... Whig historian's appro... subtitle "A Friend to L... gives us warning of what ... store. This is Wilkes the ... Individualist, and the ... Democracy, again with no ... to see below the surface of ... And the style is, if anythi... more distressing. She ... Wilkes's sexual exploits ... curious mixture of coy... relish.

There are far too many ... sary references to Tom ... subject of her previous ... and others—even less ju... to St Joan, "Jack" Profu... Lambton, Gilbert and Sull... Charlie Chaplin. Anyone ... good introduction to ... career should read Peter ... essay in *Four Portraits* ... Raymond Postgate's *Th... Wilkes* (1930).

Cato Street Napoleon

By Philip Ziegler

DAVID JOHNSON:
Regency Revolution
The Case of Arthur Thistlewood
182pp. Salisbury: Compton Russell. £2.75.

Regency Revolution is certainly not a biography of Arthur Thistlewood; not enough is yet known about this somewhat peripheral figure to make such an enterprise feasible. Nor is it a study of civil disorder under the Regency: David Johnson makes no attempt to challenge R. V. Darvall's admirable work on the subject and, indeed, he does not put the events he describes into any sort of social or economic framework. Instead he gives a rather scrappy account of the Spa Fields rising of 1816 and the resultant trial, followed by a fuller and more lively history of the Cato Street Conspiracy some four years later.

The little band of half-crazed agitators who gathered in a stable in Cato Street to plot the assassination of the entire Cabinet was destined from the start to annihilation. Their group had been penetrated by government spies, their meeting-place was known, the dinner where they hoped to destroy their victims was not even going to take place. Their threats, indeed their intentions, were awful enough, but the degraded misery from which they sprang and the hopeless inadequacy of their stratagems inspire compassion rather than condemnation.

Thistlewood was unusual among them in the comparative affluence of his background and the endearing cheek which led him to deploy mythical armies with the aplomb of a Wellington or a Napoleon and to challenge Lord Sidmouth, the Home Secretary, to a duel. His counsel put up a "brilliant performance" in his defence, says Mr Johnson, but, since his efforts were directed to the modest aim of ensuring that when Thistlewood was decapitated he should not subsequently be dissected as well, one may doubt whether the accused valued his feats very highly.

Mr Johnson has delved conscientiously into the Home Office records and contemporary publications. He has disinterred some interesting detail which is not to be found in John Stanhope's *The Cato Street Conspiracy* or other, more general, studies. He writes pleasantly and has a good eye for the picturesque. But none of this can alter the fact that his work is desultory and ill constructed.

...ON

...ccess through suicide

By ...ictoria Glendinning

... MISHIMA:
...cay of the Angel
...ted by Edward G. Seidensticker
Secker and Warburg. £3.

Decay of the Angel there is ... about a mouse that thinks ... cat. One day it meets a real ... has to prove that it is not a ... not something for the cat to ... It jumps into a washtub and ... The cat dislikes the soap ... and does not eat the dead ... "The mouse commits suicide ... blish itself." Yukio Mishima ... nning his own suicide during ... ting of this novel, the last in ... ralogy *The Sea of Fertility*. ... ber 25, 1970, the day of the ... was his publisher's deadline. ... ima hated the mediocrity of ... postwar democracy. Patriot... or him, meant reviving the ... ons of old Japan. But the ... h of the samurai and the ... ed were associated with ... m and a longing for violent, ... ual death. He played out his ... es in his books and films ... oth director and actor), ... do, in physical culture, in bizarre photographic poses. He wrote forty novels, a very large number of plays and stories, and was three times nominated for the Nobel prize.

He conceived of *The Sea of Fertility* sequence as his literary monument. It covers modern Japan from about 1912; at the centre of each novel is a young person with a special destiny: to be set apart and to die young. Honda, the observer-voyeur, knows all four, and knows that each is a reincarnation of the first; each has three moles on his breast. It is doubtful whether Mishima really believed in the doctrine of reincarnation, on which he had to rely heavily to justify the structure of the tetralogy—there are passages of religious exposition which are, artistically, so much excess baggage.

In the first three novels—*Spring Snow, Runaway Horses* and *The Temple of Dawn*—the chosen ones, two youths and a girl, are beautiful and contemptuous ("contempt" is one of Mishima's key words) and each dies when overtaken by destiny—love, fate, lust. Honda, meanwhile, the guardian of the secret, grows older. In the valedictory novel, Honda is very old indeed. The time is the 1970s. He adopts the cold, uneducated boy Tōru, having spotted the three moles. Tōru is, in Honda's cosmology, an angel. The old man loves and educates the boy, whose "beauty is only beauty of the flesh", and is born of ignorance: if Tōru does not know the secret, his flesh will find its destiny. Honda's flesh is decaying; the discomforts of the aged body, the fumblings of the less-sharp mind, are traced with passionate distaste. His life has had no climax:

> There was for me nothing that might have been called the pinnacle of my youth, and so no moment for stopping it. One should stop at the pinnacle. I could discern none.

Tōru will not play his angel's part. He and the old man begin to hate one another. Honda longs for Tōru to fulfil his holy destiny and die before he is twenty. But Tōru does not die. He discovers the secret; he reads the diary of Kioyaki, the first youth in the cycle, and the "angel" begins to decay. He takes poison, but is only blinded. He lives on, a shambling wreck, with an idiot girl.

Honda had made a mistake: Tōru's birthdate was too early for him to be the reborn angel. But then why the three moles? Some things must still be true. Honda, near death, goes to the convent where Kioyaki's mistress still lives. But the old lady had never heard of Kioyaki. Honda begins to doubt his own experience and his own existence: "Perhaps there is no I." Nothing, if like Honda you live long enough to find out, can be relied on. The only way to give life meaning is to go out in a blaze of violent glory just as you reach the "pinnacle".

All this would be intolerable in the hands of a mediocre writer. Mishima's obsessions were narcissistic, elitist and bloody. But his extraordinary visions were matched by an equally extraordinary talent. He is a very visual writer; he describes gardens of flowers glittering under a heat-haze that makes you sweat. His seascapes, dinner-tables, and the clothes, bodies, hair, sexual stirrings of his characters are remembered longer than the intricacies of his metaphysic. His unlikely Honda, his quite impossible Tōru, are real: the Flesh made word. The mouse in the fable envied the cat, and perhaps this is a key; for envy, writes Mishima in this novel, "is the source of all lyricism in intellectual man". "And did the mouse's death shock the world?" Tōru asked the storyteller. He got a dusty answer and noticed that the storyteller had bad breath. Nothing changes the world. But the mouse had established itself. And so, Tōru was told, "the suicide was a success".

...e disinherited

By ...ric Korn

... BROWN:
...uggle
Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

... CREWS:
...psy's Curse
Secker and Warburg. £2.90.

... better disposed towards mad... ese days. I do not subscribe ... notion of the uniquely catas... quality of our time, but the ... ce of this notion, and the ... l of understanding brought ... by existential analysts, have ... ed a crop of novels that illum... the experience of delusion. ... Brown's new novel—a New ... Society choice—is one of ... st of them. It is like a series ... ologues by a witty but imposs... riend, sardonic, insightful, ... -seeming, but suddenly sug... the extermination of all logi... sitivists. The texture of the ... splinters, delusions are ... d into abruptly but rationally, ... ally, the insights are painful ... e wit has a cutting edge that ... ndly turned against his own ...

... Hudson knows he is mad: ... insists on it. ("It's no great ... ment to go mad. Anyone can ...). He knows what is meant ... word: "His odd behaviour ... way of earning a living nor ... sexual perversion nor is it a ... r game or hobby. Therefore ... mad." His acceptance of his ... s gives him a Goffmanesque ... ork of security which he can ... usly manipulate: "Aggres... replacing sexuality as an ob... with psychiatrists and we ... must be ready to adapt ... es to the change." But the ... may slip into the para...

... workers sometimes pretend ... somewhat neurotic or some... psychotic in order to make ... selves more acceptable. But ... not possible for them to be ... neurotic or psychotic be... they are not human. ... are university graduates. ... ple conspiracy of university ... ates, commissioned officers ... ohien has made Eric Hudson ... he is today—which is Adolf ... His biography, as he chooses ... it, partly answers Auden's ... on: "what huge imago made ... opathic god"? ... suffers from disinheritance: ... of his illegitimate elder bro... Gordon was a love child, I ... hate child"), his classically ... hrenogenic mother, his father ... one can forgive but commits ... mate treachery of dying ("by ... e escaped my vengeance"); ... ool, National Service, his de... nt from his class all help to disinherit him. His friends, his beloved, even his dog must betray or be betrayed. His intellectual pretensions seem worthless to himself and his family assist: there is a maniacal harangue from a down-to-earth aunt as scarifying as the sermon on hell that haunts Stephen Daedalus. He slips into a cycle of self-mockery, self-righteousness, self-pity and self-abuse: the delusions are a party trick that becomes a tic, a mask that clings to the face. At the end of the novel he is secure in the last bunker of madness: but he is neither more nor less seriously Hitler than in the opening pages, when he writes:

> I must take this opportunity to dispose of the lie that I ordered the SA in Berlin to set fire to the Reichstag. I wouldn't have trusted that bunch of dancing girls to burn down one of those funny little sheds on an allotment, or Schrebergarten, which one sees from a railway carriage window. It was that crazy Dutchman, Van Gogh.
>
> Always I am being accused of being some kind of sexual pervert. But what time did I ever have for sexual perversion? All my days and nights are taken up with affairs of state.
>
> Uncleanness of underwear has never been proved against me. There is nothing real beneath my Party Brown.
>
> And I have three testicles.

On page 124 there is a disturbing use—too frequent to be a misprint—of a spelling the *OED* firmly describes as obsolete: from a scab on the thumb emerges a nasty yellow "puss". The image is even more disagreeable than Mr Brown intends, but it's a bouquet of spring flowers to the landscape of Harry Crews's America. If Mr Brown writes about the brink, Mr Crews's hero walks a tightrope over the pit, exclaiming: "Look Ma, no hands." Not that exactly, for Marvin Molar, born with legs the size of pencils, walks on his hands; talks with them too, since he is a deaf mute.

Apart from these problems he has the curse of the title: "que encuentres un coño a tu medida". The *coño* in question, Hester, a big, bountiful, sexual sports girl, Delilahs her way into his life, destroying lovable old Al, the ex-strongman, and Pete, the wise old black, before being herself bloodily destroyed. It is, as the epigraph reveals, the world of Diane Arbus; but the single shocking image of a photograph is here extended in sentimental toughness: "The world is a very shitty place and sometimes it is hard not to be bitter." Mr Crews's previous novels have been highly praised for their power and savagery. His work certainly has that, but lacks the necessary gaiety transfiguring all that dread. Or is it just English sentimentality to see humour not as a mere anodyne, but an essential illumination of our madness and our humanity?

Leaping ahead

By Gay Clifford

JOHN MUNONYE:
A Dancer of Fortune
247pp. Heinemann. £2.50.

Four of John Munonye's novels have appeared already in this country, and of these *Oil Man of Obange* would by itself have made one expect a great deal from this, his latest work. Sadly, it is a novel stronger in conception than in execution. Ayasko is the best dancer in Dekko, a folk hero used by competing patent medicine firms in their sales campaigns. Initially we see him as an exploited buffoon, but at the end he has succeeded in getting power by playing off four business concerns against each other: he acquires (by devious means) his own medicine shops and firm, and trains two boys on whom his dancer's mantle will fall. The situation, with its provincial graft and politicking, and the apparently simple-minded unexpectedly outwitting the astute, offers considerable comic potential—unfulfilled because the writing is so opaque and reserved. Comedy seldom translates easily between cultures, but this cannot fully explain the book's weaknesses.

There are political undertones in the displacement of the rich businessmen, who manipulate their clients for profit, by Ayasko whose charisma guarantees him popular backing. And is he himself a charlatan? As he becomes successful, he too resorts to deceit, confidence tricks, and coercion. The political dimension, like the comedy, is latent, an echo behind the dialogue and incidents. This elusiveness suggests that the cautious neutrality of the book may be attributable to deliberate reticence on the author's part. The situation of Ibo writers since the Nigerian Civil War must be intensely difficult, or at the least dispiriting. The masquerading Ayasko's dance to fortune has a curious flatness quite different from the understatement of Munonye's best writing in the past.

Sermons in stones

By Sylvia Millar

MARIAN ENGEL:
One Way Street
250pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.95.

Audrey Moore is the heroine of this over-researched, over-allusive novel. Encouraged by her alcoholic poet lover, Audrey answers an SOS from her ex-husband, the homosexual Laddie, and joins him on a Mediterranean island not unlike Cyprus. Laddie is in debt and his beautiful Etonian lover has run away with a Turk to trade in snails. The rich, multiracial mosaic of Audrey's experiences in, as it were, Nicosia culminates in a donkey-ride pilgrimage to an Orthodox monastery in quest of a dog-headed ikon, a St Christopher who was transformed by the deity because he was too attractive to women. Foul, or rather self-confessedly stinking, Audrey is here molested by the Bishop of Maloundia but returns to England with her affectations intact. Meanwhile her lover has died of pneumonia and an unpleasant female expert on the iconology of pots hangs herself in the courtyard of Laddie's caravanserai. Miss Engel has attempted to describe the collision of an ancient polygot culture with European sophistication, politics and business. But for the reader to give the degree of attention which she demands he must surround himself with a heap of reference books. "Who were the kind old people in Ovid and what were they changed into", Audrey wonders. The reader leafs through his classical dictionary.

Miss Engel writes with a blend of self-regarding simplicity, pedantry and grandiloquence. Encyclopaedic knowledge does not denote perceptivity and lists do not denote accurate observation. Her imagery is strained and at times ludicrous. "The sky was as dark as lentil soup", she writes without noticeable irony. Most ludicrous of all is the description of the heroine's sexual activity, with her "womb going flip-flop in the very rich hour". Miss Engel's knowledge of architecture and archaeology seems boundless and she can describe city walls with some skill. If only she could resist such otiose philosophizings as: "To walk beside them"—the walls—"is to forgive all emperors a little."

Heads down

JACK DANIEL:
The Siege
149pp. Allison and Busby. £2.50.

They used to be innocent, sleeping on the warm sand in their pyjamas. Then came the siege, and they dug holes in the sand to sleep in. They are desert rats, gunners at the siege of Tobruk, and they have a symbolic soul-mate, in a real desert rat—a jerboa, described as combining beauty and ugliness—which takes up residence in a dug-out. This particular dug-out is set apart from the rest, like its occupier. Upway, archetypal anti-hero, is officer material but still in the ranks: something of an ascetic, with steel-rimmed spectacles and a tendency to spend his leave in museums while his coarse and cursing mates are touring the brothels. Like the rat, he survives the daily bombardment only to die, senselessly, when the siege is lifted.

The siege is both literal and figurative, since Upway's is a mind beleaguered. Being a loner and a bit of a thinker, he is apt to wander off and worry about the mystery of it all. The desert provokes this response in suburban Englishmen at war: the shadow of T. E. Lawrence (several times invoked) hangs heavily over passages where Upway sits in his dug-out in mental strife ("What was he in such infinities of time?") and abstract nouns don capitals in search of the absolute. Jack Daniel's first novel, which clearly relates something of his own experience at Tobruk, is more persuasive when he forgets the quasi-mystical effects of being in the desert and concentrates on more straightforward matters of narrative and description.

David Wilson

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Civil war in Yugoslavia

By R. K. Kindersley

ILIJA JUKIC:
The Fall of Yugoslavia
315pp. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. £2.95.

There is probably no more complicated chapter in the history of the Second World War than the interlocking sequences of events which ultimately brought Tito's Partisan movement to power in Yugoslavia. No generally accepted version exists of the struggles between occupying, puppet and resistance forces, nor of their intricate relations with their allies. The latest contribution in English comes from Ilija Jukic, a Bosnian Croat who was Dr Maček's *chef de cabinet* in Belgrade and subsequently held high diplomatic office under the Royal Yugoslav Government in wartime exile.

The questions which Mr Jukic asks in *The Fall of Yugoslavia* are how the Yugoslav tragedy of collapse and internecine bloodshed occurred and whether it could have been averted. Firmly rejecting historical inevitability, Mr Jukic apportions blame where he feels it is due; but his judgment is tempered by his conviction that error, rather than evil intent, lies at the root of catastrophe. The book presents no real heroes and few villains, but many fallible men, among them the enigmatic Prince Paul, the politically inept Simovic and the self-important Subašic. Mr Jukic is himself a moderate man, and his book will not please intransigents, whether Serb, Croat or Communist; nor do the Allies escape censure.

Was a different outcome possible? Some of Mr Jukic's imaginary vistas are familiar. Would a federal, rather than a centralist, constitution between the wars have made a body politic of more satisfied, and thus more united, peoples? Was the coup d'état of March 27, 1941, a tragic error which precipitated Yugoslavia unnecessarily into war? If the British had not transferred support from Mihailovic to Tito, or if Churchill had won American agreement to a Balkan offensive in 1944, would it have been possible to establish a non-Communist democratic regime? These questions have been often asked, and can never be answered for certain.

Mr Jukic's experience allows him to add some less frequently considered possibilities. Had it not been for the Ustaše massacres of Serbs in 1941, and the Četniks' retaliation, the government-in-exile might not have been so bitterly divided and chronically unstable. What influence could a government wield in which, as Mr Jukic puts it, "neither the Croatian nor the Serbian chauvinists were prepared to declare themselves in favour of Yugoslavia and a Serbo-Croat reconciliation" for fear of jeopardizing their own post-war ambitions?

With hindsight, these émigré problems pale before the reality of the battles then being fought on Yugoslav soil; but they distracted the government's attention disastrously. Much—perhaps rather too much—of Mr Jukic's book is taken up with the squabbles of the exiled ministers and the efforts of their exasperated allies to bring them to agreement. Mr Juki[c] his colleagues saw unity abroad as though probably in tion for unity at members of the Cab children playing in while their house w flames".

Mr Jukic argues government could ha British pressure for the Balkans in 194 placed Mihailovic u Middle East Comman made him link Communist resistan Croatia and Slovenia have made him rea ment with Tito in advantageous situati Jukic is perhaps tempted by the Greece, where the much less complex; the divisions in movements were cult as well as political, ests of the great p more directly.

The rootless quali politics can make curiously two-dime effect which is only Mr Jukic's evident diaries for numerous and verbatim conve book lies in the between memoirs and neither a straightfor of the author's own not does he quite fu sional historian's du the main lines of relating details to the less, *The Fall of Yug* new questions and material which will fi in the works of future

Resistance in Spain

By Paul Preston

ANTONIO TELLEZ:
Sabaté
Translated by Stuart Christie
183pp. Davis-Poynter. £3.50.
Facerías
La Guerrilla Urbana
350pp. Paris: Ruedo Ibérico. 39fr.

Their own battle against fascism lost, the exiled Spanish Republicans fought on virtually every front in the Second World War. They played a prominent role in the French resistance, and fought with the British at Narvik, in North Africa and even as guerrilla units behind German lines in the Ukraine. After the fall of Mussolini and Hitler, many of the survivors returned to take up the struggle against Franco. An army of several thousand ex-*maquisards* invaded the valley of Aran in northern Spain at the end of 1944 only to be repelled by the regular army.

Of course, many Republicans had not gone into exile. During the Civil War, many who were cut off from their own lines by the advancing Nationalists refused to surrender and took to the hills. These *huidos*, particularly in Andalusia, Galicia and Asturias, began a guerrilla resistance to the Franco regime. Their main preoccupation, particularly after the defeat of the Republic, was simply to keep alive. Nevertheless, acts of sabotage were carried out and large numbers of troops were kept occupied by them.

These isolated groups were still active when the ill-fated invasion of Aran took place. They represented no single party and consisted of Socialists, Communists and Anarchists, although Communists were predominant in Galicia, Socialists in Asturias and Anarchists in the south. Nevertheless, after the failure of the Republican invasion, it was the Communists who emerged as the most important group, sending in militants trained in the French resistance and the Russian guerrilla to organize existing groups into a coherent force. The Socialists had renounced the struggle in the interior, confident that the Allies would overthrow Franco, and the Anarchists were bitterly divided by internecine polemics.

As for as the rural guerrilla struggle is concerned, it would be true to say that the Communists played a crucial role in organizing it on a regional basis and supplying the various groups with food, arms and money. The years of most activity were 1945 to 1948. Civil Guard posts were attacked, trains blown up, power lines brought down. At first, the reaction of the peasantry seems to have been passively favourable. In Galicia, the *guerrilleros* accepted requests for specific actions such as burning municipal archives to prevent the collection of taxes. But in the long term the guerrilla was doomed to failure. The 1940s were years of intense hunger in Spain. After three years of Civil War and several more of state terror, most people were too busy trying to stay alive to support any wide uprising.

If it was ever to succeed, the guerrilla action would have had to be complemented by strikes in industrial areas. Such had been the original hope of the Communists, but they failed to realize the extent to which the working class had been reduced by the post-Civil War repression. When they finally accepted that the guerrilla could never be a revolutionary vanguard action, they withdrew their militants from the struggle, to concentrate on rebuilding the workers' movement. Yet the rural struggle went on well into the 1950s, carried on by isolated Anarchists.

However, the main Anarchist resistance took the form of an urban guerrilla, mainly in Barcelona. Its repression was to occupy the forces of order until the late 1950s, by which time mass opposition by workers and students was beginning to re-emerge. Even less is known about this movement than about the rural guerrilla, yet it is crucial to an understanding of the 1940s in Spain. It is all the more to be applauded then that Antonio Tellez, the confidant and correspondent of the activists, has now begun to publish the unique material at his disposal.

Books about guerrilla actions tend for obvious reasons to be anecdotal, and these two are no exception. The lives and exploits of Francisco Sabaté, "El Quico", and José Luis Facerías were both heroic and adventurous. In September, 1955, for instance, during a visit by Franco to Barcelona, with security forces everywhere, Sabaté hired a taxi with a sun-roof and drove around firing anti-regime leaflets from a mortar. Both *Sabaté* and *Facerías* contain plenty of otherwise unobtainable information about bank robberies, shoot-outs with the police, reprisals against informers and torturers and about the methods used by the police to combat them. The value of these books goe the picturesque an material provided by larly about the of the Republican exile makes it possible failure of opposition after the Civil War.

The overwhelming course, the democ defent. Accordingly, Christie makes passionate introduction excellent translation of urban *guerrilleros* were ing out a rearguard conditions of 1940s could rarely undertake ambitious projects org Tupamaros in Uruguay were closely watched Certificates of politic were necessary to ge unlike the Tupamaros, not just melt back to lives after an action, forced to be full-time the resistance and live clandestinity. In order do basic tasks like an underground were obliged to on robberies of significance. This ma for the authorities the *guerrilleros* as view of this and of the forces massed against remarkable that Facerías were able to propaganda impact they

In the last resort, guerilla was a practical Tellez attributes that exiled Republican leaders riven by all kinds of internal resistance, in and material support, demoralized by the ste of the exiles.

Tellez's detailed acc day-to-day struggle with of the interminable the exiles is very valuable clear that his purpose these books was not tive but also he and Christie guerrilla actions as up the morale of an tered working class. But ask themselves whether may have been counter After all, the Commu doned the rural guerrilla because they believed it ter-productive. It is too much, however, that cler of the Anarchist should question its stands, the usefulness is difficult to exaggerate

[F]antasy and futility

Anthony Storr

[M]ASUD R. KHAN:
Privacy of the Self
Hogarth Press and The [Instit]ute of Psycho-Analysis. £5.

d Khan a psychoanalyst who nowned for both vivacity and ing, has for some years been of the International Psychotical Library. Now he has himcontributed a volume of his al and theoretical papers to familiar dark-green series. The is, as it is meant to be, ding:

cho-analysis is an extremely vate discipline of sensibility skill. The practice of psycholysis multiplies this privacy a specialized relationship been two persons, who through very nature of their exclusiwith each other change each er.

se first sentences of the progive the key to Masud Khan's pal area of clinical concern, is the use of psychoanalysis means of making an intimate onship with those patients who ally conceal their "real from other people. In other , like W. R. D. Fairbairn and d Winnicott, to both of whom s tribute, Masud Khan is preied with the problems of those ters whom psychiatrists label oid".

man beings, like other animals, bring their lifetimes engaged in cess of interaction with their onment, giving and taking on level from the physiological symbolic. In schizoid persons, rocess is assumed to have gone at an early stage in their opment, with the result In adult life they are r able to give nor to with joy and freedom. lations with others, schizoid s appear (and are) secretive ithdrawn, often giving a false impression of self-sufficiency or superiority. If intelligent, they often become intellectuals, since the schizoid path of development favours detachment whilst impairing growth toward emotional maturity. Such people, because of their fear of free interaction with others, preserve an "inner world" of emotion which is disconnected from external reality, a world of fantasy often containing elements so primitive, distorted and unrealistic that the subjects find it difficult to admit its existence to themselves, let alone to others. Yet fantasy which never finds a match in the external world is sterile and unsatisfying; so that the schizoid patient habitually complains that life is both arid and futile. It is this complaint, rather than any more conventional psychiatric symptom, which brings the schizoid patient to the analyst's couch.

Understanding patients of this kind is a difficult and skilled endeavour. Psychoanalysis assumes that good interpersonal relationships are what chiefly give meaning to life; and the aim of the psychoanalytic treatment of schizoid patients is to enable them to make more fruitful relations with others via the transference relationship with the analyst.

In *The Privacy of the Self* Masud Khan both demonstrates his own ability to reach these isolates, and provides a theoretical framework which will be of value to others engaged on the same quest. In particular, he delineates a special form of mother-child relationship which tends to produce schizoid problems. This is not one of maternal neglect (an overworked concept) nor yet one of maternal overprotection. Rather it is what Masud Khan calls a "symbiotic" relationship, which is actually no relationship at all, but a mutual idealization in which neither party has any true conception of what the other is actually like. I find this entirely convincing. Idealization is a familiar source of distortion in day-to-day life, of which "falling in love" is the commonest manifestation. But mutual idealization between mother and child may easily give rise to a situation in which the child never forms real relationships with actual others, partly because he has never experienced what a real relationship is like, and partly because no real relationship can ever come up to his fantasy ideal. So he turns away from others, preserving his ideal as a part of his inner world which is never realizable.

Masud Khan's book raises questions connected with psychoanalysis which his papers, designed for professional journals, cannot encompass. The first is the problem of language. One patient is described as "a typical schizoid personality with depressive affectivity and obsessional character traits". If we substituted for this sentence a phrase which described the man as "remote, sad and meticulous", we should convey nearly as much information without deterring the uninitiated. Masud Khan does not use jargon to conceal ignorance, as do some of his colleagues; but he could, with advantage, substitute plain English in many passages. Secondly, the book reinforces my growing conviction that present-day psychoanalysis is a discipline far removed from any ordinary concept of medical treatment. In working with schizoid patients, analysts soon discover that concern with symptoms rapidly becomes replaced by existential problems of meaning and of relationship which cannot be comprised within the medical scheme of things.

Now that many psychiatric symptoms, like phobias and some types of depression, are treated with behavioural methods or drugs, it seems probable that psychoanalysis will increasingly be reserved for schizoid people whose needs cannot be met in any other way than that of a prolonged encounter with a highly skilled "other" who is prepared to devote a great deal of time and emotional energy to penetrating their defences and making contact with the buried "true self". For this purpose, psychoanalytic techniques seem irreplaceable, and will therefore continue to occupy a valued, though limited, place in Western society.

[C]ases of possession

George Steiner

[JEAN] STAROBINSKI:
[Trois] Fureurs
Paris: Gallimard. 29fr.

Starobinski's latest work to a distinctively French It is a set of related *causeries* very much in the manner of More substantial than a article, but less encumbered methodology and supporting ces than would be an acaessay, the *causerie* is an eruten oblique meditation on a text, a work of art or a The pertinent note is one of intimacy, of an argument lously unfolded but not past decorum. The three *cau*[series] gathered here have a com topic: that of madness, of ion by demon or night- A psychiatrist before he is a scholar and teacher of re, Professor Starobinski to this theme a notable ty.

first paper deals with the ry insanity and subsequent of Ajax in Sophocles's play name. Professor Starobinski ut the delicate, exact gradthrough which the Greek dramatizes Ajax's condition. directly generated by the agency of Athena, the of the hero's possession, its ent and his return to luciddeath arise immediately out ax's character, out of the vision which he has of and of his own status. It is the interplay of deter—the irresistible wrath of ended deity—and of human hich gives Ajax's fate its and pathos. Professor Staro has no difficulty in showing second part of the play, formal, casuistical debate question of Ajax's burial. rial to the general design. compassion and the of Ajax's family restore the ro to the community which outraged: "L'impératif de l'état momentanément s'efface, pour laisser place au rapport fondamental de l'individu, de la famille et des dieux."

All this is finely said. But it would not be easy to find anything very new in Professor Starobinski's treatment. Indeed it may be felt that he has eluded the one notorious problem in Sophocles's presentation: the express malignity of Athena, her wanton sarcasm. As Albin Lesky and many other scholars have said, it is here that critical response is most acutely challenged and left uncertain.

The second paper, which first appeared in a collective volume on *Analyse structurale et exégèse biblique* (1971), is a consideration of Mark v, 1-20. Professor Starobinski aims to apply psychiatric insight and structuralist methods of literary interpretation to Christ's struggle with Legion and to the entry of the devils into the Gadarene swine. Again, the discussion is conducted with great finesse. He points to the opaque, hence particularly numinous, narrative stance (who is telling the story at this particular point?). He demonstrates how the use of different verb tenses in the narrative and in Christ's "speech acts", gives to the episode an "eternal" dimension. He has illuminating things to say on the actual presentation of demonic possession, on Christ's mode of exorcism, and on the subtle yet crucial fact that the man whom Christ has healed must remain among his heathen fellows.

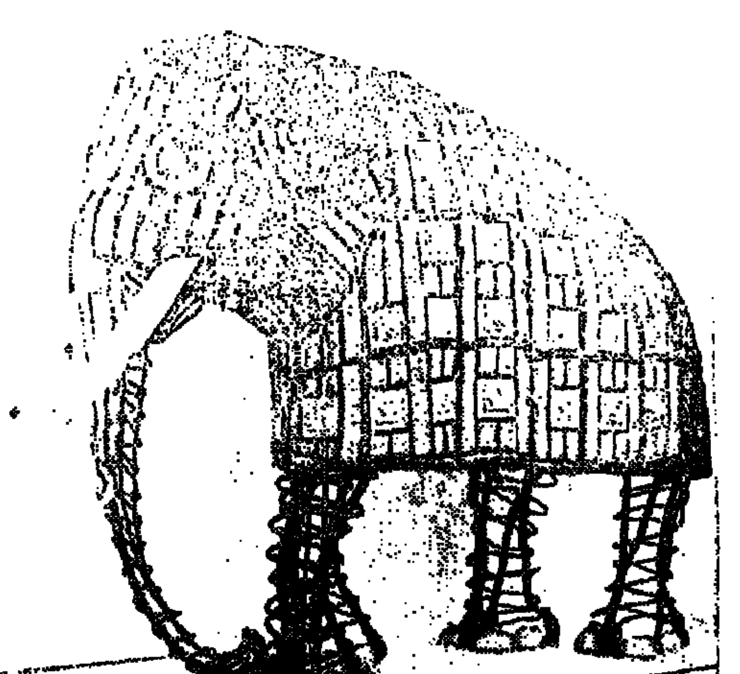
No one is better aware of the seductions and pitfalls of structuralism than Professor Starobinski. These are admirably instanced in his analysis of "the spatial structure" in the Gospel story. Jesus's traverse across water and into pagan territory, the west-east axis of his motion, the departure from Galilee at nightfall and the tempest which attends the crossing—all these have their structural function: "Si l'opposition géographico religieuse (terre juive terre païenne) offre le substrat d'une allégorèse ecclésiologique, l'image même de la traversée vers une terre nocturne, sauvage, peuplée de démons, se laissera lire aussi en un sens ontologico-théologique." Thus the other shore becomes *un anti-rivage* and Christ's journey is already a harrowing of hell. To which, considering the extreme sparsity of our knowledge of the relevant linguistic conventions and symbolic or iconographic values, one can only say, gently, "Perhaps".

The final *causerie* is the most satisfactory of the set, drawing as it does on material which Professor Starobinski has made particularly his own. The analysis of Fuseli's famous painting "The Nightmare" is founded on rare critical tact and a complete knowledge of the aesthetic and medical context. The contrast made between Fuseli's retreat into the pathology of dreams and David's reanimation of the distant, classical past is persuasive. The implications are, in the widest sense, political: David identifies revolution with progress and classic principles of humanism; from 1793 onwards, Fuseli sees the return of blackness and tyranny. Professor Starobinski is no less convincing when he points out how largely Fuseli's art depends on literary precedent, on Shakespeare, Milton and Erasmus Darwin. What we find, therefore, in "The Nightmare" is a forceful conjunction of cultural, public props and fierce private need.

This is, by Professor Starobinski's own standards, a slight collection. But to read it is to be in the company of a mind of quite exceptional poise and compass.

Shakespeare, Proust, Hemingway, Kafka and Evelyn Waugh are included in *The Complete Insomniac* (217pp. Cape. £3.50), an anthology compiled by Hilary Rubinstein. They appear in the section "Eminent Insomniacs", though Mr Rubinstein wisely expresses doubts about Shakespeare. There are three other sections: "Exploring Sleep", which summarizes recent research on the subject; "Pursuing Sleep", which offers practical hints, and "Enjoying the Night". This also has a literary flavour, with contributions from Robert Louis Stevenson, James Thurber and others; are the best books written at night?

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Between I and myself

By Rosemary Dinnage

The personal diary has been astonishingly neglected by both critics and psychologists. What lies behind the impulse to translate experience into words day by day? How does the diarist feel towards the reflection on the page? To whom does he tell his story? How does the existence of the record influence the life? Robert A. Fothergill has opened up a new field; the little that has been written on the subject up to now has chiefly been of the "fancy-that" sort: sentimental, patronizing, amused at the quaintness of the fact that the writers ate and drank, walked and talked, just as we do now.

The diary form crosses the borderline between raw fact and art, between notations as primitive as shopping lists and heroic attempts to explore the sense of self and the feel of the present moment. It starts from the reminder of a day's obligations and ends as a second self, a map of a life, a structure in time, an antagonist to death. Pepys, when he gave up his diary through failing eyesight, felt it was "as much as to see myself go into my grave".

For the reader, the diary offers a unique opportunity to scrutinize "the essential imprint of a man's being-in-the-world". In Dr Fothergill's phrase, to get a direct glimpse of what it is like inside the private but just communicable world of the other person, perhaps to understand it better than the private worlds of friends or family. We all keep a diary; only a few of us write it down. Most of all it is a form that conveys the feeling of time, of present turning endlessly into past. "A sweet morning. We have put the finishing stroke to our Bower and here we are sitting in the orchard. It is one o'clock", writes Dorothy Wordsworth; and we feel, as Dr Fothergill says, "that one put on May 6, 1802, should once have been the very latest moment in time is unbearably incomprehensible". And the writers, at each moment,

were so concretely there, so firmly embedded in the context of their own existences, each consciousness composing all the elements of its experience into a unique and incommunicable set of relations, with itself as the focal point of the world.

Although Dr Fothergill shuns the sentimental and insists on the scholarly value of his subject, he never loses this sense of amazement. Dull books will surely follow *Private Chronicles* amplifying the many intriguing points he raises, but as the first, more or less, in the field he makes the most of a splendid opportunity: learned enough but never tedious, penetrating about his authors but free of psychological jargon.

The subject is taken up from three aspects, the historical, the literary, and the psychological one of personality and motive. We may be initially dubious that anything so private as the diary demonstrates important historical or literary influences, but Dr Fothergill's arguments are entirely convincing. He sees it as a manifestation of the history of sensibility: starting with various specific genres—the travel journal, the journal of conscience, the "public" journal, and the ordinary humble daily memorandum — it has reflected in turn the Puritan self-examination of the seventeenth century, the eighteenth century's concern with public personality and event, the Romantics' unashamed emotionality, and the more tortuous self-consciousness of recent times. The diarist reflects in his miniature world the assumptions of his time; these will mould the contemporary idea of what a diary is for and how he should address himself to it, and pervade both tone and content.

The journal of conscience, the daily self-examination, is the prototypo of many diaries, though it recedes for a time to the Augustan pleasure in social patterns. Dr Fothergill's comments on the vogue for anecdote in the eighteenth-century journal are typical of his lively insight into the influence of the intellectual climate:

> An anecdote is a tit-bit, a bite-sized morsel of the human comedy, to be relished by the connoisseur. . . . What is recognized is the connection, in every miniature episode, between the unique occurrence and the general nature it inevitably illustrates. . . . Each new anecdote is like a specimen, more or less fine and rare, to be prized for its contribution to knowledge of the species.

With the Romantic diary—Haydon's being the supreme example—the inner life is preeminent again, but now with the addition of "luxuriant, self-gratifying overflows of personality".

Boswell, of course, had been romantically upstaging Haydon nearly a century earlier, but he maintained a separate, observing persona that stood back from his multifarious roles and assessed them; and he looked outwards at the world just as inquisitively as he looked within.

By mid-Victorian times a certain artificiality has crept in, the diarist often seeming to have one eye on the public. As introspection has become a primary material of literature, so the diary, most introspective of forms, has itself acquired a rather literary feel. With the exception of Kilvert's, Victorian journals are worthy but indistinguishable. (Hopkins's comes to mind as an exception, but the writer's working journal has been excluded as a special case.) Arriving at this century, Dr Fothergill takes as representative of our incessant self-preoccupation, Barbellion's *Journal of a Disappointed Man* and the diaries of three women, Katherine Mansfield, Ivy Jacquier, and finally Anaïs Nin, for whom an unrecorded moment was agony, whose diary became, on her own admission, a drug and a vice.

The diary can thus be seen to have travelled all the way from an artless by-product to "the crucible of consciousness itself", in Dr Fothergill's words. In this progression he distinguishes the "linear" diarist, recording events in sequence, from the "non-linear" one who spontaneously sets down and expands states of mind when the time is right. For the former, time is structured: "Each day in his life contains the shape of an entry, whether or not he takes the trouble to write it but"

ROBERT A. FOTHERGILL:
Private Chronicles
A Study of English Diaries
214pp. Oxford University Press. £4.50.

The non-linear form is traced back to the Romantic writer's preference for *enacting* a state of mind rather than describing it; by the twentieth century, when the diary becomes the instrument of a search for identity, a who-am-I? book rather than a how-was-I-today?, the non-linear style has become the natural one for a diarist of any sophistication, and to write in the tone of a Pepys or a Kilvert, the author argues, would be cramping and inappropriate.

The increase in literary self-consciousness, visible in this and so many other ways, seems to be a real one; a shifting about of vocabulary and artistic conventions, an extension to the journal of the tone once appropriate only to lyric poetry, will not quite explain it away. How might the diary's new sophistication, the search for rapid, subtle expression, relate to Impressionism in painting or to the literary use of the stream-of-consciousness? Would the contrast between, say, the style of Hamlet's and Molly Bloom's soliloquies have a parallel in the soliloquizing of contemporary diarios? Dr Fothergill makes it clear that a sensitive diary does acknowledge these literary and intellectual influences.

He points out too how it picks up a narrative momentum of its own, in the style appropriate to the age. Haydon sees his life as the passionate drama of a Romantic artist-hero; Kilvert's experiences fall naturally into late-Victorian vignettes of the kind that moved him to tears in pathetings. The author's analysis of the range of tones in which the diarist may speak to himself is splendidly witty as well as enlightening about fashions in self-scrutiny: Pepys's friendly informativeness, as of a child telling God or an elderly uncle how the day went; Boswell's defiant celebration of his own contradictions; Scott's portrait of the Finely Tempered Man Facing Adversity; Byron's demonic self-contempt; Kilvert's luxurious sentimentality; Alice James's sad, ingratiating facetious tone. Who, really, were they writing for? What was to be impressed, amused, surprised, or simply to agree with them that the facts were such and such? The parson William Jones is surprised to find himself writing "I assure you" in his journal—as if appealing to some listening friend". The writer of a successful diary must have, perhaps, a strong streak of loneliness, or at least of solitariness, with a certain confidence that the listening friend is embodied somewhere.

The question arises, of course, of whether the diary can really be considered a literary form or not: one of those tiresomely academic questions, as Dr Fothergill says, that are only valuable as long as no final answer is expected. He is clearly in no doubt himself that the great diaries are literary masterpieces as well as psychological documents. For critical discussion he finds the "imprint" and the "book of the self" to be useful terms. He cuts through some of the confusion about the status of this supposedly artless form—a supposition disproved even by recent study of the guileless Pepys's methods—by distinguishing between the person who actually held the pen and the narrator who speaks on the page: in other words, for the purpose of literary study a statement such as "Kilvert gives himself unselfconsciously to his emotions" refers not to a defunct clergyman but to a character in a nineteenth-century book.

This simple step is of great help both in clarifying the diary's status and in reminding us of the way it is written, of the inevitable and important distancing of experience from its verbal translation, however private. Clearly, even though one of the strongest motives for writing it may be as an accurate mirror of day-to-day experience, as many diarist and the word as in any other form of communication. Between the two stand all the resources of the imagination, transforming, adding and subtracting, linking present with past and future, and marvelling meanwhile at its own vicissitudes. Considered as literature, the diary suffers especially from lacking the discipline of a formal medium. The demands of a more objective form struggle with fact, and make it more real; by pitting itself against the mere of a verse or the direction of a narrative, a half-formed thought discovers itself. But the diary's greedy, loose shape is more easily distorted by self-love and self-flatte; compared to the poem or the drama it can only be a secondary form of sincerity. In a diary memory can fail, in a poem never. Haydon's monumental journal, a tissue of rationalizations and contradictions which has to be read between the lines rather than on them, is the most outrageous example of the diary as falsification of the truth. The wonder is that the good diarists, alone with pen and paper, do so often and so assiduously pursue veracity.

Dr Fothergill argues that the written record, as it progresses, may even impose its shape on life, as well as vice versa. The really dedicated diarist, "if he were to abandon the habit, would be leaving unwritten a book whose character and conventions had been established and whose final form is the shape of his life"; his commitment "is to the *book* that his living nourishes". The Doppelgänger may become the master and demand to be fed; the writer finds himself acting out the scenes it demands, and living up to its expectations. "I can turn away from reality into the reflections and dreams it projects", writes Anaïs Nin; "I must relive my life in the dream. The dream is my only life" and "while I write in the diary I cannot write a book. . . . The two activities are antithetical." The purer literary forms, again, though they demand a total dedication of energy, do not impose an arrangement of all experience. "I must live no more than I can record. . . . There is a waste of good if it be not preserved"—Boswell this time; and "like an indefatigable reporter assigned to accompany himself through life" he sets the scene for more copy for tomorrow's entry. Yet, surprisingly, honesty keeps breaking in.

The truest diary, it would seem, should be the simplest and most direct one, but this assumption turns out to be too naive: artfulness does not mean insincere art, but neither necessarily does artlessness. Steering a course between a mere record of events and a dead-end of self-regarding energy demands something more than simplicity.

The best of these writers delicately preserve the balance of subjective and objective: they go freely into the detail of their lives, yet look on with a kind of impartial respect that excludes falsity or embarrassment. If the narrative slides temporarily into the third person, as in this passage from Katherine Mansfield, veracity can therefore seem to be heightened:

> She got up, she began to dress, crying and cold. . . . And then one hour and a quarter in the brilliant glaring *salle*, sipping wine to stop crying, and seeing all the animals crack up the food. The waitress kept jerking her chair, offering food. It was no good. She left and went upstairs, but that was fatal. Have I a home? A little cat? Am I any man's *wife*? Is it all over? He never tells me a thing—never a thing—just all those entirely self-absorbed letters. . . .

Every genuine diarist is telling a story about what "he" or "she" has done. The natural man, if he exists, never gets beyond the first page; someone else must write his story for him. The form demands a double self, enacting and observing; curiously, as the writers quoted here know, this has a unifying rather than a divisive feeling. Actor and observer, who have both existed from the time the child knows his name and calls himself by it, can meet and come to terms on the page. "Now I and myself are on comparatively easy terms

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The traffic in selves

By Liam Hudson



ough a bestseller, Norman r's *Marilyn* has been read by people I know, and those who a copy seem to have bought as I bought mine—for the res. Again in common with ers, I had formed the impresfrom skimming uniformly hosreviews, that this was a disreble book: that the author had nized the sin of plagiarism, also the higher sin of sexism.

special fan of Mr Mailer, nor that matter of Miss Monroe, I consequently surprised to find his essay actually contains. o style, Mailer certainly conts the events he describes as a curdling struggle. He casts hints of infamy among the ful: the Kennedys, Marilyn lf, the CIA. He in all probabiplays fast and loose with his ces. And he tricks his argument out with some irritating byabout reincarnation and the that borders on the cute. In my paperback edition, he owledges the sources he as at least as fulsomely as would seem to deserve (what ar can claim better?); and, to eye, offers nothing to offend easiest feminist, unless it is ople itself, feminine beauty. was there any ambiguity I detect about Mailer's own in: to turn his back on the ems of amassing further ination about Marilyn Monroe, to exclude the altogether more e question—the one that lies heart of much psychology, history, and the whole of raphy—of what it is for one to reconstruct the experi(or "intentionality") of her. Not just what they did, why.

d here Mailer has pertinacious to say—more pertinacious the recent offerings of acapsychologists and sociolo(to say nothing of our philo), and more conceptually ing too. Without the acudemy, you can find several of speculative analysis that on the "recovery of intenbut only one—Erving Goffvision of the empty "—that has coalesced sufficto constitute an orthodoxy. Goffman's, despite the subtlety of its elaboration, is at root a very simple view indeed: we are all actors, because we endlessly make presentations of ourselves to those around us; and we are all empty, because behind each mask there lurks not our face, but yet another presentation waiting to be deployed.

Insistently, Goffman's implication is that only these theatrical illusions are real; that any sense of a person—even of a system of intentions—informing the presentation of such illusions is unreal. In this respect, he is as wilfully parsimonious as the behaviourists, and he combines with them in attempting to discredit any discussion of the mind—that is, of the interior life of the individual. Yet both, confronted with a description like Mailer's of flesh-and-blood actors and actresses, come to seem captious and more than a little silly.

For an unforeseen virtue of Mailer's account is his preoccupation with evidence: with the traces of her intentions, her "project", that his quarry left behind her. And the very fraudulence of much of that evidence becomes not simply an obstacle to the interpretative feats the biographer must perform, but part of the fabric that these feats must encompass. Public figures of all sorts live and thrive in cocoons of systematically misleading (but glamourizing) information about themselves; actors, perhaps, most of all. And the biographer's task is not just to strip this cocoon away, but to discover why it was spun, for it is in the spinning of their cocoons that public figures become what they become.

But evidence is not enough. The recovery of intention is a cerebral exercise that bears a strong family resemblance on the one hand to the work of the professional sleuth, and on the other to the skill of the novelist or playwright in establishing characters and bringing them to life with words. Both depend quite crucially on the creation of the sense of a person. Both are embodiments; one drawing on a dotritus of publicly accessible facts, the other on the flotsam eddying around the creator's private memory store. But, to the extent that their reconstructions must finally stand or fall by their capacity to strike us as a living person might, biographers, detectives, novelists, playwrights, and for that matter psychologists, are all in the same boat. They give a persuasive account of intention or, in effect, they give no account at all.

Granted this, the biographer is continually in danger of rehearsing his own biography at his quarry's expense. (Freud's essay on Leonardo da Vinci is a classic in this respect: we read it to learn about Freud, not about Leonardo.) He is also in danger of selling his reading of the evidence—both to himself and his audience—by appeal to theories of human nature that are themselves not open to modification. (It is in this respect that the work of a psycho-historian like Erik Erikson seems to me faulty.) In either case, it can only be the biographer's evidence, his "text", that is his salvation. But, in his search for the best reading it affords, he enters into a curious state of reciprocity with that evidence. Almost as if the Pathetic Fallacy were *not* a fallacy, he must treat the body of his evidence as though it were a living body: someone able to answer the biographer back, even poke him in the eye.

If Mailer gorges himself at Marilyn Monroe's expense, he does so wittingly and quite explicitly. And, however distasteful this may be, his stance is methodologically more sophisticated than that of the author who exercises the all-seeing and dispassionate eye. Another of the virtues of Mailer's position, personal rather than didactic, is that it enables us to grasp that the life itself, especially in the case of a cult figure like Marilyn, must be seen as an imaginative feat—the work not just of one mind but many. For Marilyn did not find and use her talent in the way that she might find and use a tooth brush. She sought for that talent, refined it (in her later films she can scarcely be recognized as the person who made her earlier ones), and ensured that it would make her famous. In that pregnant turn of phrase scrupulously neglected by the philosophers of ordinary language, she used that talent to translate her from being a "nobody" into being "somebody", from anonymity to world renown.

It is in grappling with this dual translation—from raw materials to polished talent, and from "nobody" to "somebody"—that an academic theory like Goffman's should be at its most helpful, yet it seems to me to have little bearing. Neither Goffman's, nor any other that I can locate. There is nothing for it, in other words, but to fend for ourselves and make the best sense we can. And the best place to begin is with the film industry itself.

For the actress who wishes to succeed, it is not enough to act before the camera's impersonal eye. She must do battle for the attention of those who control access to that camera. And there exists a veritable *corps* of men and women to whom she must turn in this: the publicity agents and columnists who take juicy snippets of often false biographical information that will help fashion a niche for her in the film-makers' minds. More or less wildly, she must feed fragments of herself into this machine, generating what Mailer calls "factoids"—biographical items which have no existence prior to their utterance to or by a publicity agent.

There is every indication that Marilyn took to the seamier side of sexual self-advertisement like a duck to the mill-pond. As a consequence, almost all we know of her life is under suspicion. Yet factoids are the stuff that myths are made of, as every politician knows: "the factoid sinks deeper roots than the fact". It seems that, except when we are concentrating very closely,

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we order the world in terms of evocative images and myths, and it is into the lexicon formed by these that the aspiring public figure must fit himself. But this necessity aside, Mailer suggests, there exists a special reason why the relation of an actor to his factoids should be so close: "It is not always easy to know if we are telling the truth. The lie, however, being definite, offers a foundation for a part, offers a *script*." At one and the same time, the factoid bolsters the actor's sense of identity, and points to a fragment of the lexicon that he might make his own. It was just this that Marilyn contrived.

Our heroine has been converted from some half-clear piece of cheesecake on the hazy screen of American newspapers (where focus always shifts) to another kind of embodiment altogether, an intimate, real as one's parents, one's family, one's enemies, sweethearts and friends. She is now part of that core of psychological substance out of which one concocts one's life judgments....

If the function of lies and half-truths in this process of translation is strange, so too is the unremitting ethical squalor with which the mechanisms of translation are surrounded. Again: as with the theatre, so with politics. And we can rely on Mailer to catch the brutality of the managers at their business—for example, in his appalling account of the manoeuvrings surrounding Marilyn's nude calendar:

> Now when Twentieth learns from her lips that she has, yes, posed in the nude, a novelist has a right to invent the following dialogue. "Did you spread your legs?" asks a studio executive. "No." "Is your asshole showing?" "Certainly not." "Any animals in it with you?" "I'm alone. It's just a *nude*." "You are going to deny you ever took those pictures. Some other blonde did the job. Somebody who has the misfortune to look like you."

It could be one of John D. Ehrlichman's minions speaking. And it could have been Ehrlichman himself who saw what wonderful use could be made of that calendar as publicity after all. Like slaughterhouses and sewerage systems, this is part of the management of everyday reality that we do not ordinarily care to think about. But the question remains: why is the disjunction between the tone on and off the stage so great?

If Marilyn's more personal tribulations are any guide, the answer is unlikely to prove simple. Her gift, ultimately, was her body, and the skein of implication—at first crude, but progressively more subtle—that she was able to spin around it. In her best film, *Some Like It Hot*, she is able to present herself as a figure of "immaculate tenderness, utter bewilderment and goofy dipsomaniacal sweetness"; to create "that rarest of modern art objects", a portrayal that conveys a sense of promise. Yet she reached this accomplishment—small, certainly, but genuine—by flaunting her body around the studios in ways that were considered quite exceptionally brazen, and by sleeping with the influential. And all this not as a victim, but as someone exercising a deeply rooted aptitude. Yet the more she grew from "dumb and not so unvulgar broad" into being a real actress, the more neurotically tortured her working habits became. She was, in the end, a horror to work with. Her best films were made "with a clanking of chains, and a molasses-like set of impediments to the movement of schedule, the near-breakdown of director after director, the hatred of her follow actors . . .".

As Sugar Kane in *Some Like It Hot*, she made forty-seven attempts at getting right the line: "It's me, Sugar"; forty-two attempts at getting through the scene in which Tony Curtis nibbles a chicken leg. In the midst of it all, there is the memorable moment when Marilyn rescues Curtis from frigidity with a kiss—indeed, with several kisses. Asked afterwards, he is reported to have said that kissing her was like "Kissing Hitler". And weeks after it was all over, the director, Billy Wilder, told an interviewer that he was at last able to look at his wife again, without wanting to hit her because she was a woman.

Yet it seems that it was all necessary. In only one of her later films was she amenable. *Let's Make Love*—and this is the only one in which she appears ordinary. It was as if her real gifts, as an actress (rather than as a pin-up) could only be wrung from her in negotiations that were ones of lethal conflict.

What lay behind this perversity? Mailer has here to resort to conjecture. He tells of her illegitimacy; the insanity on both sides of her family; her career in foster homes; her adherence to Christian Science; her wretched marriages; and her death, from a possibly accidental overdose of sleeping pills. But Factoid Gulch is close by, and the pickings are always contaminated. And this is especially provoking for, if it is usually prurient to ask about a public person's sex life, in the case of someone who invaded the erotic sensibility of a whole generation, we are under some obligation to ask whence this invasion sprang.

Here Mailer is scatological, but also shrewd. For, while psychoanalytic orthodoxy leads one to suspect that Marilyn was frigid, Mailer treads more warily. Of her impact on the screen, he observes, correctly I think:

> she is a sexual delight, but she is also the opposite of that, a particularly cool voice which seems to say, "Gentlemen: ask yourself what really I am, for I pretend to be sexual and that may be more interesting than sex itself".

It is this sense of distance concerning the sexuality of her own body that lies at the heart of her theatrical gift; and it is with this distance that, throughout her career, she continues to make play. Scattered through Mailer's text there are enough details to suggest that this theatrical projection had its origin in an absorption with her body in daily life which was at once profound and ridden with conflict. On the one hand, there are the indications of unusual ease. As an adolescent, Mailer suggests, "libido seemed to ooze . . . out of her like a dew through the cracks in a vase". We also know that she developed an exceptional, and fully professional skill in the art of make-up. That she was conspicuously at her ease posing naked. And more trivially, perhaps, that in her heyday she eschewed underwear, and disregarded American conventions about deodorants. But to set against this acceptance of her body as an object and as an instrument of will, we know, too, that throughout her life she was a martyr to her menstrual cycle; that, for whatever reason, she was unable to have children; and that she became a helpless insomniac.

Consonant with this picture of rapt but ambivalent concern is Mailer's conclusion that the sexual act itself was for her a shade peripheral: "She was certainly, by more civilised report, pleasant in bed, but receptive rather than innovative, and somewhat ceremonious—like a geisha. . . ." But he goes on to remark that "it is not a lack of grace that offers sexual problems when actors make love but the lack of an identity to give up to the act". However "successful", in other words, love-making may never have been more to her than a heartfelt simulation.

Whatever the truth of the matter, it does seem that it was the capacity to evoke certain erotic ambiguities that was vital to her, rather than the physical expression of sexuality per se; also that, in locating these ambiguities and refining their form, she was drawing on her own emotional resources, not donning and doffing a role at will. As Mailer says of her bitter quarrel with Laurence Olivier over the making of *The Prince and the Showgirl*, to her "sexiness is not a shiver in the pickle but the whole evocation of the whole woman in relation to the whole role".

It is not easy to dissociate what actors say they do from the rhetoric within which their school of acting is encased. In Marilyn's case, the rhetoric is that of Lee Strasberg and the Method. English acting, especially English character acting, does often seem to fit the Goffmanesque scheme—actors like Peter Sellers or Alec Guinness having a stock of manners and voices that they can wheel out on demand. But many other actors and actresses, Marilyn among them, speak quite differently about themselves. Eileen Atkins, for instance, has recently had this to say, in an interview in *The Times Saturday Review* (February 24, 1973) about her part in Marguerite Duras's play, *The Square*:

> I find this play the most exposing thing I have ever played. It's about something every woman knows about. She has had twenty years with a man who's still got a terrific hold on her, but it's dead. It's not doing either of you any good any more and you see something else that's possible, and you're between them, and you're torn, and it's agony. . . . This part is an ordinary woman stuck between two men. I've got nothing to hide behind. It's extremely emotional—the most screwing up part. It's like taking a knife right down the middle of you and saying "This is how I feel". I always feel very peaceful after I've done it. . . . I only know that I always feel when I'm starting a part that there's a rod inside me that's absolutely covered with barnacles. Because you see so many things, and it's always a mess, and you are not sure why you say that at that particular point. But by the time you come to the first night, you've got to have a shining piece of steel down the centre of you. . . . I've spent three or four hours with two words because they didn't work. I know they're not coming out, and it's not until they're absolutely rooted in you that you're just saying them, and it's not until it looks easy that it's right.

There is little trace here of donning and doffing; quite the reverse in fact. A part like this offers an actress as talented as Miss Atkins a chance to order her own experience and to utter it—to discover who she is and who she might become. And the argument may be extended. Excellence in the performance of any role in public life may turn on a delicate match between the psychic potentialities of the performer and the "sub-text" of the role: a match in which the dictates of the role permit the actor to clarify his own experience, and then, on the strength of that clarification, to present an embodiment of the role that is singular to him. And, if the clarification the actor achieves is one that whole segments of a population feel in need of, then his performance is one that we will receive as memorable. This remarkable traffic in public and private selves is awash in those factoidal stories about himself that give the aspiring actor a sense of purchase, and his potential audience an . . . new "personality" . . . they can hope to . . . them something to . . . trust.

This traffic in . . . course, fraught with . . . cations; and Marilyn's . . . easy life and rela . . . talent are worth wai . . . ing about, finally, . . . exemplified so many . . . bilities. And perhaps . . . one should point o . . . gous dislocations a . . . who do the reading . . . For *Marilyn* must . . . considered, in acade . . . "bad" book. No dou . . . are a dozen decencies . . . wilfully violates on . . . produces. Yet it is . . . illustrated the transla . . . and private selves so . . . those of us who strive . . . probity have succeeded . . . torously large numbers . . . up empty-handed. The . . . understanding each . . . seems, in other words, . . . fered an unfortunate, . . . Victorian bifurcation, . . . divided between the . . . (who are also fertile . . . "decent scholars" (who . . .

In any event, Marilyn . . . emerges from *Marilyn* . . . artist of modern cu . . . knowing dissociation . . . that has hardened since . . . to accommodate all . . . joky goings on, from . . . to *A Clockwork Orange* . . . a harbinger of rotten . . . Nixon could become Pre . . . once, but *twice*) and . . . could be cried up as a . . . But she retained her . . . promise; the "one las . . . innocent, a pristine . . . mid-Eisenhower years . . . ple and healthy as the . . . dle of the country, and . . . plucked". And her work . . . rest of us in varying . . . memorable because the . . . her private turmoil . . . more public incoh . . . "She dramatises one ca . . . liarity of existence . . . century—the lie, when . . . dled, seems to offer more . . . upon existence than the . . .

Marilyn, by Norman Mailer . . . lished by Hodder and . . . (271pp. £4.95. Paperback . . .

Destruction begins at home

By Charles Tomlinson

THOMAS S. W. LEWIS (Editor):
Letters of Hart Crane and his Family

675pp. Columbia University Press (AUPG). £11.

If one dwells too insistently on the impressions left by Hart Crane's final letters, or by accounts of the last, drunken sojourn at Mixcoac, one tends to underrate the sheer patience he could muster in confronting an impossible lot, and also the degree of insight he possessed into his own case. At twenty-three, we find him writing to an unidentified correspondent:

> Family affairs and "fusses" have been my destruction since I was eight years old when my father and mother began to quarrel. That phase only ended recently, and the slightest disturbance now tends to recall with consummate force all the past and its horrid memories on pretext of the slightest derangement of equilibrium.

The threat from the force of that past seems to overwhelm Crane, as when, hearing of his mother's sudden arrival in Cleveland where he is staying with his father, he rushes out in search of alcohol and, on his miserable return, persuades Clarence Crane to put him on to the New York express at once, and to conceal his whereabouts in that city. Where then is the patience, if the balance of a personality could be so easily overset? It shows in the endless letters in which he tries to explain himself to his parents: in the dignified way, for example, in which he tactfully undertakes to point out at length to his father that his refusal to join the Crane Chocolate Company is not because he finds writing advertising copy in New York "absorbing, pleasant and profitable", as Clarence at this comparatively late date still imagines.

Earlier on, the twenty-year-old Crane had written frankly to his mother: "I think it's time you realized that for the last eight years my youth has been a rather bloody battle-ground for your's [*sic*] and father's sex life and troubles." Perhaps eight was an underestimate. His parents seem to have been ill-matched from the start. Clarence Crane—he invented Life Savers ("For that stormy breath")—was absorbed in his business, while Grace Hart was absorbed in herself. After one particularly electric family quarrel during childhood, Crane tried twice to commit suicide. "One whose fatal weakness is to love two unfortunate people", was the way Crane, as an adolescent, described his position between them, and over the years and after their divorce he did his shaken best to maintain the relationships. Simultaneously he was aware of the need "to discipline myself against . . . wasteful family problems that have robbed me of my vitality during the last twenty years—unmanned me time and again and threatened to make me one of those emotional derelicts who are nothing but tremulous jellyfish might-have-beens".

Thomas S. W. Lewis's exemplary edition of the letters between Crane and his family makes for claustrophobic reading. One has to ply between Professor Lewis's book and Brom Weber's *The Letters of Hart Crane* to remind oneself that Crane is also corresponding with Allen Tate, Gorham Munson, Yvor Winters and Alfred Stieglitz, and that he has often no way of communicating to his parents his most interesting thoughts. "We are centred upon you, and your success will be our happiness." How should one respond to that (from father) or to: "We ought to talk together, as two business men", or to mother's "You have within your grasp the privildge [*sic*] of making me very happy . . ."? He responds, all too often, with his progress at writing ads for O'Sullivan's heels, Sloan's Liniment and Pine Tar Honey. To a friend he dejectedly writes, between advertising jobs and jobs in book stores: "A bridge will be written in some kind of style and form, at worst it will be something as good as advertising copy." Perhaps that much is true of the weakest of Crane.

When Brom Weber brought out *The Letters of Hart Crane* in 1952 and reissued them in 1965 he did not always reproduce them in their entirety but chose to print what he conceived to be their "more valuable sections". He also "strengthened the punctuation" and corrected "obvious slips of the pen". His edition is both . . . sable and frustrating. Tha . . . Lewis for the first tim . . . the complete text of Cran . . . letters, permitting us to se . . . other things, which parts . . . *Bridge* he patiently copied . . . his mother's doubtful bene . . . copies, particularly that . . . Maria", contain significa . . . ences from the poem as p . . .

One carries away from . . . Lewis's edition several abi . . . pressions: the decency of . . . grandmother with whom . . . corresponded; the puzzled . . . integrity of his father (he . . . cheques when they were . . . and the two came ultimat . . . spect each other); the . . . innocence of his mothe . . . examined ego, from the early . . . your body and mind clean . . . will get there I'm sure", . . . letter to Charlotte Rychtar . . . Crane's death and several . . . broken relations: "Wou . . . *please* write me what you . . . his life during that time and . . . ever talked of me." Poor . . . Crane, having weathered . . . divorce, was destined for . . . straits and death in a single . . . in New York. There is a . . . touch of rightness in the fa . . . Crane's father should live— . . . —at a place called Chagrin F . . .

Life on the borderline

By William Feaver

PAUL DU FEU:
Let's Hear it for the Long-Legged Women

254pp. Angus and Robertson. £2.50

The title is a come-on and the contents fail to match up to it. Not that Mr du Feu sells the reader short. He provides escapades galore, a picaresque account of life and high times in the Notting Hill zone during the 1960s, with ventures to the east (as far as Paddington) and Barcelona. Most of his time appears to have been spent getting by, and getting laid, mingling with the mighty, among them Stephen Ward (whom he disliked) and Peter Rachman (whom he sneakingly admired a little). But his greatest moments came not so long ago when it was revealed he had married Ms Greer on a conjoint mad impulse. They parted company almost at once, the wife to pursue her career of fame, the husband to continue to amass borderline experiences as a builder, advertising man and . . . *politan* centrefold pin-up. It . . . be nice to think that the . . . memoirs offered an unsw . . . sidelight on those heady years . . . London was where it was a . . . politicians, property deve . . . gangsters, picture restorers, . . . sellers, TV cameramen and . . . Special Branch rubbed should . . . an unstuffy spirit of give and . . . But the book turns out to . . . a little of this and that . . . periodic inlays of bits of the . . . all couched in that sort of . . . deliberately dry, spare and . . . dash of aftershave for colour.

The flight from piety

By Alan Bell



. . . mund Gosse—"The Old and the Young Self. Young Self: Are you saved?'" Max Beerbohm's cartoon of 1924, reproduced by permission of the Visitors of the Ashmolean Museum.

. . . D GOSSE:
. . . and Son
. . . of Two Temperaments
. . . by James Hepburn
. . . Oxford University Press.

. . . DMUND GOSSE! . . ." Sir . . . Sitwell's apostrophe, intro . . . a perceptive chapter of . . . *Essences*, speaks volumes in . . . rous cadence. A solemn . . . cement worthy of Gosse's . . . parlourmaid Parker, the . . . me is likely to evoke defi . . . sociations—few of them at . . . mplimentary—in the minds . . . younger readers nearly fifty . . . ter his death. He will more . . . than not be thought of (as . . . Walpole wrote in 1920) as . . . "old and wicked", condemn . . . snobbish well beyond the . . . standards of his day, and . . . ed for faults of scholarship . . . by a famous row. Recent . . . by those who knew him in . . . include his kinsman Evelyn . . . view of him as a Mr Tulk . . . and Lord Clark's splendid . . . of the old man "looking . . . cross between an old tom . . . an octogenarian pirate" . . . mancing about his visit to . . .

. . . hat such impressions may be . . . series of more favourable . . . es. As a literary critic he . . . scrimination. When his *Life* . . . *Swinburne* was published in 1917, . . . received a letter from Hous . . . who, although well aware of . . . which he was quick to point . . . of omissions he could easily . . . wrote that "it is a great . . . to have it done by some . . . who knows chalk from cheese". . . . important as a pioneer inter . . . of Scandinavian literature to . . . English-speaking world—not . . . by book-learning or dramatic . . . siasm but by friendship with . . . riters. Indeed, it is for his . . . ships (rather than his enmities) . . . deserves commemoration— . . . range, from Swinburne and . . . son to poetasters like . . . ghnessy.

It was by no means only an assiduous cultivation of the eminent which led to his becoming one of the most agreeable hosts in London literary society. His conversation was amusing and charming, he was an accomplished mimic with an engaging sense of fun. Later came the "impalpable aura of *power*" of which Sir Osbert Sitwell writes, when "young writers were not introduced to him, they were brought up to be *presented*". His patronage was valuable, but had to be carefully sued for. "By the way, Rupert dear", Marsh wrote, "if you meet Gosse I beg you for my sake to be nice to him—also he is a good backer and may be useful to you! and a little kindness does wonders with him."

The power and the condescension do not leave a pleasant taste. Neither does the prickliness which was celebrated in his lifetime. An "Edmund" in Maurice Baring's private language was "a display of undue touchiness". He was quick to condemn what he did not like, and to condemn roundly. His view of *Howards End* as "all that prose fiction should not be" is well known, and the full force of his anathemas has to be seen to be fully savoured. My favourite is from an unpublished letter to Sidney Colvin about Leonard Woolf, who in 1924 had written unfavourably of Stevenson in *The Nation*:

> I don't think he is an "idiot" rather a perverse, partially-educated alien German, who has thrown in his lot violently with Bolshevism and Mr Joyce's "Ulysses" and "the great sexual emancipation" and all the rest of the nasty fads of the hour. It is of no use for us to strive with such a man . . . you can only say once more that R.L.S. was a beautiful writer and a beautiful soul.

If mud is thrown at anyone so prickly, some is bound to stick. Although it is nearly thirty years since John Carter (whose essay is reprinted in his *Books and Book Collectors*) elegantly demolished Fannie E. Ratchford's case for Gosse's involvement with the Wise forgeries, he is still loosely thought of as being connected in some way: perhaps the unlearned want to believe it. Miss Grosskurth's revelation that Gosse was on John Addington Symonds's mailing list for photographs of naked boys has attracted some attention, and his admission to Symonds that "the wild beast . . . is not dead, but tamer; I understand him and the trick of his claws" will be important to a biographer.

The Churton Collins incident is more famous. Mr Hepburn in his new edition of *Father and Son* draws a good parallel between Gosse's humiliation and the rejection of his father's *Omphalos*. Collins's savaging of Gosse's Clark lectures is an important incident in the history of a developing professional scholarship, but Gosse weathered the storm and soon recovered. It was not long before that louse was shaken out of the locks of literature, and by the end of his life Gosse had in his way come to represent Literature with a capital L.

He would be a fine subject for a new biography to succeed Evan Charteris's large and by no means uncritical *Life and Letters* of 1931. Substantial archives are available to a biographer with time, energy and humour, and there is a long shelf of published work and a large body of uncollected material. One of the most intriguing problems for the new biographer will be to explain the preeminence of one book. When *Father and Son* is set in the scales, all the others—*On Viol and Flute, Gossip in a Library, Some Diversions of a Man of Letters*, all the substantial biographies, editions and studies in foreign literatures—the rest of his work flies straight up and kicks the beam. The difference is immediately obvious, the cause is implicit in a remark Gosse once made to Haldane when disparaging Andrew Lang's collected poems: "they are like a bunch of flowers which seemed delightful once, and now have faded and lost their perfume. How volatile talent is!—only Genius lasts."

Father and Son now takes its place in the handsome Oxford English Memoirs series, with a text from the first edition (first impression) and a useful (but, like the rest of the series, too short) introduction by James Hepburn. The book occupies 178 pages of the series format, which turns it into a slim volume, better-proportioned than the first edition of 1907, which has 374 pages printed on blotting paper with wide margins and amply leaded large type, and looks uncomfortably stretched. Mr Hepburn's notes include a number of ingenious topographical explanations, but nothing on the numerous biblical allusions. Many modern readers might welcome guidance to Isaiah i, 8 for "a lodge in my garden of cucumbers", or to Job xxxii to see the appropriateness of an allusion to Elihu the Buzite. This is surely more important than the exact location of Gosse's uncles' house in Clapton.

The short introduction makes some interesting points, but none is fully developed. The most surprising part of Mr Hepburn's essay sees Edmund as "too often grudging" about his parents, and suggests "how naturally unhappy he seems to have been as a boy, how weakly he responded to the life that his father offered him". On the contrary, rereading the book before studying the introduction, I was struck time and again by the many indications of a strong and often joyful response to life, whether in reports of the simple humour of infancy or in the growing sensibility of a clever boy delighting in the discovery of words or of the seaside, or naughtily trying to turn parental prayers in his own favour. A full sense of the boy's exposure to *lachrymae rerum* remains predominantly in the memory, but it is surely wrong to dismiss Gosse's juvenile responses as lacking in strength or happiness.

Mr Hepburn remarks that it is "astonishing how little criticism of any sort has been levelled against the book" and draws on the comments of a few early reviewers who were largely concerned with the highly coloured presentation of the Puritan background. His own discussion of accuracy is more of fact than interpretation, asking not unreasonably whether a notoriously inaccurate scholar should be taken at face value about himself and his father, "unless it were that he charmed his modern readers with their own prejudices". From a factual standpoint, Mr Hepburn's notes offer little by way of challenge, although they show that Gosse seems to have exaggerated his parents' poverty. As for colouring, any criticism of Gosse's approach

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Longman

صورة من الأصل

begs the question of the nature of a work which hovers between biography and autobiography, and which though representing itself as a "document" cannot really be assessed as a work of scholarship.

The editor considers in some detail the great evangelical meeting which father and son attended in London in 1864, at which a speaker is reported as having referred to Shakespeare as "a lost soul now suffering for his sins in hell!" Edmund's recollection of the derogatory remark may have been exaggerated; although Mr Hepburn does not elaborate the point, the printed report apparently shows only a protest against the performance of a sacred oratorio during the Shakespeare tercentenary. Even so, the burden of the story is not this commination but the father's voluntary censure of the speaker:

> Before so rashly speaking of Shakespeare as "a lost soul in hell" he should have remembered how little we knew of the poet's history. The light of salvation was widely disseminated in the land during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and we cannot know that Shakespeare did not accept the atonement of Christ in simple faith before he came to die.

As Edmund remarks, this concession of the benefit of the doubt may seem meagre, but it was very comforting. Here as elsewhere the form adopted by the narrative makes the factual detail almost irrelevant to the overwhelming impression conveyed.

After the Shakespeare incident Edmund felt inclined almost to hug his father in his arms. The episode is another indication of his feeling of "what a charming companion, what a delightful parent, what a courteous and engaging friend, my father would have been and would pre-eminently have been to me, if it had not been for this stringent piety which ruined it all". The epilogue of *Father and Son* recounts the constant postal inquisition which followed Edmund's move to London, and the moment "when my self-sufficiency revolted against the police-inspection to which my 'views' were incessantly subjected".

Artistically, this was the best possible place to stop, when the author "took a human being's privilege to fashion his inner life for himself". But, historically, father and son were to remain on not uncordial terms for nearly twenty years more. The spiritual cord was cut when Edmund made his deliberate act of rejection. No compromise would have been possible. There were other ties however which made a complete social severance impossible. Edmund's marriage in 1875 is seen by Evan Charteris as "a soothing influence on his father".

Thereafter there was probably some relaxation in old age, not in his intimate religious life but in the fervour with which he had supported it towards his family. Edmund could not be written off spiritually, but his father's hopes were no longer urged with the old oppressive fervour. Gosse wrote a year before his father died that he was "very sweet and gentle, wonderfully mellowed by the softening hand of age; and I have an affection for him and a pleasure in his company that I am afraid I never really felt before. And so, in the evening there is light." The closing years of their relationship seem touching when set against the volcanic activity of the *Father and Son* period, but to have included them in the book would have been inartistic. Here is a case where Mr Hepburn's views on "perspective" can be applied.

Much of the mellowing can be attributed to Philip Henry's second wife, the admirable Quaker Eliza Brightwen. It was she who provided so much "tact and gentleness and devotion" and she emerges as a heroine in *Father and Son*. Filial piety dictated a not unpleasing view of the first Mrs Gosse, who is displayed as a genial influence on her husband, "opposed to the stern and fanatic tendency of his own native temperament" and distinguishing "between piety and misanthropy"; but there are frequent indications that she was of an almost repellent spiritual forcefulness. Had she lived, it is not difficult to see that the conflict of father and son would have been even more terrible. *Mother and Son*, and with such a mother, scarcely bears thinking about.

By contrast the stepmother appears a much more approachable saint. Eliza Gosse is the subject of the celebrated remark by her future stepson: "Papa, don't tell me she's a pedobaptist?" Her upbringing in a less demanding faith was to have its advantages for the young Edmund: "She was a well-meaning pious lady, but she was not a fanatic, and her mind did not naturally revel in spiritual aspirations." To a moderated piety she added a degree of literary cultivation which was useful to her stepson as his mind developed. Her little library introduced him to Scott, but in the poems only; the novels (by a quaint scruple) were held to give "false and disturbing pictures of life". (Some Dickens was allowed, but only because Philip Gosse maintained that he "exposes the passion of love in a ridiculous light".) Such influences were essential to his normal development and could not have been more timely.

Later the stepmother became a useful buffer as the final scenes of *Father and Son* were acted out, though she was never disloyal to her husband: "She always described my Father, when she was alone with me, admiringly, as one 'whose trumpet gave no uncertain sound' . . . she was human, and I think that now and then she was extremely bored." She outlived her husband by many years and in old age questioned Edmund closely about one of his "nice respectable" friends. "I haven't quite made up my mind to marry again", she said, "but if I did he's just the sort of man I should choose." Edward Marsh reports that Henry James was much flattered and wrote Gosse a letter beginning "My beloved stepson".

Two literary antecedents of *Father and Son* are worth discussing. One is only a curiosity, the other an important influence on it. Mr Hepburn does not mention "The Unequal Yoke", a short novel in twelve chapters published anonymously in the *English Illustrated Magazine* of 1886, and identified as Gosse's first printed treatment of nonconformity in Simon Nowell-Smith's *Letters to Macmillan*. A government clerk, son of a playwright and grandson of an earl, meets the daughter of a Baptist minister from "Maida Vale if you wished to be genteel, but Kilburn came more handy to the old residents". As the many references to social usages suggest, the courtship is an embarrassed one, which ends almost inevitably in a jilt.

The story is decently managed as a magazine piece, and is interesting to readers of *Father and Son* as showing how far Gosse had moved from his father's world even in his lifetime. "The Unequal Yoke" is a study in social rather than religious tension, and, although Baptist prohibitions against the theatre and dancing play their part, it is the peppermint smells of the chapel, the colour of the tablemats in the manse and the Kensington suitor's snootiness about Frognal which really matter. The story shows how much well-observed social detail must have been omitted in confining *Father and Son* to the conflict of temperaments, and how much it is improved by being largely a study of minds rather than worlds.

Edmund Gosse's *The Life of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S.* (1890) is a much more important predecessor than "The Unequal Yoke". It looks like a characteristic Victorian biography but its contents achieve a notable objectivity of approach, giving it a "modern" tone of which Gosse was an early advocate. Much of the space is given to his father's early career as a self-trained naturalist in the New World, a full and often exciting narrative. Gosse also recognized it as his duty to describe and explain "a man of very singular character . . . less in sympathy with the literary and scientific movement of our age than, perhaps, any writer of equal distinction", and he devoted considerable sympathy and literary skill to a full account of "a peculiarly isolated mind". He does not disguise the oddity, but can paint a portrait based (in spite of the disputes to be recorded sixteen years later) on a unique intimacy. The father's face was "decidedly grim in expression, but lighted up by hazel eyes of extraordinary size and fullness"; "his smile was rare, but when it came it was exquisite".

The *Life* records Gosse's scientific work in greater detail than would be relevant to *Father and Son*, not hesitating to lament "that he left his own field of research . . . to adventure in a province of scientific philosophy which lay outside his sphere, and for which he was fitted neither by training, nor by native aptitude, nor by the possession of a mind clear from prejudice". *Omphalos*, his curious defence of the biblical creation against the evolutionists, was the result of his lucubrations, but it was received with derision. Mr Hepburn points to its absurdity, but it is right to note the tragedy as well. Wrongheaded though it was, Philip Henry Gosse's scientific theorizing was as logical, independent and thoroughgoing as his religious faith.

Since the biography does not need to portray the religious strife in his household, it can devote more space to the tenets of the father's peculiar faith and is thus a useful complement to *Father and Son*. It also emphasizes how, with his independent cast of mind and idiosyncratic scriptural faith, he found it impossible to throw in his lot wholly with any existing denomination. He became attached because of their their lack of sy tion, their reject spiritual authority as the *Life* puts confidence in the also, and for the of his life he was ted with any Chr over". *Father and* responsible (perh *of All Flesh* too) ing that religious mon in the evang of the period; peculiarity of Phili views, which the *and Son* relates teenth-century Pu cannot be too stro

The young Edm briefly in the *Life*, negligible. One strangely omitted *Son*. The boy of doing his Sunday son with the mothe ing death from brea soon to witness:

> I specially recoll soft voice read verses, suddenly in her large eyes tures, which gave tion that I should clearly I recall the unexpressed more strange, be that this was before anyone she was stricken disease.

It must have been these which led Ge suspect that, frank the *Life* had been, tale to be told. In urged Gosse to tell piece rewarded his

Backstage whispers

By Rayner Heppenstall

JAMES HARDING:
Lost Illusions
Paul Léautaud and his World
230pp plus 32 illustrations. Allen and Unwin. £5.50.

One hundred and three years ago, a chorus girl had a son by Firmin Léautaud, prompter at the Comédie Française, an assiduous and successful womanizer. She abandoned the child, and he turned it over to a retired prostitute. At the age of thirty, meeting his mother again, Paul-Firmin-Valentin almost talked her into bed and, in his sixties, still dreamt of possessing her.

Not that he failed to imitate his father in other respects. Though of unimpressive appearance, he always had women around. He collected stray cats and dogs on a scale greater than his father's. Equipped with backstage knowledge of the theatre and a wide memory of the classical repertory, he was made drama critic, under a pseudonym, of the *Mercure de France*. There he met half the leading writers of his time. They loved his eccentricities. They sympathized with his dreadful upbringing and at the same time envied it, while understanding that, as Rachilde said, "N'est pas fils de putain qui veut."

He outlived them all, even Gide. That unpromising childhood had left him with a constitution of some metal less easily rusted than iron. At the age of eighty, in a protracted series of interviews on French radio, the old scarecrow with a fine voice, uninhibited manner and seemingly inexhaustible memory became a national figure.

The memory was not without its aids. For sixty years past, Léautaud nightly, by candlelight and with a quill pen whose squeaking delighted him, had kept a detailed diary. Fragments of this *Journal littéraire* had appeared as early as 1922. Its publication in full started two years before his death and would in the end fill nineteen volumes.

French writers' journals throughout *la belle époque* and (with Marcel Jouhandeau) up to our own time, constitute a literary phenomenon to which we have no equivalent. In the cases of Jules Renard, Léon Bloy and André Gide, their journals are among the most highly valued of their works. These, however, were writers marvellously creative in other fields. Léautaud was not. If anything by him is much looked at in the future, it will be one or another volume *littéraire*.

A one-volume sel much of this as had was, it may be noted, in translation in the was Léautaud's one autobiographical novel Both translations Harding's extensive bi *Lost Illusions*.

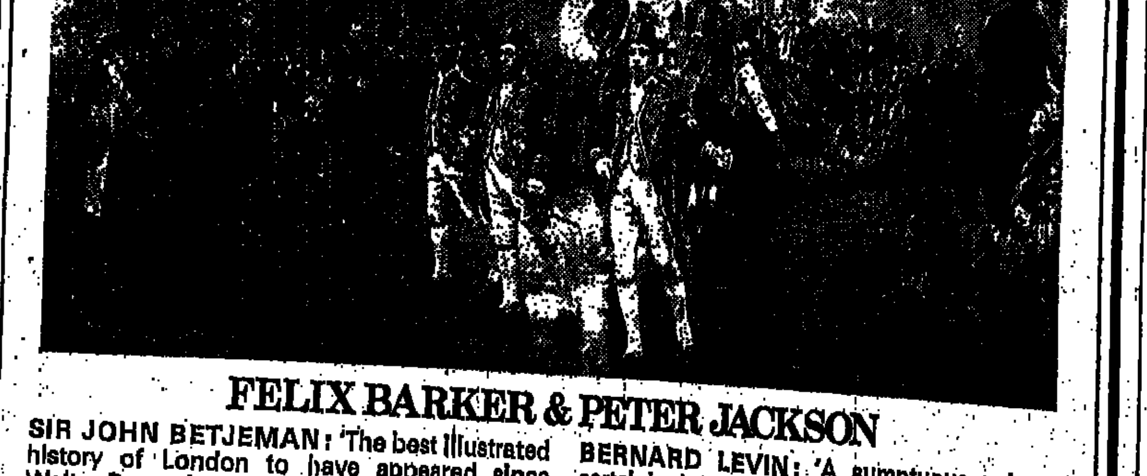
Dr Harding biographies of Saint-Sa Gounod and General among others. His to be Erik Satie, who lowed by Offenbach courts. The bias is musical and *belle* general field of anyone may share I largely do. tussock of that field to another. Saint-Saëns led Dr Harding, by phrase in a violin composer, to a *Proust and Music*. A with Sacha Guitry directed him towards very great writer, We may hope that Meanwhile, it led us, by an unexplained Léautaud.

It is about Renard ing makes one of the ing statements in *sions*. That the two thing in common and perhaps it had do with their mothers, case absent, in Renard's and punitively present latter shared with "incestuous yearnings unworthy mother" is which Dr Harding put to to convince

The title of his book reluctantly accepted suggestion of a sales insisted, not without nobody in this country Léautaud. It is a perfect As Léautaud himself might expect, "Je désenchanté". We may he nevertheless entertain but certainly he died them. That is a cardinal this strange, appealing integrity at least was

Dr Harding is a deft While half-agreeing thetical sales manager's I found this book informative and would it to those others who stitute nobody or would us. I look forward to parallels and contrasts may have perceived Léautaud and Erik Satie one parallel is very

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he story so far

Winton Dean

ALD ABRAHAM:
Tradition of Western Music
Oxford University Press.
back, £1

Tradition of Western Music ns the six Ernest Bloch Lec delivered at Berkeley in 1969. uthors could have tackled such bject in so confined a space ut glaring omissions on the one or steamy generalizations on other. Gerald Abraham, as we t expect, avoids both pitfalls. g "a mountain-top view", he ys the mainstream of Western from its source to its possible ution, with sidelong glances at tal and African music and ionally at the other arts. No tant issues are shirked, though or twice he cuts a corner or over a minor tributary; and raws his examples from un ented territory as well as from has been thoroughly explored ot always correctly interpreted. main concern is to discover a tradition develops and what ets it in different countries and ds. The various forces—politi social, linguistic, individual— discussed in turn but not con to separate compartments. We ept aware of constant intercon n and cross-fertilization.

me of the links are unexpected; arn that the only fruit of Mary 's marriage to Philip II was mport from Spain of a type of ard variation, and that the enduring consequence of the of Agincourt was a major fication of the course of ean music through the contact e English school of Dunstable French *ars nova* and their ned influence on Franco sh musicians from Dufay to in, who in turn dominated n music of the sixteenth ry.

paradox may be a trifle over but it is a refreshing change the old notion (still not quite that history is progress and we need only study the great osers to produce a coherent re. In his first paragraph Dr ham draws the teeth of those alk glibly of "the dead hand of ion". Palestrina, Bach, Handel, r and Brahms were relatively n of direct artistic progeny; dead hand may hold some aces. r's sense of tradition as liness—doing a thing in a way because that is how it done before—is sharply guished from "the true e of tradition" as "perpetual d change, very often slow and , yet often modified—some quite violently modified—by l circumstances".

braham distinguishes between actors (those of background) tive factors, the product of eraction of the composer with blic which is essential if his s to be genuinely fertile. He es the music of isolated wor like Scriabin and Ives as tially auto-erotic" (but says of Schoenberg in this con). One of the most important nert factors is language. Dr m traces the influence of vowels (starting from a four century example and leading rumental as well as vocal lyri nd the whole art of opera), and Hungarian accentuation al syllables and tendency to or suppress vowels, and thick n consonants. He points to the teristic preoccupation of the with words and of the Ger with the keyboard (an almost vely Western instrument), rows out the suggestion that atchy texture of Beethoven's uartets may derive from the of the piano. The German ncy to metrical squareness he es mainly to German prosody, with the custom of congre nal singing.

stresses the importance of not only as a composite of arts, but as a generator of ncert orchestra and many in ental forms—the sonata, con symphony and symphonic not to mention oratorio and ("a thin slice of opera re from the stage to the salon"). ection, which contains the l of half a dozen lectures, condensed that a few state perhaps require qualification. the taste of the groundlings no doubt encouraged the spending of money on sensational scenic effects, the original object was the symbolic glorification of princes. It is questionable whether the Hamburg opera, which was often bilingual and collapsed after two generations, was "truly German"; on the other hand, Dr Abraham is surely right to claim that the failure of opera to take root in England "had disastrous consequences for English music". He draws an interesting parallel between the Soviet preoccupation with social-political content and English overvaluation of social-religious content in the century after Handel: "both produced music that is provincial in the worst sense".

The fact that opera originated in the work of a small dilettante group is for Dr Abraham no coincidence. Without ignoring folksong, he declares that all Western music, secular and ecclesiastical, began "in the environment of an educated class". Economic factors came in when composers began to write for a wider audience, especially after the introduction of printing. This led to a distinction between music intended for participants and music intended for listeners, and in time to a depreciation of values as the currency was extended, and to the deeper split between serious and popular music and between the conservative public and avant-garde.

The final lecture, "Tradition and the Individual Genius", is one of the most stimulating. The great revolutionaries, Beethoven and Wagner, were not overturning tradition; they were firmly rooted in the spirit and language of their age, which they summed up with the finality of great art. Most of their supposed innovations were old ideas refurbished; Dr Abraham quotes an *ur-Leitmotiv* from Lully's *Persée* of 1682. "Magpie composers like Meyerbeer." were of more consequence to tradition than many of their betters. This line of thought elicits a number of fruitful epigrams. "The works of the masters are the crises of tradition" (not its adversaries); "When a composer appears to have no ancestors, it is usually because we happen to be ignorant of the ancestors" (Berlioz is the prime example); "Like Palestrina and Handel, Brahms was a terminus rather than a junction"; Stravinsky "has been in some respects the Meyerbeer of our day".

Dr Abraham rightly insists that, for full comprehension of the music of the past, we need to hear it both as an aesthetic experience and in relation to its age. But the historical sense is a dubious asset to the composer; it entered creative tradition in the generation of Wagner and Mendelssohn and oppressed many of their successors, notably Schoenberg, who was forced into a violent effort to wrench himself free.

This brings Dr Abraham to a brief glance into the future. Serialism "possibly initiated the beginning of the end of the Western tradition of music" because, like electronic, aleatory and computerized music, it is totally foreign to it. The electronic composer starts again from scratch, like Stone-Age man. He may establish a different sort of tradition, or combine with non-Western elements to produce a new world music. Dr Abraham clearly doubts whether these novel methods can be assimilated into Western tradition as we know it and carry the public with them, and he finds the prospect of a gulf between an intellectual avant-garde and the rest of humanity consoling itself with relics of the past on tape understandably "bleak". There is nothing bleak, superficial or soft-grained about his very clear-headed exposition of the whole subject, which will become necessary reading for all students of musical history.

Two of Dent's well-known Master Musicians series no appear in new editions. For that of her *Haydn* (271pp. £2.95. Paperback, £1.65) Rosemary Hughes has been able to take advantage of Volume 2 of Anthony van Hoboken's *Thematisch-bibliographisches Werkverzeichnis* which at long last brings the entire corpus of Haydn's music within a single system of classification. Miss Hughes has relisted all the vocal compositions in her Catalogue of Works in accordance with van Hoboken's classification and numbering.

Eric Blom's *Mozart* (388pp. £3.15. Paperback, £1.50) contains minor corrections, mainly in the footnotes and appendixes, and its bibliography has been brought up to date.

Macmillan's Music Yearbooks, edited by Arthur Jacobs, have quickly established themselves as standard works of reference, the first one winning the United Kingdom Library Association's McColvin Medal for the outstanding reference book published in 1972. Christopher Pavlakis's *The American Music Handbook* (836pp. Collier-Macmillan. £12.50) is a similar publication though, as befits its much more complex field, arranged differently and edited less as a ready-reference directory than as a detailed inventory of activities and of the people behind them. It is principally concerned with classical, rather than with popular music, and has more than 5,000 entries.

The sound of democracy

By Wilfred Mellers

VIVIAN PERLIS:
Charles Ives Remembered
An Oral History
237pp. Yale University Press. £6.25.

ROSALIE SANDRA PERRY:
Charles Ives and the American Mind
137pp. Kent State University Press. $7.50.

Charles Ives is arguably the first great composer of democratic principle: he wanted to create, not out of artistic tradition, but out of the physical environment and implicit moral values of the world he lived in. If he chose to keep his public and his musical lives separate, this was not because the aspirations that fired his business career were irreconcilable with the inspirations that made his music, but rather because the producer-consumer relationship inherent in commercial concert-promotion was extraneous to his view of art. The paradox in Ives's position is that he wanted a music which would be that of the common man (as indigenous to his environment as the old chapel hymns or his father's town band), and yet at the same time as aware of the moral stresses of human destiny as Beethoven's. Common men never had the chance to hear his music; if they had, they would have been outraged, because their ideas as to what music "ought" to be were conditioned by what they themselves were not—that is, by genteel European tradition. This paradox is to some degree latent in all true art of our time; but it is because Ives admits to it with such uncompromising veracity that his music can sound at once heroically grand and demotically unportentous.

To know his music is thus to be in profound contact with certain aspects of the American experience; and also, inevitably, to get to know Ives himself as democratic man. This makes him a peculiarly apt subject for a compilation such as that by Vivian Perlis. She teaches at Yale and has been closely associated with the Ives Collection; but, in addition to the academic skills demanded of her as editor, she seems to have had the knack of knowing how to put the people she interviewed at their ease. Many of them are not professional musicians. They are not merely representative of the stuff of democratic America, they are a remarkable collection of human beings. To meet them helps one to understand Ives's own humanity, and evokes a portrait of him—as boy, as student, as insurance man, as composer in premature retirement—which has astonishing immediacy; the more so when taken together with a superb collection of photographs dating from every period of Ives's life (the beauty of Harmony Ives, his wife, both as a young and as an old woman, is much in evidence). Friends and acquaintances from varied walks of life comment on Ives's shy dignity and imposing bearing (Louis Untermeyer: "He had presence. He knew what he had done, he knew who he was." John Kirkpatrick: "He was a rather awesome creature." Lou Harrison: "He looked like God the Father as done by William Blake."); and also on his "incandescence", his boyish prankfulness, his eruptions of violence (Kirkpatrick: "Ives could be like a volcano", "a fighting pacifist". Carrie Blackwell: "Sometimes he'd get so excited he'd knock down on those keys like thunder. . . . Oh and he could roar."). Ives's physician friend Charles Kauffman captures an essential feature of the man when he says:

> I was so impressed by the Ives house because there was not a status symbol in the whole place. . . . I noticed he had an old washboiler with music stuck in it, and I asked him where he got that, and he said "Off our dump. The music fits that and it fits the music."

Intimate glimpses of Ives playing hymns in a way that "could make that piano talk", or of Harmony reading Dickens to him at the close of day are the more moving because the contributors to *Charles Ives Remembered*, educated and uneducated alike, all speak a prose that has that same rock-bottom authenticity which typifies Ives's music. Their "realism" is the condition of Ives's transcendentalism, as is brought out by Christine Loring, a secretarial assistant who "thought Mr Ives very handsome"; she found him kindly, yet mysterious:

> Everything would be so still except the typewriter. Then I'd hear those crashing chords out of the deathly silence. . . . Once he stood looking out of the picture window towards the mountains, and restlessly paced about, not conversing but as if he were thinking aloud, and humming and singing bits of music. He said: "If only I could have done it. It's all there, the mountains and the fields". When I asked him what he wanted to do, he answered "The Universe Symphony".

The interviews with professional musicians, if less disturbingly revelatory, contain fascinating information. Nicolas Slonimsky and Bernard Herrmann as conductors, Mary Bell as singer, and Lou Harrison as editor all testify to Ives's highly professional *accuracy* in regard to his music, however apparently improvisatory his approach; he knew precisely what he had written, and how it was to be realized in performance. Especially interesting is the long piece from Elliott Carter who, when himself a student, met Ives, and after being powerfully influenced by him, became critical of his compositional procedures, in the long run, however, absorbing his influence at a largely unconscious level. It appears that in later life, though not during his active composing years, Ives showed considerable curiosity about twentieth-century music, and was pertinently American in his criticisms of it. For instance, although he liked Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloe* and Stravinsky's *Petrouchka* he considered both works simple-minded, in the sense that they remained chained to conventionally measured pitches and rhythms. His ultimate modernity—which Carter had not caught up with in the late 1920s, though he has himself finally come to explore a version of it in the works from the early 1960s onwards—was his search for "reality" within the stream of consciousness. Since this can only be an individual act, it is the underlying technical manifestation of Ives's democracy.

This is the main point made by Rosalie Sandra Perry in *Charles Ives and the American Mind*: in discussing the nature of Ives's techniques she confines herself to the devices he employed for representing the movement of consciousness. She relates this to the Transcendental tradition by attempting to analyse how closely Ives's music reflects what Emerson, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller and the rest said and believed; but she also follows Ives's links with twentieth-century American realism and pragmatism, seeing in him a typical representative of the American middle-class conscience. Though there would seem to be, once again, a paradox in the fact that Ives's everyday life was the embodiment of just those social virtues that his music rejected, this time it is more apparent than real.

The strict code of behaviour, such as that which Ives lived by, worked impressively because it allowed individual democratic man his visionary moments: the Ives who played hymns with quiet fervour was the same man who, eyes ablaze, attacked the piano with suddenly fierce exuberance, while the creator of the grandly wild piano sonatas was the man who inspired in Lou Harrison feelings that were "profoundly reverent. It's an old fashioned word, but it is that." And it is for this reason that, although Rosalie Perry's carefully researched, well-written, and handsomely produced book provides valuable documentary evidence about the mind and art of this great American, it is Dr Perlis's book that best enables us to understand why Ives "stays news". In Lou Harrison's beautiful phrase, there is always, when either the man or the music is around, "a tone of startlement".

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GEORGE ALLEN

TLS Commentary

Animated scenes

Toulouse-Lautrec goes live in a new animated film by Geoff Dunbar, produced in association with the Arts Council and now showing, every Friday lunchtime, in the ICA cinema. The idea of taking some of the tiny master's best-loved characters, danseuses, cabaret and circus performers, dogs, ducks and horses, and setting them tumbling, yapping, reciting and can-canning may not sound a happy one. The only fine-art precedent that springs to mind is a treatment of Magritte, not so long ago, in which stone doves were made to fly across wide blue skies and bowler-hatted business executives descended from the heavens pointlessly and absurdly. But the spectacle of the Moulin Rouge shimmering into action turns out to be quite entrancing. Petticoats froth, bottoms bounce and fine HB pencil lines quiver against the luminous blank of the screen. There's no storyline and the animation comes in little bursts, with still photographs of the artist and his models extending the running time to a full seven minutes. Quite what the film intends is difficult to determine. It gives no special insight, adds no significant extra dimension to the originals. It is, however, a minor triumph of animation art. As Yvette Guilbert's graphic reincarnation mimes to her actual original voice and the dancers whoop it up, legs cartwheeling, smiles perfectly fixed, the applause breaks out willy-nilly.

Besides *Lautrec* the ICA programme includes a shorter than short from Richard Taylor which deals with Icarus in a *pointilliste* style with Pontin-Continental brochure overtones. This, and George Dunning's *Damon the Mower* (from the idea by Marvell), is too arty by half. *Green Men, Yellow Woman*, by Thalma Goldman, one of three offerings from recent graduates of the National Film School, involves less self-conscious artistry and strikes a blow (in felt-tipped pen) for the cause of womanhood. Various suitors, the worst of them a literary chap mouthing quotations, press their attentions on the flushing but robust heroine and momentarily overcome her by banding together to impersonate Clark Gable. Then the film runs out of its idea. *Bigger and Better*, by Derek Phillips, starts off better then gets bigger and ever more portentous and apocalyptic. An English country garden, straight off a seedpacket, is redeveloped. Steelwork springs up, the land becomes a Great Wen, a tower of Babel, a dinosaur. The outcome is the usual. Clearly the makings of a stylish moral tale were sacrificed to superabundant animatorial ambition. Fred Astaire twinkles through the singing of *Putting on the Ritz*, a quick extravaganza celebrating him and everything associated with him. Tapping chorines, highkicking, weeping hearts, all snaking in a spare, linear manner, recall Cocteau's welterweight artwork. This essay by someone who signs off as Antoinette is far less developed than Dunbar's *Lautrec*, but it, too, proves that nothing sets the pace of an animator's art better than a song and dance or two.

Back to Square One

Crossword puzzles have been with us for (*Yes, Kray's done stir for a very long time* (7, 5)), so they tend to be (*Stolen car with US general and Italian in it unjustly ignored* (5, 3, 7)). A (*Dead in bed, not before time* (7)) tribute to their originators and (*Collectors see Queens go after politician in wire spiral* (9)) recently appeared, however, under the title *The Strange World of the Crossword*, published by M. and J. Hobbs, in association with Michael Joseph (£3.50). It is the work of Roger Millington, an advertising (*Plagiarist's profession ?* (10)) who was born near (*Where spare-part surgeon angles for organs ?* (9)), collects vintage (*Syncopated music has Timothy consumed with anger* (7)) recordings and habitually digs up (*Dusky nabob's cure-all disguises it* (7)) and not very useful information.

His book opens with a whopping (*Smudge round untidy den, a clumsy move* (7)), for there is an obvious (*Typesetters' girl of the year, we hear ; that's their mistake* (8)) in its first line—and (*Discounting the North-East during a loving embrace amounts to negligence* (12)) is not happily tolerated in the cross-word world. Recovering from this (*Television returned ? A minor calamity* (7)), we learn that the first "Word-cross" was devised by one Arthur Wynne. "This (*Oh my, Scots ! In a Chinese city ! The heads turn—it's earth-shattering !* (5, 6)) puzzle", writes Mr Millington, "appeared on December 21st 1913." The device soon caught on, especially in America, and made several small fortunes; without their early volumes of puzzles, the New York publishing house of (*Nussiter and Schmo goes bust, a half-simple firm* (5, 3, 8)) might never have managed to survive and (*Do well out of one who drowned his book and now loses his ring* (7)). England was slower to come round, and (*Backward Jewish person found behind Trust House making up a newspaper* (3, 5)), of all people, called the puzzles "a (*Arsenal manager carries the can back, the nuisance* (6))".

Mr Millington sidetracks for a while into the history of the cross-word's forerunners, the (*Inland Revenue cost wrongly added to account makes initially puzzling reading* (8)) and the (*Roughly order squaw to work this patter* 6)). He concludes his rai *grave in heaven, getting* w *tory results* (7)) account of a century success story wi examples of especially tor (*British Rail blundering* in *jungle ? Strange* (7)) puzzle give him his due, the author has his (*Tin ear, thigh help form of cardiac normality nature* (5, 2, 3, 5, 5,); for ing the fact that Stanley (*Is he included in band, led ?* (8)) the crossword journal when he took over Mr Millington is moved to the *TLS* as *The Times's* offspring". As Commentary less anagrammatist would these words are no gripes.

Solutions in order: Donkey's taken for granted, belated, lers, copywriter, Liverpool, obscure, blunder, misprint, ness, set-back, epoch-making and Schuster, prosper, The menace, acrostic, word sketchy, bizarre, heart in the place, banished.



Clark Gable, from Thalma Goldman's Green Men, Yellow Woman *at the ICA.*

Cash and canvas

What is described as the "first ever" British Art Fair came to an end yesterday at the Mall Galleries in London. The Contemporary Art Society, its sponsors, promised that it would "put together . . . for a short time in one place the selected cream of many dealers' stock, and offer a unique opportunity for people to see at least this level of the London scene in a single arena". But the director of one participating gallery called it a "fiasco". So what went wrong?

English art collectors have never liked to admit that art has anything to do with money. If you go to a Bond Street dealer and tell him that you like one of the paintings on his wall, he will raise his chin, clasp his hands, and murmur, "Charming, isn't it ?". Try the same in New York, and you'll be told: "It's thirty thousand, with ten per cent off for cash." In countries where art fairs are well established, such as in Belgium, Germany and Switzerland, art dealers make no attempt to disguise the fact that they are commodity brokers. They buy their way into the fairs and once there they are in business as much as any dealer is at Mincing Lane or Throgmorton Street.

But it wasn't so easy to see cash becoming canvas down on the Mall. After all, this was a *British* art fair, and the CAS perpetuated Bond Street's effete discretion. Its first move was to exclude foreign artists and dealers, thus eliminating the possibility of alien bubbles disturbing the village pond of English art. Continental art fairs at least involve galleries from all over the world. The CAS then appointed a committee, to decide what should and should not be shown. Only the philistine Europeans and Americans are openly prepared to admit that the market determines taste. When London has its art fair, the worthies of the critical scene trot round the galleries beforehand to vet the merchandise.

Once the committee had come up with its predictably insipid formula—there's absolutely nothing on show that has not had the official stamp of approval for years—CAS opened its doors to provincial museum directors and regional curators for a special, very private view. When the public was allowed in later in the week, the dealers had all gone to ground in Bond Street. Thus, there was no danger of the ordinary collector seeing how the art-game is really played.

But perhaps the unkindest cut of all was not self-inflicted. Recently, the best-known American artists have been crashing in the salerooms. The art world has been wondering what will plunge next, and as good a guess as any is English moderns. Most regional gallery directors interested in this sector are sensibly holding back to see what happens. In six months, one *may* be able to get two Hockneys for the price of one today, and with inflation running at 20 per cent, that is a possibility worth waiting for. Just another reason why there have not been too many cats sniffing at CAS's rather sour cream.

Group grope

Connoisseurs of the kind of prose that the late A. J. Liebling called "ademono/kademono" (on the one hand, on the other hand) will relish the near-verbatim *Report of the eighth CIOMS round-table conference on the protection of human rights in the light of scientific and technological progress in biology and medicine*, edited by Simon Btesh (384pp. Geneva: World Health Organization. 31 Sw fr—the price, like the right-hand margin, is unjustified). This gathering of medical, legal and religious eminences, largely from an arc between Boston and Bethesda, with a scattering of Europeans, considered not merely the more spectacular issues such as euthanasia, psychosurgery, cloning ("xeroxing people"), and what the Hungarian Ministry of Health delicately calls "operative interruption of nondesired gravidity" but also experimental ethics, screening, data accumulation and more subtle ones like the unequal distribution of medical and health facilities. There was a moment when they seemed to be about to pass a resolution in favour of everyone in the world having enough food.

Though some trenchantly argued papers stand out, there was generally such a benign readiness to see all sides of a problem that one is inclined to cheer the occasional intransigent declarations of the glous representatives, not arily for their content but for style. Herbert Schambeck: ernments have an obligation hibit all attacks on the un Rabbi Jakobovits: "since the dual human life is infinitely ous, even the smallest sur fraction is likewise infinite." points of the conference inc Dr Heden's suggestion that a dom-number selector might de the precise moment to pull the on a resuscitation apparatus, by giving miracles a spo chance. The same jester that the right to a massive do LSD just before taking the Big might be among those they there to protect, and a Profe Zoutendyk was quoted as s that the information in data b was too perilous to be entrusted doctors and should be under control of a government agency.

Later Professor Beecher, of ton, one of the more commu speakers, told conference about Goldzieher, of Texas, who te pill versus placebo on a group unconsenting Mexican-Ameri women who had come to him contraceptive advice, with the re that at least ten became pregn "Do we let an outrage of this k pass without comment ?" App ently, yes.

The report is worth reading a number of papers, notably Etzioni on the possible con quences of recent advances genetics; but too much of it re like a black museum of the ps exuded in the warm atmosphere international gettogethery. Let Gellhorn, the chairman, have last word:

> Thank you very much. I agree. I think that what I am groping for, and perhaps it is the "impossible dream" type of grope, is have you define what it is that group such as this can prese a position on.



rancis Galton photographed in Bertillon's laboratory: from D. W. Forrest's biography, reviewed below. alton himself had an anthropometric laboratory at a London exhibition in 1884, and gave visitors their personal measurements.

Taking the measure of man

By Peter Medawar

D. W. FORREST:
Francis Galton
The Life and Work of a Victorian Genius
340pp. Elek. £5.50.

is ironic that Karl Pearson's eat monument to Galton—his piously detailed and reverential he *Life, Letters and Labours of ancis Galton*—has probably terred many would-be biograers. D. W. Forrest has forately not been deterred, and hough he acknowledges his inbtedness to Pearson he is well are of the weakness of the kind biography of which Dr Johnson d said that it was difficult to cern the outline of a man rough the mist of panegyric. Proessor Forrest's admirable bioaphy is a good deal more ambius and wider-ranging than C. P. acker's short but very readable *genics: Galton and After* 952). Professor Forrest is not erential but, though he is not ways adequately critical, the picre he paints is not more than e-size—a difficult feat when writg of a man of Galton's audacity, rsatility and enormous intellecal appetite: it must have been ry difficult to avoid going on d on and on about some of the re interesting of Galton's activis. This danger has been avoided d the text is a rounded whole of asonable size and proportions.

Professor Forrest is about as thoritative as any one man could in the appraisal of activities as verse as Galton's. It would need committee to weigh up his contritions to meteorology (the term nticyclone" is Galton's), to statiss (particularly in the developent of correlation theory), to entification by fingerprints—and, ually important, the identification the fingerprints themselves by a dicious taxonomy; to psychology, ploration and anthropometry; pecially to eugenics (Galton was chief spokesman and coined the me that describes it), and to netical methodology as well—parcularly the study of twins to disnguish between the contributions nature and nurture to the difrences between human beings. lton devised stereophotographic aps and made much use of comsite photographs for anthropolocal purposes.

One of the attractions of Profesor Forrest's biography is a umber of amusing and informtive digressions prompted by the ct that Galton's maternal grandather was Erasmus Darwin. We earn, for example, that it was Pitt's Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Canning—no less—whose ampoon *The Loves of the Triangles* put an end to Erasmus Darwin's poetic pretensions. We learn also that Erasmus Darwin the physician sometimes charged fees of orty or even a hundred guineas, the latter for attendance on a everish child (a pretty steep fee, oo, having regard to the fact that e had no specific remedies for the infections of which these fevers were almost certainly the consequence).

Nothing is more characteristic of Galton's genius than his great ingenuity in devising statistical measures of human faculties and traits of character: he invented means of measuring good-temperedness versus bad-temperedness, boredom versus attention, the efficacy of prayer and much else besides. He loved measuring and conducting statistical exercises founded on these measurements, but I fear that this predilection may have been his undoing as a geneticist. Galton thought of his genetical writings as so many prolegomena to a grand Theory of Heredity which fortunately he never reached the stage of formulating, for he was altogether too ready to believe that such a theory could be propounded by purely ratiocinative methods—by the examination and analysis of measurements and their correlations—without recourse to experimentation in the Baconian sense.

Galton's work reached its full development in Karl Pearson's research on heredity. This makes it possible to say with confidence that Galton as a geneticist was working and thinking on the wrong lines, for during his own lifetime the history of science had quietly taken a quite different turning: the work of Mendel and later of Bateson and Punnett led to the institution of the science Bateson called "genetics", a body of theory about the origin and distribution of differences between individuals. Galton is, of course, no more to be reproached than is Darwin for having worked in ignorance of discoveries that had not yet been made. Although Galton was ahead of his contemporaries in recognizing the combinatorial nature of the differences between individuals, he never effectively realized that for this reason he should study the inheritance of quantal differences, but in his *Natural Inheritance* he shows excellent judgment in repudiating the doctrine that has since come to be called Lamarckism (the belief that characteristics acquired in an organism's lifetime may become part of its hereditary make-up).

Galton was a serious traveller and anthropological investigator, and Professor Forrest cites passages from his accounts of his travels which, as well as being amusing, illuminate the experiences that must have helped to shape Galton's later views on the relative merits of different races.

In south-west Africa his transactions with the tribal chief Nangoro led him from one social blunder to another:

> When invited to a meal Galton refused to take part in a cleansing ritual in which the host gargled water and ejected it over the guest's face. As this technique had been devised by Nangoro himself as a countercharm against witchcraft Galton's unclean presence at the table led to some constraint.

Worse still, he bundled out of his tent a princess presented to him as a concubine, despite the enhancement of her charms by a liberal smearing with red ochre and butter.

Galton's great contributions to psychology were psychometry, the statistical techniques needed to make use of the information it yielded, his advocacy of the use of twins in research, his just and firmly declared conviction that differences of intelligence were inherited—a belief in which he carried with him Darwin (who mentions him more than once in *The Descent of Man*), his total repudiation of the idea of the equality of man and with it the belief that a man is only what his environment and upbringing can make of him.

There is a juxtaposition of passages early in Professor Forrest's book which struck me as very significant for understanding Galton as a psychologist, though I am quite sure that the author did not intend their conjunction to have the significance I read into them: on page seven he cites Terman's estimate of Galton's IQ—200—a figure of which Terman says that it was not equalled by more than one child in 50,000 of the generality; on page eight a passage quoted from Galton's memoirs calls attention to his wonderment, at the age of eight, that the copies of Caesar's Commentaries distributed for class use should still be so fresh and clean considering that they were contemporaneous with Caesar himself and thus nearly 2,000 years old. It is possible, then, that Galton was a forerunner of modern IQ psychologists in combining (as I believe they often combine) high intelligence, in the sense represented by a proficiency in performing computer-like intellections with a relative lack of intelligence as a humanist understands the term: a combination of strong understanding and commonsensical judgment.

Galton's psychology and his eugenics were closely intertwined: his opinions are those of an ostensibly sensible, well-off, right-thinking upper middle-class professional man with a strongly conservative temperament. He accepted as a matter of course the opinions of the England of his day, especially the high Tory dogma that a man's *breeding* determines absolutely his capabilities, his destiny and his deserts.

It is almost but not quite unnecessary to say that Galton disapproved of the higher education of women. He warned Professor Thorndike, of Columbia University, that higher education would either select those who had a small probability of marriage or would bring out in them qualities which would lessen that probability. Galton joined the Anti-Suffrage Society and held the, at that time, conventional belief that women were intended and fit only for reproduction.

On the credit side, however, it should be recorded that Galton resigned from the Royal Geographical Society when its Council disregarded the wishes of the Fellows (secured by referendum) and managed to negative the motion that women should be elected as Fellows. Doubtless they were very much influenced by the authoritative opinion of Curzon, the future Viceroy of India who contested "in toto the general capability of women to contribute to scientific geographical knowledge", adding that American women globe-trotters were one of the horrors of the latter end of the nineteenth century. A nephew said of Galton that the only man of whom he ever heard him speak harshly was Oscar Wilde.

Professor Forrest makes the case for Francis Galton's being rated a genius admirably well, and he shows him as a kindly and by no means disagreeable man; it is fair to concede that many attacks upon Galton as a eugenist are sometimes founded not so much upon what he said as upon a certain conventional misrepresentation of his views. Nevertheless, there is a side of Galton's character that looks very disagreeable to modern eyes. For example, in *Hereditary Genius* (1869, pp 14-16) there is an air of almost exultant scorn in his description of the uselessness of a man's trying to better himself beyond the degree fixed by his innate capabilities. Such a man, he says, will find himself at whatever station of life it may have pleased nature to allot him whereupon, if he has any judgment, he is no longer tormented into hopeless efforts by the fallacious promptings of vanity, and he finds true moral repose in the honest conviction that he is engaged in work as good as nature has rendered him capable of performing. No one acquainted with the biographies of the heroes of history could doubt the existence of grand human animals, of individuals born to be kings of men, but middling achievement was to be the lot of most people. It is Nietzsche's slave morality served up as science.

Again, a passage in *Natural Inheritance* shows how closely Galton's scientific opinions were intertwined with his political outlook: he points out how meagre is the information given by the average value of some variable quality and insists upon the importance of measuring its racial or popular *distribution*, for

> a knowledge of the distribution of inequality enables us to ascertain the Rank that each man holds among his fellows in respect of that quality. This is a valuable piece of knowledge in this struggling and competitive world in which success is to the foremost and failure to the hindmost irrespective of absolute efficiency.

In fact, the idea that some of Galton's thinking reveals him as a spiritual fascist cannot be dismissed as an unfounded calumny. Galton envisaged the privilege of reproduction's being enjoyed by a "gifted class" who would have a preponderant say in legislation, particularly in laws affecting the inheritance of wealth; Galton said he did not see why insolence of caste should prevent their treating their inferiors kindly so long as they remained childless; but, he went on to say, if they were to continue to procreate children inferior in moral, intellectual and physical qualities it was easy to believe that the time might come when such persons would be considered to be enemies of the state and to have forfeited all claims to kindness.

Needless to say, Professor Forrest does not applaud these views and it is characteristic of the general tact and discretion of his biography that he clearly regards exposition as condemnation enough; and so it is, for there is an intolerable stench of the gas chamber about the whole idea.

In spite of all his imperfections, some of them grave, and the confinement of his thought by the prejudices of his day, Galton's great and abiding achievement was to have brought into the domain of scientific inquiry a great many subjects thought until then to lie outside it. His work had a seminal influence on psychology and he is a most important figure in the history of ideas generally.

After Babel

Aspects of Language and Translation

George Steiner

After Babel is George Steiner's major work, a penetrating analysis—the first since the eighteenth century—of the phenomenology and processes of translation, inside language and between languages. It is a demanding book which draws on linguistics and psychology, on philosophy and poetics, and it goes to the very centre of man's relation to the word. £8 *30 January*

Pirandello

A Biography

Gaspare Giudice

Translated from the Italian by Alastair Hamilton

The works of Luigi Pirandello have profoundly influenced the modern theatre, yet no biography of the writer has yet appeared in English. Pirandello portrayed alienation, the reality of a madman's delusions, and the divided self, long before such concepts became fashionable. His allegiance to fascism has sometimes been wilfully ignored, but this book provides an understanding of the whole man, in his private, artistic, and political life. Illustrated £3.50 *30 January*

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A Critique of Darwinism

Richard Spilsbury

This book challenges the scientific dogmas of the age. Mr. Spilsbury, believing that contemporary academic philosophy is too narrow, takes up the major issues it leaves aside, concerning the ultimate randomness or purposiveness of human life. He discusses the origins of language, of music, pain, love and humour, and examines the role of man's unique awareness of death. £3.50 *30 January*

British Politics and the Stamp Act Crisis

The First Phase of the American Revolution 1763-1767

P. D. G. Thomas

This study of British policies and political attitudes towards the American colonies in the early years of the revolutionary period falls into three parts: the formulation of policy by the Grenville ministry; the debate over the colonial resistance and the policy adopted to solve the crisis by the first Rockingham ministry; and the aftermath of the crisis during the first year of the Chatham ministry. £8 *30 January*

Domesday Book

Its Place in Administrative History

V. H. Galbraith

Within two decades of the Norman conquest the aristocratic English landowning class had been expropriated in favour of a feudal society which substituted Latin for Anglo-Saxon as the language of archives, and French for English as the spoken language. This catastrophic revolution was reduced to writing in Domesday Book, and became the 'blueprint' of the new order, and its title deeds. £4 *30 October*

Noise and Prices

A. A. Walters

This study analyses and measures the economic effects of aircraft noise, on principles that can be applied to many other kinds of environmental pollution. It shows that there is a widespread demand for residential quiet and that the price of a 'unit' of quiet as reflected in property values is remarkably consistent in the United States and in Britain. £3.75 *30 October*

Oxford University Press

To the Editor

'Milton the Radical'

Sir,—May I reply to the three letters which you have printed in relation to my article, "Milton the Radical"? (November 29, 1974). Paul Helm (December 13) reminds us that the phrase "God shall be all in all" is Biblical. I was not totally unaware of this. All Protestants argue from Biblical texts: what needs explanation is why some groups stress some texts more than others. That is why I emphasized use of this text by Servetus, John Smyth the Se-Baptist and Milton. More relevant is Mr Helm's interesting point that the 1647 Westminster Confession of Faith quotes the same text; but I do not think it can be argued that it had anything like the same importance in conservative Puritan thought as it had in radical Puritan thought. "The curious idea of the 'abdication of God'" is Professor Empson's; one of my starting points was the realization that this idea, which he read into *Paradise Lost*, can be found explicitly in several of Milton's contemporaries. If Mr Helm rereads Book 3 of *Paradise Lost* he will find that the "Calvinist" phrase which he quotes in isolation is sandwiched between two thoroughly "Arminian" passages.

James M. Lewis's letter (December 13) explains at some length that Milton's views were considerably more rational than those of the Muggletonians. Agreed: that is why I was "startled" to find many points of agreement. The similarities are by no means limited to anti-clericalism; they include mortalism, anti-Trinitarianism, materialism, belief that hell is internal. If the Muggletonians "were not millenarian", what on earth were the Two Last Witnesses doing? If "the author of *Eikonoklastes* had no affinity with . . . quietists", perhaps the author of *Paradise Regained* had. Mr Lewis is however right to suggest that there is much more to be said about Milton's views on education, on his relations with the Hartlib Circle and on links between him and Boehme and the Familists.

It is gratifying to receive serious attention from Michael Fixler (January 10), one of the scholars who puts Milton firmly into his historical context. I am sorry he did not find my article more convincing. He is quite right to say that I produce no new evidence, or very little: what I asked for was a reassessment of the existing evidence without prepossessions. One of the best points W. R. Parker made was that many of our assumptions about Milton are based on no more than continuous repetition. My own adoption of the view I summarized in my article resulted from a reconsideration of what Milton himself said, in the light of what his contemporaries thought about him; and from a reconsideration of his views in the light of the many parallels to his ideas which I have found among radical groups in the England of the 1640s and 1650s.

All this needs to be argued in detail, and Professor Fixler is right to warn me that "propinquity of ideas is not their identity". But I do not think many Milton scholars are as aware as Professor Fixler how much propinquity there was. Milton often pulled his punches from political considerations: Professor Fixler and I appear to differ in our assessment of what those political considerations were. I cannot, for example, agree that the anti-episcopal pamphlets had no "direct bearing on the political situation". I do not know why Professor Fixler accuses me of saying that Milton never attacked the Fifth Monarchists. His work convinced me that *Paradise Regained* included, among many other things, a critique of millenarian activism. I intended no slight to Professor Fixler in suggesting that it would be an oversimplification to consider *Paradise Regained merely* as an anti-Fifth Monarchist poem. I was speaking as a historian to an audience which included many Cambridge specialists on English Literature, and I was nervously endeavouring to cover myself against the charge of treating a poem as if it were merely a historical document. I still hope that Professor Fixler will find my more fully documented case convincing.

CHRISTOPHER HILL.

Balliol College, Oxford.

The references to Jan Read in our review of *The Moors in Spain and Portugal* (January 17) should have been to Mr Jan Read.

Hans Andersen

Sir, Erik Haugaard (December 20), in defending his addition of the explanatory phrase "but she didn't mean it" to the queen's comment "That's a nice story (in his translation of 'The Tinderbox'), seems to be suggesting that Danish is the only language in which it is possible to say one thing and mean the direct opposite.

Now that's a nice way to talk, I must say!

He would also like us to believe that whereas Danish children would understand Hans Andersen's subtleties "instantly", English children, the dimwitted little darlings, would find them "confusing".

It's a fascinating theory. Suddenly one sees the work of obscure writers like Lewis Carroll, A. A. Milne, Rudyard Kipling et al in a different light. Obviously they must have been writing with bright, on-the-ball Danish youngsters in mind the whole time, which would explain why generation after generation of English children have simply failed to grasp what they were driving at.

But Mr Haugaard, could so easily remedy this state of affairs! Take, for example, that exasperatingly confusing passage in *Winnie-the-Pooh* when Pooh bends down and puts his head into Rabbit's hole. Imagine this rewritten, in the Haugaardian manner, for English children, as follows:

"Is anybody at home?"

There was a sudden scuffling noise from inside the hole, and then silence.

"What I *demanded* was, 'Is anybody at home?'" called out Pooh very loudly.

"No!" *thundered* a voice; *but the voice was Rabbit's, and of course he really meant "Yes!", because in point of fact he WAS at home. But he bellowed "No!" because he wanted to pretend he wasn't!*

"Bother!" exclaimed Pooh. "Isn't there anybody here at all?"

"Nobody", *expostulated Rabbit, which was exactly the opposite of what he meant, because of course he was there the whole time, but he just didn't want Pooh to know! See?*

DAVID HOHNEN.

Gunderod, 2970 Horsholm, Denmark.

'Count d'Orgel'

Sir,—Perhaps it is just worth remarking, with reference to Paul Bailey's unflattering observations on the English version of Raymond Radiguet's second and last novel, that Violet Schiff's translation of what is now apparently entitled *Count d'Orgel* was originally published as long ago as 1952 by the Harvill Press and that its then title was *Count d'Orgel Opens the Ball*. This edition, moreover, had a preface by Cocteau and a fine jacket by Ru van Rossem upon which appears, I notice, a eulogy by C. P. Snow concerning the "delicacy and supreme tact" of Mrs Schiff's translation.

MORCHARD BISHOP.

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Schopenhauer and Music

Sir,—Alan Walker's remark (Commentary, January 3) that Schopenhauer "is the only major philosopher who takes music seriously" cannot pass unchallenged. Besides Plato (who is mentioned in Professor Walker's article), and Rousseau—whose opera *Le Devin du Village* is still performed—he forgets Hegel, Kierkegaard, and Nietzsche. And, even if some of Nietzsche's ideas derive from Schopenhauer, the ideas of Hegel and Kierkegaard certainly do not. On the contrary, if Professor Walker studies Hegel's *Aesthetics* with care, he will surely find explained there much that Schopenhauer states.

In any case, judged as a philosopher Schopenhauer is pretty small beer besides Hegel, or even Kierkegaard. His eccentric confusion of Platonism, Kant, and Buddhism is unlikely to recommend itself to any serious student of any of these great systems of thought. His theory of music, although possibly quite independent of this basic metaphysics, is unlikely to be so: and, if it is not, it will, of course, be infected by the basic confusions of that metaphysics. Without being able to argue this point, I suggest that one such weakness is the dependence of his theory of music on his theory of the will, which is certainly an extremely weak and confused one.

Further, the actual examples (or proofs?) of the power of Schopenhauer's theory of music that Professor Walker's article contains are not particularly convincing or exciting. That music alone is a non-conceptual art? But this extraordinarily vague statement Professor Walker does not begin to explain (although Schopenhauer does). That it follows that opera and lieder are bastard and inferior art-forms? What Professor Walker says about them does not prove the former, and could not, given his premises, prove the latter. After all, why should non-conceptual art be superior to conceptual art? And what does "superior" mean here? Even if all it means is that (according to Schopenhauer) non-conceptual art is "autonomous", that neither entails its superiority to "non-autonomous" arts nor, indeed, is self-evident. Why should we not claim equally that poetry and its laws are "autonomous"—and maybe even "non-conceptual"? The superior importance of music over the other arts, which Professor Walker claims for Schopenhauer's third great idea, goes unproven in a similar way. Certainly it follows if you grant that "important" as a predicate of the various arts simply means "autonomous" and/or "expressive"—and if you manage to prove that music possesses these two qualities more than any other art. But why should we accept that remarkable and unconvincing premise?

Alas, it seems clear that Professor Walker's admiration for Schopenhauer is a product of his prior liking for music (and dislike of the film). So, I suggest, is much of Schopenhauer's own writing. No one can possibly object to their tastes, which I happen to share; what a philosopher can and must deny is the attempt to prove these tastes in some sense right. This is impossible to start with, and anyway only hinders the proper job of trying to say what music is, and how it is related to the other arts.

JEREMY D. B. WALKER.

50 St John Street, Oxford.

Sir,—This university music department at least escapes the censure of Alan Walker that the name of Schopenhauer is unheard in such places and he will find substantial notices of him in at least two "leading encyclopedias of music": *Die Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart* and Honegger's *Dictionnaire de la Musique*. But surely Professor Walker's contention that Schopenhauer was the first to point to the autonomy of music and to claim for it a superiority over the other arts on this ground cannot pass unchallenged. This was a common theme of German aesthetic debate by 1800, notably in the Dresden circle of Tieck and Wackenroder. In his *Phantasien über Kunst* of 1799, Tieck discussed the autonomous and non-conceptual nature of musical expression in terms which come very close to Schopenhauer; and the corollary of this, the preference of instrumental to vocal music as the supremely romantic art form, was argued by Hoffman and Berlioz well before Schopenhauer erected it into a thesis.

JOHN GAGE.

School of Fine Arts and Music, University of East Anglia, University Plain, Norwich NR4 7TJ.

Sir,—Alan Walker claims that Schopenhauer's view of music as autonomous "was utterly new". Apparently Professor Walker is unfamiliar with a remarkable essay by Adam Smith, published posthumously in 1795. The essay, "Of the Nature of that Imitation which takes Place in What are called the Imitative Arts", is found in *Essays on Philosophical Subjects*. I quote from the Dublin edition of 1795, page 236:

The melody and harmony of instrumental music . . . do not distinctly and clearly suggest any thing that is different from that melody and harmony. Whatever effect it produces is the immediate effect of that melody and harmony, and not of something else which is signified and suggested by them: they in fact signify and suggest nothing.

Admittedly, these sentiments (repeated at length by Smith) pertain to instrumental music only: but it was the instrumental music of the eighteenth century that forced modifications in ideas about and attitudes towards music. Theory, by which I include also aesthetics, was confined by the notion that vocal music was superior to instrumental because it expressed something beyond mere notes, rests, chords, phrases, etc. Practice—namely, the flourishing state of instrumental composition—forced theory to find justifications for instrumental music as an expression valid within itself. (See, for example, Burney's writings where he champions Haydn's music.)

Professor Walker states that Schopenhauer's ideas about music made Hanslick's possible. He might have applied his own historical reasoning to Schopenhauer, whose ideas did not rise out of a vacuum. Indeed, it would be interesting to know what were the steps that had to be taken in the history of ideas between theoretical notions of instrumental music as autonomous and Schopenhauer's view of old music as autonomous. Had Professor Walker traced these steps, he might not have made the statement that Schopenhauer "is the only major philosopher who takes music seriously".

JAMIE CROY KASSLER.

7/4 Henrietta Street, Double Bay, NSW 2028, Australia.

Valentyn Moroz

Sir,—Reviewing Valentyn Moroz's writings, Bernard W. Hudson (December 13) stresses that the life of the thirty-eight-year-old Ukrainian historian and essayist who is now in Vladimir prison east of Moscow in the fifth year of his fourteen-year term, is reported to be in grave danger. Barely forty-eight hours before the publication of that issue of your journal, Reuter carried a dispatch from Moscow that Mr Moroz had ended his twenty-week hunger strike, the prison authorities having promised that he would not be returned to solitary confinement, in which he had been kept since August 1972—without, it should be noted, actually having been sentenced to it.

Most of us were among the twelve signatories of telegrams sent on October 18 appealing to Leonid Brezhnev and other Soviet authorities to save Mr Moroz's life (the names of some of us were mentioned in this connexion in Mr Hudson's review), and we have of course been relieved to learn that the immediate danger may now be over. Nevertheless, according to a message received in early November in the West through Academician Andrei Sakharov, Mr Moroz, being extremely emaciated and weak and having lost over three stones, could now be saved only by being placed under intensive care in a civilian hospital. According to Western medical authorities commenting on similar prolonged hunger strikes (of the Baader-Meinhof group, lasting over eleven weeks: *The Times*, December 4), the chances of subsequent recovery "are at least uncertain", and "irreparable damage can be done to internal organs".

The same Reuter dispatch also reports that the Kiev *Literaturna Ukraina* [illegible] ary Ukraine"), which [illegible] journal's opposite number, [illegible] lished an unprecedented [illegible] cerning Mr Moroz, signed by philologist Zinovia Franko, granddaughter of the Ukrainian writer and [illegible] Franko; the article itself [illegible] also become available [illegible] spells out, for the first [illegible] Mr Moroz is in fact [illegible] *his convictions*, albeit [illegible] "too extreme convictions" [illegible] actual substance of his c[illegible] is then made more specific [illegible] individualistic attitudes [illegible] haviour". You will no [illegible] Sir, that this represents [illegible] agreement with your [illegible] assessment of the key [illegible] Moroz's philosophy, which [illegible] view that man's spiritual [illegible] ity is the mainspring of [illegible] The importance Moroz [illegible] individuality was also high[illegible] the review's headline.

At the same time, we [illegible] letter from the Soviet [illegible] d'affaires in London, Mr [illegible] Semenov (*The Times*, Dec[illegible] that "Soviet justice [illegible] persecute people for their [illegible] tions". Not wishing to [illegible] Semenov's veracity, we [illegible] strongly urge him to [illegible] Government to release [illegible] since his continued de[illegible] clearly contrary to the [illegible] ciple of Soviet justice [illegible] from the fact that Mr Moroz's [illegible] tence should be nullified [illegible] Soviet law, since his trial [illegible] lawfully held in camera, [illegible] to Mr Yesenin-Volpin as [illegible] your reviewer, and that [illegible] could well be released [illegible] ance with Soviet prison [illegible] since his impaired health [illegible] unfit to continue serving [illegible] tence). We also under[illegible] last year Mr Moroz was in[illegible] visit Brown and Harvard [illegible] sities. Permitting him [illegible] family to travel abroad [illegible] to the Soviet authorities [illegible] promise solution; surely, [illegible] dividualistic attitudes and [illegible] our" are no more a "crime [illegible] Solzhenitsyn's.

The case of Moroz, who [illegible] cently been invited to be[illegible] honorary member of the [illegible] PEN Centre, is one of the [illegible] flagrant of a writer [illegible] solely for the beliefs and [illegible] pressed in his writings. [illegible] it deserves the closest atte[illegible] the readers of your journal [illegible] we appeal to them to write [illegible] if they wish to have further [illegible] tails or would like to help [illegible] way in the campaign in sup[illegible] Valentyn Moroz?

V. S. PRITCH[illegible]
(Pres[illegible])
PETER EL[illegible]
(General Secre[illegible])
KATHLEEN [illegible]
(President, PEN English Cen[illegible])
A. J. A[illegible]
ROBERT B[illegible]
DAN JACO[illegible]
J. B. PRIESTL[illegible]
ALAN SILL[illegible]

International PEN, Glebe [illegible] 62/63 Glebe Place, London [illegible] 5JB.

Among this week's contributors

Guido Almansi is Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of East Anglia.

Alan Bell has recently completed a biography of Sydney Smith.

John W. Burrow is Reader in History at the University of Sussex.

C. H. Clough is Senior Lecturer in Medieval History at the University of Liverpool.

J. E. Curtis is Assistant Keeper in the Department of Western Asiatic Antiquities.

Winton Dean is the author of *Handel and the Opera Seria* and *Georges Bizet*.

Roy Enfield is a Lecturer in Sociology at the University of Warwick.

M. A. K. Halliday is Professor of Language and Linguistics at the University of Essex.

J. C. Harle is the Keeper of the Department of Eastern Art at the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

Alice Heim is a Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge.

Rayner Heppenstall's books include *Portrait of the Artist as a Professional Man*.

Roger Highfield is a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.

Liam Hudson's most recent book is *The Cult of the Fact*.

R. K. Kindersley is a Lecturer in the Department of Politics at the University of Oxford.

Michael Mallett is the auth[illegible] *The Borgias: the Rise and [illegible] of a Renaissance Dynasty*.

C. N. J. Mann is a Fellow of [illegible] broke College, Oxford.

Wilfrid Mellers is Profess[illegible] Music at the University of Y[illegible]

Peter Medawar is the auth[illegible] *Induction and Intuition* and *[illegible] Hope of Progress*.

Martin S. Nowstead is working [illegible] two-volume catalogue of [illegible] for the Baur Museum.

Nicholas Phillipson is a Lectur[illegible] Modern History at the Univers[illegible] Edinburgh.

Paul Preston is a Lecturer in [illegible] at the University of Reading.

Anthony Quinton is a Fellow of [illegible] College, Oxford.

George Steiner's latest book, [illegible] be published next week, is *[illegible] Babel: Aspects of Language [illegible] Translation*.

Anthony Storr is a psychiatrist [illegible] author of *Jung*.

F. M. L. Thompson's most re[illegible] book is *Hampstead: Building [illegible] Borough, 1650-1964*.

Charles Tomlinson's collection [illegible] poems include *American Scenes* [illegible] *A Peopled Landscape*.

Stephen Ullmann is Profess[illegible] Romance Languages at the [illegible] versity of Oxford.

Philip Ziegler is the auth[illegible] *William IV*.

Vernon Watkins

[illegible]—Ruth Pryor (January 17) [illegible]fuses Christian Neoplatonism [illegible] the authentic (and ancient) [illegible]ticle; neither Roland Mathias in [illegible] book, nor I, in my review of that [illegible], referred to Vernon Watkins [illegible] a "Platonist". Her quotation [illegible] later unpublished work by [illegible]atkins tends to confirm rather [illegible] discredit Mr Mathias's thesis [illegible] Watkins's poetic and poetry [illegible]olved towards a Christian position [illegible]unded upon Neoplatonic theory.

Both quotations in my review [illegible] consciously chosen from *[illegible]press and Acacia*. In that volume [illegible] are some fine poems and [illegible]veral other passages from poems [illegible] illustrate what Vernon Watkins might have achieved if Neo[illegible]atonism had not so fixed his [illegible] vision (early and late) [illegible]yond sharable human experience.

ALAN YOUNG.

43 Ferndown Road, Brooklands, [illegible]anchester M23 9AW.

'Obsolescent Elites'

Sir,—I read Professor Alastair [illegible]chan's letter (January 17) quite [illegible]refully and fail to see why he was [illegible] exercised by Mr Edward Lutt[illegible]ak's considered review of his book *[illegible] End of the Postwar Era*.

It so happens that I agree with [illegible] reviewer's analysis and would [illegible]estion only the concept of an [illegible]bsolescent elite"—a flattering [illegible]signation when conferred on com[illegible]entators too much "en vogue" to [illegible] obsolescent and too mediocre to [illegible]m an elite. Some of them may [illegible] that the industrial countries [illegible]ve called the tune for too long. [illegible]me love the worms that turn. [illegible]hers, particularly the technocratic [illegible]apists, herald the New Arab [illegible]der as an acceptable fact of life [illegible] present "recycling"—the bor[illegible]wing of extorted oil payments at [illegible]ationary rates of interest—as [illegible]e magic way out of our troubles. [illegible]ese are the pundits who are now [illegible] top of the political pops. As I [illegible]ver associated Professor Buchan [illegible]th such trendies, I was puzzled by [illegible] rejoinder.

Why should he challenge your [illegible]viewer for stating that "no new [illegible]der can emerge unless the coali[illegible]ons of the Third World are effec[illegible]vely opposed by a countervailing [illegible]rce, instead of being endlessly [illegible]nciliated by Western political [illegible]ites"? Does he think that this [illegible]rfectly sensible observation means [illegible]cessarily the sending of an Ameri[illegible]-European-Japanese task force to [illegible]e mini-states of the Persian Gulf? [illegible] it not obvious that quite apart [illegible]om this particular solution, the oil [illegible]nsumers could use a whole series [illegible] political and economic counter[illegible]easures to press effectively for a [illegible]stantial reduction of oil prices? [illegible] the other hand, should the ex[illegible]emists in OPEC prevail, is mili[illegible]ry intervention that unthinkable? [illegible]ter all, President Ford himself, [illegible]r all his moderating qualifications, [illegible]s also indicated that, *in extremis*, [illegible] strangulation of the West will [illegible] prevented by the force of arms.

Finally, Professor Buchan won[illegible]ers what response such a develop[illegible]ent would receive in this country. [illegible]o doubt, the eternal appeasers in [illegible]e Establishment will react pre[illegible]ctably. But I am not so sure about [illegible] workers. I do not know how [illegible]any Cowley workers live around [illegible]ill or how many have given Pro[illegible]essor Buchan the benefit of their [illegible]ews, but like their counterparts [illegible] Chrysler, Fiat, Volkswagen, [illegible]olvo, etc, they are threatened by [illegible]assive redundancies, part-time [illegible]orking and a great deal of misery. [illegible]hey are among the first victims of [illegible] quadrupling of oil prices and [illegible]bove all of the pusillanimity of [illegible]eir rulers. The robustness of their [illegible]ews may yet surprise Professor [illegible]uchan.

LIONEL BLOCH.

[illegible]9 Wimpole Street, London W1M [illegible]AB.

[illegible]Sir,—I suppose Alastair Buchan [illegible]had Bernard Shaw in mind when [illegible]making his affecting reference [illegible] the workers of Cow[illegible]ley: "What Englishman will [illegible]ive his mind to politics as long as [illegible]e can afford to keep a motor [illegible]car?" (*The Apple Cart*, Act I). [illegible]ow that our impending national [illegible]ankruptcy, brought on in large [illegible]easure by the excessive prices we [illegible]re paying for OPEC oil, will make [illegible] impossible for the Cowley [illegible]orkers, along with the rest of us, [illegible] keep a car, they may well turn [illegible]eir attention to politics, in which [illegible]ase they might begin by asking [illegible]ow we got ourselves into this situation and whether it had anything to do with the influence of sages like Mr Buchan, who counsels abject surrender as the sole possible response to OPEC's extortions.

Unless the Cowley workers have changed greatly since the time of the Suez expedition, which they roundly applauded, I doubt whether they will be horrified by a resort to the type of expedient before which Mr Buchan quails, especially as they are themselves no strangers to the use of coercion to gain their ends. He should take heart. Instead of spending his energies in deriding Edward Luttwak ("I notice that he has written some books on strategic issues") for having neglected to study guerrilla warfare, he might more profitably spend some time himself in the study of eastern Arabia. He would then discover, and thereafter sleep sound o' nights, that effective guerrilla resistance to a Western occupation of the oilfields is just a big, bad chimera.

J. B. KELLY.

25 Meadowbank, Primrose Hill, London NW3.

Leavis and Isolationism

Sir,—Either Geoffrey Strickland was disingenuous, or he was pulling his reader's leg when he referred to F. R. Leavis's essay on Eugenio Montale as a proof of the critic's ecumenical interests (December 27). Whenever I want to expound on the cultural isolationism of British intellectuals, my favourite quotes have always come from that rather silly and patronizing article, which is undoubtedly a supreme example of Dr Leavis's condescending and narrowminded attitude towards foreign writers. Where was Mr Strickland's tongue located when he was writing his letter?

GUIDO ALMANSI.

Florence.

Ariosto

Sir,—I refer to John Buxton's review of *Orlando Furioso* and *Ludovico Ariosto* (January 10).

Mr Buxton presumes that the forthcoming edition of Ariosto's epic poem translated for Penguin Classics by Barbara Reynolds is to be in prose. This is not in fact the case.

Not only does Dr Reynolds faithfully capture the narrative but she does so in the form of the original octave stanza. Part 1 of this new verse translation—the first in English for close on 150 years—will be published in May.

WILLIAM SULKIN.

Penguin Books Ltd, 17 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1W 0BD.

'Into that Darkness'

Sir,—Although it seems ungracious to comment on a review written with a strength of feeling one can only respect, I hope you will allow me to take issue with Lucy S. Dawidowicz's interpretation (December 27, 1974) of my book *Into that Darkness*. It is natural that someone at work on a book entitled *The War Against the Jews, 1933-45* should have a strongly defined emotional perspective on any work touching on this subject, but it does become misleading for the reader if the reviewer, because of this preoccupation, condemns the perspective of others for not being her own.

Mrs Dawidowicz chides me severely for not making psychiatric interpretations, for my "method", which she describes as "affable discussion", and for my "approach"—"an open mind, whatever that may mean".

I am, however, not a psychiatrist, but a journalist and writer: the psychiatrist's function is to interpret behaviour and states of mind according to a variety of established precepts. The journalist's function is to report. Discussion—after establishing a relationship with the "subject", "patient" or "informant"—is how one gains information, whether one is a sociologist, a psychiatrist or a journalist, and whether the informant is a murderer or a priest. And an open mind—admittedly desperately hard to maintain in these particular circumstances—is the essence of real journalism.

Psychiatrist and journalist have in common the role of listener, but from then on their roles diverge. The journalist can question sharply, critically, even sceptically, and he must of course use whatever knowledge he comes equipped with, to direct the dialogue in a way that will eventually make sense to the discerning but lay reader. But whatever his personal feelings, the journalist's discipline must be to remember that he is not a teacher, a doctor or a judge. His faith is and must be in the ability of the readers to reach their own conclusions on the basis of material presented as accurately as possible. To this end anything the person questioned says, even trivialities, self-justifications and attempts at evasion, can be considerably more illuminating than set interpretations or categorization.

Space forbids that I more than mention the fact that the reviewer failed to see that twenty-five people—not just one—search their consciences or experiences in the book. Nor can I take up many points of detail, but I would like to discuss three, of which Mrs Dawidowicz makes much. First, she rejects my differentiation between concentration and extermination camps, and therefore my statement that Franz Stangl, Commandant of Treblinka, was the only commandant of an extermination camp brought to trial. Rudolf Höss, tried and executed in Poland, was Commandant of Auschwitz, and Auschwitz too, she says, was an extermination camp. The argument at first sight appears academic, since 860,000 Jews were indeed killed at Birkenau, the extermination adjunct at Auschwitz.

Nevertheless, the kind of installation represented by Treblinka and the kind represented by Auschwitz (and Majdanek) *were* different. What Höss commanded was an industrial complex; his main function was to organize slave labour on an immense scale, while the organization of death was delegated to the sub-commandant at Birkenau (since disappeared). Stangl ran a place which existed solely as a killing machine. It is surely unnecessary to say that I am not trying to diminish the monstrousness of Auschwitz; but in a concentration camp there did always remain some hope of life at least for the majority, who were there as slaveworkers; in an extermination camp, except for one or two once in a while, there was no hope whatever. This difference in atmosphere was of extraordinary significance from the point of view of the individuals administering and working in these camps, and therefore from the point of view of one studying their reactions. Höss had a villa and his family within the precincts of the camp, a large administrative staff and several miles of distance between himself and the horrors of Birkenau. Stangl was throughout at the centre of what he was organizing: death. There were only three other men whose experience was the same as his, and none of them could be brought to trial.

Secondly, Mrs Dawidowicz, in a thumbnail analysis of her own of Stangl, applies the German term *kadavergehorsam* (corpselike obedience) to him, and attributes the same kind of obedience-hunger to Höss. What in fact she reproaches me most—and most fervently—for, is my attempt to approach Stangl as a human being rather than the proverbial monster.

To me, however, theories about "little men", "blind obedience to authority", and even "born monsters", with their ultra-dangerous implications of "they knew not what they did", seem to have served horribly as a kind of justification. They are over-simplifications which have become the rule in any discussion of that period and I think they are no longer admissible; *time* must be allowed to create its own and new perspective, and cliché-thinking, whether psychiatric or journalistic, should no longer be handed on to new generations to whom we, who were alive when these things happened, are now accountable.

I believe that virtually every person, irrespective of origin or gifts, has the capacity to make a moral choice. Mrs Dawidowicz, thirdly, dismisses Stangl's admission of guilt as an attempt to propitiate me. This was a man who had chosen to spend seventy harrowing hours reviewing his life; he knew his appeal against a life sentence was bound to fail, and I think that no longer wishing to go on living, the pursuit of some kind of truth mattered to him. When he finally reached the point of saying "I am guilty", the words—it is true—did not ring out as they do in morality tales; they came out "limply", "hanging in the air"; not triumphant, but naked, sad and tired; true as a real rather than a cliché truth, but nonetheless an admission of guilt and a recognition that there could have been—that there was—a choice.

I wrote *Into that Darkness* because I believe in this choice; because I am convinced too of the potential for corruption in virtually all human beings. As Philip Toynbee said when reviewing it: ". . . what devils—or angels—are in waiting behind all the(se) ordinary faces in the street; or the one in the mirror?" This look into the mirror was the purpose of my book.

GITTA SERENY.

5 Pembroke Studios, Pembroke Gardens, London, W8.

W. C. Fields

Sir,—Julian Barnes writes (*TLS* December 27, page 1466):

Anyone who hates children and dogs, as W. C. Fields observed. . . .

Hold on. Wrong. Wrong in wording. Wrong in attribution. The true quote runs: "Any man who hates dogs and babies can't be all bad."

It was *not* uttered by W. C. Fields. It was said *about* him, at a Masquers' Club dinner on February 16, 1939, by

Yours,
Leo Rosten.

I have the AP and UP photostats for February 17, 1939, to prove this. See *The International Thesaurus of Quotations*, edited by Rhoda T. Tripp, New York, Crowell, 1970, page 406.

LEO ROSTEN.

36 Sutton Place South, New York, New York 10022, USA.

Dr Johnson's Summerhouse

Sir,—May I correct a small error of fact in Millicent Rose's letter on Dr Johnson (January 3)? The summerhouse built by Mrs Thrale for the lexicographer was not removed to Beckenham from Streatham by the youngest Thrale daughter. It was removed to Ashgrove in Knockholt by Susanna Arabella Thrale, who was the second of the surviving children (the youngest was Cecilia).

Its presentation to the GLC by a benefactor and subsequent removal to Kenwood was a rescue operation due to my predecessor's unfortunate neglect of the structure and seeming indifference to its history. The date of its removal to Knockholt is given as after 1826, this date having been copied from an inscription added at a much later date to the summerhouse, and is the one at present given at Kenwood.

However, recent research shows that Susanna Thrale moved into Ashgrove in 1807, where she is recorded in the Land Tax records as being in joint occupation with William F. Wells, who was almost certainly the watercolourist friend of Turner.

It is thus reasonable to suppose that the summerhouse was introduced into Knockholt any time after 1807. But the possible date was more likely after 1813 when it is known from a letter written by her mother to Hester, that Susan was interested in collecting relics of Dr Johnson.

DEREK CHITTOCK.

Ashgrove, Knockholt, Sevenoaks, Kent.

Alice

Sir,—For many years *The Times Literary Supplement* was about the only place where the titles of Lewis Carroll's Alice books were given correctly. It is therefore particularly disconcerting to find not just Anthony Quinton giving the common solecisms *Alice in Wonderland* and *Alice Through the Looking Glass* (December 20), but also the answers to your Christmas quiz giving the extraordinary portmanteau *Alice's Adventures Through the Looking Glass* (December 27)—though the latter might have been even worse as *In Wonderland and What Alice Found There*! Is it really necessary to remind your contributors and sub-editors that the books are called *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass and What Alice Found There*?

ARTHUR FREEMAN.

84B Whitechapel High Street, London E1.

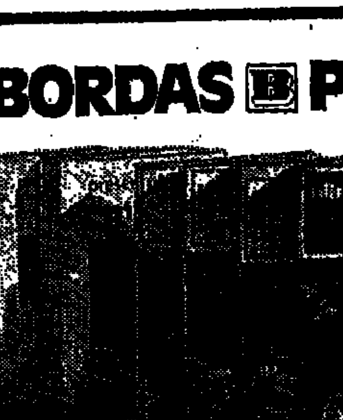
Groningen

Sir,—Groningen, not Gröningen (December 13): the second-oldest Dutch University (1614) is situated in The Netherlands, not in Germany.

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

Amerfoort, The Netherlands.

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CLASSIC LIVES

Four leading present-day biographers choose a favourite example of their craft

Jon Stallworthy
James Joyce, by Richard Ellmann

Literary biography differs from every other variety in one all-important respect. While the author who embarks on the life of a great general or a great composer has to account for great victories, great symphonies, the biographer of a great author has to account for great books. Working in the same medium as his subject, he invites comparison with him. The greater the author, the greater the challenge, the greater the chances of conspicuous failure. The ability to assemble and assimilate information may, when allied to a sense of character, a sense of period, and a good narrative style, produce a good biography of a general, but a good biography of a poet or novelist cannot be written without, in addition, a deep understanding of his language.

When, after her husband's death, Nora Joyce was asked about André Gide, she replied: "Sure, if you've been married to the greatest writer in the world, you don't remember all the little fellows." Whether or not one accepts her estimate of Joyce's position in the literary league-table, it is hard to think of a writer in English whose language was richer, more daring, and more distinctive. For this reason, he posed a unique challenge to a biographer: I use the past tense because, after Richard Ellmann's, there need never be another life of James Joyce. He lived for fifty-eight years, thirty-six of them in self-imposed exile in Pola, Rome, Trieste, Zurich and Paris, weaving the threads of memory into an Ireland of the mind. His memory was prodigious, as his biographer shows by his own hardly less prodigious display of its operation.

We owe to Keats the concept of the chameleon poet, and Ellmann's book reminds us that only the chameleon biographer can do justice to his subject. Walking the streets of Joyce's Dublin, he becomes Joyce: what he sees, smells, hears and touches is recorded with Joycean precision, its importance neither inflated nor diminished. He gives us the fine grain of Joyce's life and, turning his pages, we see that grain flowing into Joyce's pages: the subject of a school essay on "My Favourite Hero" re-emerging as the title for a story of a dark-complexioned Dublin Jew rumoured to be a cuckold, and this in turn expanding into perhaps the greatest novel of the twentieth century. Speaking with his master's voice, his master's elegance, and his master's wit, Ellmann has produced a biography worth its place on the shelf beside *Dubliners*, *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*.

Kingsmill's other sources were Johnson's Prayers and Meditations, his letters, the fragmentary reminiscences of his childhood and the writings of those people such as Mrs Thrale and Sir John Hawkins who had known Johnson (an anthology of which, *Johnson Without Boswell*, he published in 1940). It is fascinating to watch him recreate these contemporaries and then use his observations of them as a means of testing and selecting their evidence.

This biography does not add to the available facts of Johnson's life. It is not, in that sense, a work of scholarship—but nor is Johnson himself, in the same sense, a scholar. The excellence of Kingsmill's study lies in the writing, which is simple and succinct, and the delightfully shrewd orchestration of his material. Kingsmill's sympathy and sense of reality were equally balanced in this book. He wrote with love and severity, but without sentimentality. With its ingenious paraphrasing, its solid structure, its tone of deep humanity taken in part from Johnson's own philosophy, the book is a model of how such things can be done.

Though it may be true, as Professor Greene laments, that Boswell's "Doctor" is still overvigorous, Kingsmill's biographical analysis created a new climate in which it was possible to modify the Boswellian version and to adjust the balance between him and Mrs Thrale to whom, Kingsmill believed, Johnson revealed more of his feelings and from whose friendship he derived his chief happiness in later years. Biographers who have followed, from Joseph Wood Krutch in 1944 to John Wain last year, have followed this course.

Boswell was a salesman, Kingsmill rather a secretive man. His prose does not froth and bubble or attract artificial attention to itself. His gift was for truth, not propaganda. He put up no sails to catch the breezes of fashion and his book has never received the windy attention others have. But its originality and craftsmanship endure and will outlast the marginalia of later scholars.

John Clive
Victorian Miniature, by Owen Chadwick

The rarest sort of biography is that which succeeds in bringing to life obscure men and women the memory of whose existence would not have survived them very long, had they not left written records which by the merest chance came into the right hands. Owen Chadwick's *Victorian Miniature* (Hodder and Stoughton, 1960) tells the story of two men in conflict, William Andrew and Sir John Bolleau, respectively the squire and the parson of the Norfolk village of Ketteringham during the middle decades of the last century. Both were new to the village, both were strong personalities who believed in exercising what they considered to be their rights and privileges to the fullest degree.

They were both ardent anti-ritualists, but agreed on almost nothing else. Chadwick was lucky enough to have been able to make use of both men's diaries, in which they registered at length, and many times over, their low opinion of each other throughout the dramatic stages of their protracted struggle. It is this continuous double perspective that lends this small book its absorbing interest. The most striking episode concerns Sir John's supervising by night the removal of coffins from the family vault in the church so as to make room for his wife, who seemed close to death at the time. But the clash between the two strong-willed men encompassed less dramatic matters as well, such as the use of the schoolroom and attendance at the annual servants' dance given by Sir John at the hall.

What is so remarkable about all this is that Chadwick skilfully portrays not just the two antagonists, but recreates at the same time the microcosm of an entire village with its festivals, customs, outbreaks of violence, and its class and status distinctions. Anthropologists from another planet—some even from ours—would find parts of the story hard to fathom. Those interested in history will gain from the book more insights about Victorian rural society than from many a stout volume. It reads like a novel, and it is in fact a small masterpiece. It has unfortunately been out of print for some time, and I hope that rumours of its reappearance are true.

Antonia Fraser
The Life of Charlotte Brontë, by Mrs Gaskell

I have no hesitation in choosing *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* by Mrs Gaskell, first published in 1857, as my favourite biography in the English language. As a work of literature, I believe that Mrs Gaskell herself never surpassed it—even in her great if undervalued novels such as *North and South* and *Ruth*, or the better-known *Wives and Daughters* and *Sylvia's Lovers*.

The style is impassioned. Here Charlotte Brontë is alone at night in the parsonage, her father and the old servant retired to bed after family prayers, her sisters dead, the wind howling round the house:

> All the grim superstitions of the North had been implanted in her during her childhood by the servants who believed in them. They recurred to her now—with no shrinking from the spirits of the Dead, but with such an intense longing once more to stand face to face with the souls of her sisters, as no one but she could have felt. It seemed as if the very strength of her yearning should have compelled them to appear. On windy nights, cries, and sobs, and wailings seemed to go round the house, as of the dearly-beloved striving to force their way to her.

But the point of this passage is not entirely its emotional effect on the reader: in her skill as a writer, Mrs Gaskell does not forget her duty as a biographer. She uses it to illustrate that the incident when Jane Eyre hears the voice of the bewildered Rochester was not pure imagination on the part of the author. "She [Charlotte Brontë] replied, in a low voice, drawing in her breath, 'But it is a true thing; it really happened.'"

Quite apart from its force, *The Life of Charlotte Brontë* raises an interesting point about the nature of biography. Its quality suggests that the greatest biographies spring from some special kind of sympathy between subject and author: their rare ideal marriages make other perfectly satisfactory unions seem humdrum in contrast. For example, Winifred Gérin's recent, honest and enthusiastic life of Charlotte Brontë told me nothing more about the essence of the person; even though she (unlike Mrs Gaskell) made full use of the painful Héger letters.

Of course Mrs Gaskell had the advantage of knowing and loving Charlotte Brontë: the book was a kind of official life. It also incidentally brought her those hideous problems of official indignation with which biographers of near-contemporary figures often have to contend. But it would be a sad world for the biographer if personal acquaintance was a *sine qua non* of the profession; sometimes the very reverse is the case, and official lives can be the sort of ugly ducklings who never turn into swans. Perhaps the clue lies in a remark of Charles Eliot Norton, Mrs Gaskell's pleased friend: "It was almost as much an exhibition of Mrs Gaskell's character as of Miss Brontë's."

It was not a question of self-identification. No two women could have been more different than Charlotte Brontë and Elizabeth Gaskell, the one a frustrated and miserable childless spinster for most of her life, the other supremely happily married to an attractive and supporting husband, blessed with children. But it is possible that in poor Charlotte Brontë's unhappy life, Mrs Gaskell with her generous spirit did see all that her own might have been: there but for the grace of God. Her sympathetic imagination achieved what naïve self-identification could never have done.

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Lives of the thinkers

By Anthony Quinton

The autobiography of a man whose business is thinking should be the story of his thought." The opening sentence of the preface of R. G. Collingwood's *Autobiography* lays down what seems to be a reasonable principle. The lives of those who are interesting or important because what they thought should be connected mainly, or at least centrally, with the thinking of their subjects. Their love affairs, their travels, their engagements on the public life of their times are unlikely to stand in any but the most accidental relation to the thinking for which the subjects are valued. Furthermore, under the division of labour which is most serious and original thinking is done by academic or otherwise rather sequestered people, everybody about thinkers but their thinking is likely to be tame and ordinary.

These generalities instantly cry out for qualification. To start with, the division of labour that confines thinkers to the study, laboratory or lecture-room is both a very recent phenomenon and is even now very far from complete. Anselm was not engaged in whole-time work on the ontological proof; he was the Archbishop of Canterbury and struggled against Henry I to protect the rights of the Church. Hume was a diplomat; Locke was ideologist-in-residence to Shaftesbury; Lord Herbert of Cherbury a swaggering gallant; Newman, and even Mrs John Stuart Mill, the leader of an influential public movement. Even more academic figures than these had a good deal of notable extra-intellectual life. Richard Bentley spent as much of his brilliant powers on enraging and outwitting the fellows of Trinity as on the main topic of Monk's engrossing biography) as he did on the orderly consideration of classical texts. Abelard is a hero of amorous romance as well as the greatest philosopher of his age, and his autobiography is a history of his calamities in the former role rather than of his intellectual work. Henry Sidgwick was a pioneer of psychical research and the admission of women to higher education as well as the most earnest and thorough of Utilitarians. Everyone mentioned in this paragraph is the object of a biography or autobiography that is still widely read. But these books only Newman's *Apologia* and Mill's *Autobiography* have their centre in the intellectual activity of their subjects.

Even in this century the thinkers who have written most memorably about their own lives, or whose lives have been most memorably written about, have not much resembled the almost purely academic Kant. Everyone knows a few facts about him: that he never left the city of Königsberg, that the citizens are said to set their watches by his emergence from his front door for his daily walk. But these facts serve only to underline the impression of Kant as an individual totally submerged in his function as thinker.

The result of this vacuity and monotony of extra-intellectual life is that there is nothing of much interest in the way of Kant biography. In English the only notable item is De Quincey's essay, "The Last Days of Immanuel Kant" (*Collected Works*, iii, pages 99-166) which takes the form of, and largely is, a translation of the sublimely trivial recollections of Kant's former pupil, Wasianski, concerned with the minutiae of Kant's domestic regime during his last years. De Quincey introduces the essay with the caustic remark: "A great man, though in an unpopular path, must always be an object of liberal curiosity. . . . But he sees that the curiosity is not liberal in the most elevated sense. . . . Biographical gossip of this sort, and ungentlemanly scrutiny into a man's private life, though not what a man of honour would allow himself to write, may be read without blame." It is not quite clear where the line of blame is drawn, but it certainly stands in this refined moral distinction.

Nothing whatever is said about Kant's thought beyond a mention of the hours of the day that were devoted to it and the strategies its author employed to recover from the effort of it. The alleged gaiety of his dinners sits a little unequally beside the information that Kant talked "all the way to the eating-room about the state of the weather, a subject which he usually pursued during the earlier part of the dinner". There is some mild knock-about material concerning Kant's drunken servant Lampe and the news that Kant "never perspired, night or day".

Kant is great enough to survive this kind of treatment. No doubt, from a conventional point of view there is nothing much more to be said about his outward life, although Wasianski's point of view is rather exclusively Crawfie-eyed. But there is an alternative, an account of the development of the system of ideas that it was Kant's particular distinction to produce: the influences, human and literary, that moulded it; the chief difficulties encountered in its elaboration; its author's conception of its deficiencies or incompletenesses. But, even where such a purely intellectual life-story is all that there is occasion for, it is very seldom to be found.

To return to the thinkers of the present century, there are some distinguished autobiographies (Russell's, Santayana's *Persons and Places*, and Collingwood's) and some impressive biographies (that of Freud by Ernest Jones, that of Namier by his wife and that of Wittgenstein by Norman Malcolm and G. H. von Wright). More usual is the pleasant, chatty, comparatively self-effacing memoir such as the unfinished autobiographies of Gilbert Murray and H. A. L. Fisher and the brief autobiography of G. M. Treveiyan.

Now the autobiographies of Russell and Santayana are only very marginally concerned with their thought. Both are about family, interesting friends and acquaintances, travel and, in Russell's case, politics, educational experiment and the ups and downs of his career as an amorist. But Russell did go on to supply the missing element in his *My Philosophical Development*, a much less jerky and cobbled-together affair than his autobiography proper. The title of Russell's book recalls that of the initial chapter, "My Mental Development", that he contributed to the volume in the Library of Living Philosophers devoted to him. These massive, and, for the most part, useful and successful, volumes have all been edited, since the inception of the series in 1939 with a volume on Dewey, by Paul A. Schilpp. The two volumes (a new departure) of 1,323 pages in all, devoted to the philosophy of Sir Karl Popper that have recently been published brought the number of the series to fourteen and five more are currently in preparation.

A feature of nearly all these books (only here and there excluded by the accident of death) is the autobiography of the subject with which each begins and the replies to critics with which (alongside a full bibliography) they close. In the volume devoted to him Santayana made up the deficiencies of his autobiography proper with a long essay called "Apologia pro Mente Sua", appearing at the end of the book in the place usually reserved for detailed replies to criticisms in the body of the volume. The eighty-two pages of intellectual autobiography in the volume on Rudolph Carnap (a particularly good one) provide much the best account of Carnap's thought that there is.

Philosophers have been well-served by this series, while in other fields the traditional Festschrift prevails with its principle of the born playing captain. Without this kind of institutionalization of the intellectual autobiography there is thus a comparative shortage of lives of thinkers since that is really the only sort of autobiography that a professionalized, academic thinker is qualified to write. As for studies of thinkers written by others, they are either not really biographies at all, but at most, chronologically arranged expositions of the thinker's writings, perhaps with a brief biographical note added (Ronald Jager's substantial recent book on Russell and P. M. S. Hacker's *Insight and Illusion* on Wittgenstein are good examples), or they are conventional biographies of the outward-event-recording kind (such as Alan Wood's book on Russell, for example), and a great host of books on earlier thinkers (such as Maurice Cranston's *Locke* and E. C. Mossner's *Hume*).

It has, indeed, always been true that almost the only truly biographical, and not merely chronologically expository, accounts of the development of the minds of thinkers have been written by the thinkers themselves. Roper's life of Thomas More, Izaak Walton's lives of Hooker and Sanderson (a quite productive philosopher who died, according to James I, of not being made a bishop), Dean Burgon's richly comical account of Mansel in his *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, are almost exclusively concerned with the outward life of their subjects.

Perhaps this is inevitable. A treatise, a body of written theory, is like a set of accounts, so tidied-up that it is impossible to extricate the detailed movements of the mind from which it eventually emerged. The actual process of thought is known only to the thinker himself, so far as his memory is reliable. Someone else writing about him must, unless they were in close and regular intellectual communication during the subject's career (as was the case, to some extent, with Broad and McTaggart or Maitland and Leslie Stephen), rely on his subject's notes, drafts and records. But even then much will be unavailable to him except in the most tenuous way: particular moments of enlightenment, the detailed procedure of working at a problem, the actual experienced effects of influential people and books.

The most propitious kind of intellectual biography is, then, the intellectual autobiography. This genre has to be distinguished, as we have seen, from the autobiography of a thinker. The deficiencies—as accounts of the intellectual development of their authors—of the autobiographies proper of Russell and Santayana have many earlier parallels. One of the more extreme examples is the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Herbert, in his *De Veritate*, laid the foundations of deism, of the theory that there are rationally self-evident first principles of natural religion, in 1624, uninfluenced by the early English philosophical works of importance available to him, Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* and *Novum Organum*, and before Descartes or Hobbes had published anything. His autobiography, however, is concerned mainly with self-inflating accounts of his military prowess and courage, the vindication of his honour as a duellist and his activities as a philanderer and gallant. The *De Veritate* itself refers explicitly to only two previous philosophers, Aristotle and Cicero, but a mass of influences is discernible, in particular that of a large variety of more or less wildly speculative writers of the preceding century. But the reading and studies are not matters Herbert finds it gratifying to boast about.

On the whole the most perfect model for an intellectual autobiography is John Stuart Mill's. It is, of course, far more than a bare record of intellectual work. Childhood and family life are there, but largely as the scene of James Mill's extraordinary educational experiment with his son. The emotions recalled are not merely cognitive. Yet the depressive breakdown of Mill's early manhood, from which the poetry of Wordsworth did so much to restore him, is of intellectual relevance, connected as it is with his deviations from the orthodox Utilitarian faith he had inherited, his dilution or mitigation of Bentham with Coleridge.

Collingwood's autobiography is close enough in form to Mill's to suggest that this was its conscious model, for all Collingwood's contempt for Mill's kind of philosophy. To the extent that Collingwood's parents appear it is as teachers not as providers of holidays and uncomfortable suits. When he hurts his leg at football this is mentioned because it found him from the time-wasting demands of compulsory games for studies of medieval Italian history and early French poets, "unhampered by masters". (Kant's *Grundlegung* he had already abstracted from his father's bookshelves at the age of eight, he maintains.) There is nothing about his marriages (apart from a bare mention of the first), although the role of the second in his sudden, late acquisition of enthusiasm for Marx, which appears nowhere else in his

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Michael Holroyd
Samuel Johnson, by Hugh Kingsmill

In his recent review of John Wain's *Samuel Johnson* (*TLS*, November 22, 1974), Donald Greene reported that, despite the great advances made by scholarship over the past fifty years, "the Victorian Johnson, the pompous, dictatorial, arch-Tory Great Cham is as healthy as ever". For this he blamed Boswell and, by implication, those nineteenth-century commentators, such as Macaulay and Carlyle, whose unqualified praise of Boswell's *Life* had helped to promote Johnson as the bigoted champion of established conventions—an oracle rather than a man.

It was as a man whose life changed from year to year, whose nature felt desire and experienced frustration, that Johnson had attracted Hugh Kingsmill. Kingsmill's biography, published in 1933, demonstrated for the first time how much of Johnson lay outside Boswell's view. Unlike Professor Greene, he did not denigrate Boswell: his book is all the more convincing for his obvious enjoyment of Boswell's vivid personal scenes, and his admiration for the candour that (even at some expense to Boswell's vanity) mingled with his gullo

work, by being left out, leaves the conversion described in the final chapter on theory and practice—inadequately explained.

If that lack of candour can be put down to a reasonable discretion (does and not get divorced much in the 1970s), the absence of any reference to Croce must be attributed to vanity. Croce's influence is irresistibly evident in Collingwood's *Speculum Mentis* and in the general bias of his interests towards history and art. It was natural enough for any philosopher of broadly idealist sympathies in the inter-war years to draw sustenance from Croce's *Filosofia della Spirito* (1902-17), the most imposing recent attempt to salvage Hegelian idealism by a judicious unloading of ballast (in accordance with the policy implied by the title of his book, *What is Living and What is Dead in the Philosophy of Hegel*). Collingwood's complete silence about the size of his debt to Croce looks very like a claim to undeserved originality, though there may have been an element of prudence in concealing an affinity with a figure who was so firmly and unfavourably "placed" in general British philosophical opinion as Croce.

There are other, more venial manifestations of exaggerated self-esteem in the book. In one the botanical ignorance of a Rugby master is exposed before the class with an apt quotation from Browning. In others grandiose programmes of intensive reading, which were quite probably carried out as described, are mentioned with self-glorifying unobtrusiveness. In general, the effect of vanity is that what was in fact largely derived from others is claimed as original and that what was the outcome of an exhausting and personally costly investment of time and energy is represented as easy and effortless.

If vanity may diminish the value and adequacy of intellectual biographies that actually get written, modesty may prevent them from being written in the first place. A thinker who has already confronted the reading public with the objective expression of his thoughts in considerable bulk may well feel that it would be trying that public's patience altogether too far to supply and expect them to read and welcome the subjective background of his primary product.

There are, indeed, two kinds of theoretical justification for this form of self-effacement by thinkers: The first is that there is a difference between the causation of an idea or theory and its justification, between the private sequence of reflections, full of false starts up blind alleys, that preceded it in its proponent's stream of consciousness and the grounds that can be put forward to establish it as true or probable. I mentioned earlier the likeness between a published theory and a set of accounts. Both leave out a great deal, in both cases for the sake of relevance. An argument for a conclusion that proved invalid and had to be replaced is of no more concern to those to whom that conclusion is addressed than the negotiations of a business that did not terminate in a binding contract.

But although this is true so far as it goes the work of thinkers is not of interest exclusively to those who are concerned with those thinkers' findings. They will typically be thinkers, indeed creative thinkers of the same kind as the theorist they are studying, themselves. For them the subjective process of arriving at the theory and finding substantiation for it may be of as much importance as the theory itself. This need is most immediately served by such works as the third part of Braud Blanshard's *Nature of Thought*, Polya's *How To Solve It*, Hadamard's *Psychology of Invention* and other such humanistic works. But to the extent that books of this kind go beyond the direct cognitive experience of their authors—the pieces of thinking that they have done themselves—they must depend for their evidence on items of intellectual autobiography by others.

A second, and more fundamental, reason for thinking that intellectual autobiography is unnecessary, and even undesirable because misleading, derives from the Aristotelian notion that reason, the organ of thought, is universal and only feeling is particular and bound up essentially with the mental life of a particular person.

Curiously enough, Collingwood himself has affirmed this point as forcibly as anyone. Defining history as rethinking the thoughts of past agents, he argues that history can only be history of thought since only thoughts, which are objective, impersonal things, can be truly shared by more than one mind. A similar position is approached from a different direction by Popper, who maintains that the kind of knowledge that is important and worthy of theoretical discussion is objective knowledge, as contained in books and formulated theories, not the fleeting and amorphous mental processes of individual thinkers.

A fact that has some bearing on this is the frequency with which a given discovery is made independently by more than one person (Leibniz's and Newton's roughly simultaneous discovery of calculus being only the most famous example of it). It is as if the new thought was not significantly the product of the mental process of a particular individual thinker but rather that of the general intellectual situation of the age. There is, at any time and in any subject, a certain body of established knowledge, an array of unsolved problems recognized as posed by it and an accumulation of intellectual resources with which to solve them. From this point of view it is pretty much a contingent and accidental matter that one thinker rather than another comes up with a new theory. And that suggests that the particular processes by which the thinker on whom chance hit arrived at it has in the end only the interest of gossip.

To this the same answer can be returned as to the previous argument. Whoever makes the discovery, some particular person has to do so. Even if it is likely that someone else would have made it if he had not it does not follow that the fact that he made it is purely a matter of chance uninfluenced by any study he had made of the way in which now thoughts have in fact been arrived at. As well as the "liberal curiosity" of which Dr Quincey wrote there is still room for practical concern with the accounts of the development of their own thought which those thinkers alone, it would seem, can effectively provide.

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The Evolution of Intelligence
A general theory and some of its implications
376pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.25.

This book is a closely-reasoned, eclectic, sometimes indigestible exposition of a theory of human intelligence. It is ambitious in that David Stenhouse attempts to include—indeed, to account for—the evolution of man from the invertebrates; the tantalising of phylogeny and ontogeny, with special reference to intelligence; the relations between science, philosophy, intelligence, learning and creativity; the distinctions (and also the links) between instinct and intelligence; the relative fixity of the former and the variability of the latter. He covers an exceedingly wide spectrum, gratefully acknowledging his indebtedness to—among others—Darwin, Pavlov, Freud, the Huxleys (T. H., Aldous and Julian), N. Tinbergen and Konrad Lorenz, J. P. Guilford, Desmond Morris, S. A. Barnett, Getzels and Jackson, and especially W. C. Halstead.

Mr Stenhouse's professional expertise in zoological, educational and philosophical topics strongly favours his book, but *The Evolution of Intelligence* is largely a psychological study. Part of his thesis is that these disciplines are intimately linked; yet he is notably weaker in his specifically psychological writing than elsewhere. This particular weakness extends both to his own psychological hypotheses and to his critical awareness of psychological work in the fields of intelligence, creativity and learning theory. Mr Stenhouse's main thesis is that intelligence comprises four "factors", which he designates as the A, C, D and P-factors. He claims a basic analogy—amounting sometimes almost to equivalence—between these four factors and those arrived at by Halstead (1947) in his "neurological behavioural work". Indeed the four letters of the alphabet chosen by Mr Stenhouse are identical with those used by Halstead, and Mr Stenhouse apparently believes that this implies confirmation of his own views.

This belief is disingenuous since, in Halstead's theory, the letters stand respectively for Abstracting, Central Integrative Field factor, Directional factor and Power factor whereas in Mr Stenhouse's they stand for Abstracting-and-generalizing (so far so good), (Central) Memory, Sensory-motor efficiency and Postponement factor. Thus, while his argument is, he claims, in conformity with Halstead's views, much of it rests, discrepantly, on his own originality, both in the problems posed and the suggested solutions.

To add to the slight confusion, what Mr Stenhouse calls his P or Postponement factor — the most important and egregious of the four —would be better entitled a GP or General Purpose factor, since it covers a multitude of attributes (most of them highly desirable). To instance just a few of these: the P-factor is associated with forbearance, tolerance and control; with the need to doubt and, later, self-doubting; with breaking away from previously standard patterns", "attention to remote matters" and also the recognition of different permutations; with "part of the exploratory instinct or part of the system for allocating priorities between the instincts"; with "negativistic functioning"; with habit reversal learning and with loosening up. It should therefore come as no surprise that Mr Stenhouse's P-factor ("of withholding") is that which allows Piaget's "accommodation" to take place; that "the initial act *of abstraction* [reviewer's italics] is a P-factor function . . . abstraction here being given the meaning of 'not paying attention to'". Finally, Mr Stenhouse swallows the tempting bait of identifying the P-factor with "creativity" and the "high-P child" as a "diverger". Knowledgeable and critical though he is with respect to ethology and zoology, he is less exacting in psychology, and particularly in psychometry.

In a book which is concerned primarily with intelligence at a lesser degree, with creativity strange to find no mention in the index of H. J. Butcher, J. Freeman, T. Christie, Thomson, nor the American psychologists Wechsler and L. L. Thurstone. The eminent Burt is mentioned once and P. E. Vernon rather disparagingly, four times. Yet Getzels and Jackson and Liam Hudson, are liberally, discriminatingly quoted—their methods and their conclusions have been severely and persuasively criticized by other psychologists. Indeed the "P-factor" in Mr Stenhouse what "Divergence" is Professor Hudson.

Similar considerations arise with Mr Stenhouse discusses learning theory. He does make some acute comments concerning the defects of learning theory, for example in attaching superficial neatness a necessary incompleteness." But an excellent point, well supported by the chapter entitled "Science and Philosophy in the Understanding and Use of Intelligence". But he does not go the whole way and point out the deep schism between recent learning on the one hand and learning theory on the other.

Mr Stenhouse's inter-disciplinary approach is novel and attractive, embracing widely differing topics such as political leadership, menstrual cycle and conservatism/advertising. In his chapter on logical Intelligence and Education he writes admirably on the relation between education and industrialization. Although his attitude is basically behaviouristic—understanding in view of the importance he rightly attaches to the notion of a historical and evolutionary continuum—he is more aware than the complexity, the variety and spontaneity of behaviour than many biologicl and social scientists whatnoss", as he variously calls it, referring here to Aristotle's description of metaphysics as the science of being qua being. In point of fact most of the references to Aristotle are to the *Physics*. There are many quotations from an unidentified English translation which does not seem very accurate, though Dr Blum has of course allowed for that. Indeed he gives a critical account of the sociologies of Durkheim and Weber who are both taken to task for using ideas as things, hardly a valid point, and so "rendering [one] speechless", which is at least a striking way of putting the point (my own "distorted" reading of the book suggests it is the opposite point).

Finally and somewhat surprisingly Marx is praised, not for what he said but rather for having provided Dr Blum with a good analogy between the contradictions of capitalism and those inherent in inadequate "speech". He displays considerable ingenuity in working out in extraordinary detail the analogy between, on the one hand, Marx's claims about the capitalist mode of production and the nature of man in such relations and, on the other, the "speech" problem. Let Dr Blum sum up in his own final sentence: "Like Freud, Marx then points to the essential nihilism of rational-legal structures and to the essential and necessary forgetfulness of any speaking which speaks under such auspices."

The Manchester University Press has recently published a new edition of Volume 1 of the *Opera Politica* of William of Ockham (368pp. £10). This was first published in 1940 in the midst of what the new blurb calls "the furore of a world war". Be that as it may, this second edition corrects errors in the first and presents new and apparatus in the style adopted for Volume 2. It also takes account of manuscript evidence now available. 1940, there are more cross references to Ockham's other political writings and the introductions to each section—the work of the editor, H. S. Offler—have been brought up to date with recent Ockham scholarship.

The distortion barrier

By Roy Enfield

ALAN BLUM :
Theorizing
272pp. Heinemann. £3.50

It may safely be predicted that *Theorizing* will be found extremely hard to understand by those to whom it is addressed. A casual reader will be inclined to dismiss it as unintelligible. I cannot remember having come across before a style of writing so deliberately obscure, so much given to unnecessary neologisms, and yet so self-confident.

Alan Blum is perfectly aware of the problems he is presenting to his readers (if any), for he starts by offering various disclaimers: "The following work contains a variety of analyses which appear eccentric in a language that appears unorthodox . . . I could attempt to teach you to read [it] . . . but such an effort would deny my argument. . . ." This self-confidence becomes simple arrogance when he asserts, as he again does at the outset:

> Since this is not a work on the history of thought, no claim is made for the exegetical fidelity of my remarks concerning the various views of historical authors. . . . I am making reference to my view through various "distorted" readings of those authors. The distortional character of all reading (and speaking), must be kept in mind not as a problem to be corrected, but as a method for affirming the commitment of the reader/speaker . . . That I could only show how I can speak by creating a tension in the speech of other works as the medium for such a display indicates not uncontrolled violence but only the fact that speech in the service of what is beyond words can only affirm itself through similar re-constructions of other authors.

The peculiar obscurity of *Theorizing* can be classified and shown up as fallaciously grounded by close attention to the passages from which I have quoted. They suffer from a disease which is spreading and which, in the social sciences, has even been given a name: Ethnomethodology. There is some dispute among the cognoscenti over whether "Ethno" is a sickness or not, and further, whether it and "reflexive sociology are identical or merely very similar. Many whom they (the "Ethno-reflexive school") would regard as totally unlettered are inclined to see the whole symdrome as a new, and even virulent form of subjective idealism, which, it had been thought, could be easily eradicated by a relatively painless application of basic logic.

The issue can be put like this: If all reading/speaking were distortional, as Dr Blum claims, then we could never know it to be so, for we should have no standard by which to see whatever it is as distortion. The very term implies and gets its sense from the notion of a correct account, from which the distortion can be seen to deviate. This is a simple point, and not new, for it applies to such long-laid ghosts as Descartes's demon, whose impossible activities were posited as a likely cause of our inability truly to know anything about the universe.

An alternative, but equally damaging objection, is that, if Dr Blum were right, distortion would affect *every* act of speaking and reading, not only would it be incorrigible, it would also make it impossible to affirm the particular commitment of the reader/speaker. The reason is obvious: the unavoidable distortion would prevent us ever knowing (and knowledge implies freedom from distortion) what anyone else's commitment was. If these criticisms are correct, Dr Blum has gone to the most enormous lengths, even across the borders of intelligibility, for no good reason.

The title is perhaps the one straightforward thing about Dr Blum's book. He is trying to apply what he takes to be the lessons of the classical tradition in metaphysics, the science of "firstness" "first science", "the science of

It is puzzling that anyone should have thought Pierre Guiraud's *Semiology* (106pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2.95) worth translating; it is too advanced, too idiosyncratic and too French to be a proper textbook in semiology for English initiates. Pierre Guiraud starts using the key word "sign" without defining or analysing it, and is off examining the ideas of Marshall McLuhan before the first chapter is out. Throughout he springs now and sometimes difficult terms on us, explaining them only later or not at all, and some of his thoughts are so condensed as to be more like hints than explanations; his recommendations of semiological writings are nearly all French, and there is something a little comic about finding Saxons being advised to follow up their researches by reading Julia Kristeva.

A French fit for the bourgeoisie

By Stephen Ullman

NEE BALIBAR and DOMINIQUE APORTE :
français national
litique et pratiques de la langue ionale sous la Révolution ançaise
pp. Paris : Hachette. 39fr.

NEE BALIBAR with GENEVIEVE RLIN and GILLES TRET :
français fictifs
rapport des styles littéraires au ançaise national
pp. Paris : Hachette. 45fr.

June 1794, a report entitled "Sur nécessité et les moyens d'anéantir patois et d'universaliser l'usage la langue française" was submitted to the National Convention. , author, the abbé Grégoire, painted an alarming picture of the linguistic situation in France. He claimed that there were at least six illion Frenchmen, mainly in ountry districts, who did not know national language; that the same umber of people were virtually unable to conduct a sustained conversation; that no more than three illion spoke "pure" French and probably even fewer could write it correctly.

This is the background against which the linguistic policies and reforms of the Revolution have to be viewed. It is an intensely interesting story which has been told in great detail in Ferdinand Brunot's *Histoire de la langue française*. Renée Balibar and Dominique Laporte have drawn extensively on Brunot while castigating him for being a non-specialist—someone who is not dependent on the subject he is writing about for either his material or his spiritual well-being. That at the same time this book should be respected by the specialists is a measure of its scholarly care. Detached though he may be now and again, he does reveal the opinions of his own: on linguistic taboo, which he denounces with copious illustrations; on Washoe's and Sarah's claim to language; and on the late President Johnson's responsibility for the Vietnam War.

The book is an excellent source for classic studies such as Bois's were regarded as "the last vestiges of feudalism" which could be readily exploited for "counter-revolutionary machinations". Non-French vernaculars were looked on in the same way: in Alsace, there was a wave of "linguistic terror"—including demands for mass deportation and even for execution—directed against the use of German.

On the educational front, there was a great deal of activity: during the period 1791-99, no fewer than twenty-five schemes—among them the famous Condorcet report—were placed before the various assemblies. But the revolutionary ideal of free and compulsory education, involving the use of a form of "elementary French" at the primary level, was not carried into effect until nearly a hundred years later; the authors suggest that the main reason for this delay was the practice of child labour. Meanwhile, the lycées and colleges of the Napoleonic era perpetuated the linguistic gap between educated people and the rest of the population.

Despite the failure of Jacobin educational policies, linguistic standardization had made very real progress during the Revolution at the practical level: in the deliberations of local committees, popular societies and other institutions. The nature of this embryonic common standard can be gauged from documents which Balibar and Laporte have extracted from departmental archives.

Stripped of the jargon, rhetoric and polemics of a militant ideology, some aspects of their analysis will be quite acceptable to the non-Marxist reader, even though he may be put off by the one-sided and oversimplified way in which it is presented. There are, however, various distortions of particular details. Is it really fair to criticize Condorcet's suggestion that children's books should use simple sentences as symptomatic of "l'idéologie philosophique bourgeoise des Lumières, idéaliste car *rationaliste-empiriste-génétiste-mécaniste*"? Is it reasonable to speak of "le français bourgeois moderne non démocratique, retranché derrière les survivances de sa culture aristocratique française camouflée en culte de l'orthographe d'école primaire"? It is not realistic to talk of the "repressive" policies of bourgeois employers requiring popular words for "strike" and relegating them to vulgar speech; this is simply a matter of different linguistic registers such as will be found in any complex society. Other examples of bias could be mentioned; one of the most striking occurs in the passage on the interrogation of André Chénier, which showed an almost complete breakdown in communication between the poet and his captors.

A long preface by Etienne Balibar and Pierre Macherey, though useful in clarifying some of the ideological principles underlying the book, contributes to the general effect of distortion. Linguists will be surprised to hear that they tend to isolate language from its social context and to subject utterances to normative constraints, and students of the history of French will be astonished to be told that Brunot's great enterprise has practically fallen into oblivion, that it has been interrupted and eclipsed in much the same way as realism has been eclipsed by the formalistic cult of technique prevalent in present-day criticism.

Although *Les français fictifs* is in a sense a direct continuation of *Le français national*, it is concerned with a different register, that of French literary style in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It is a less homogeneous book, based on lecture courses, practical exercises and an MA thesis supervised by Mme Balibar at the University of Tours. There is, however, a strong unifying theme: the impact on literary usage of the conflict between primary-school French and the more sophisticated medium taught in secondary and higher education.

This conflict, and the various solutions to which it gave rise, are viewed once again in terms of class struggle. The following statement is typical of the authors' attitude and style: "Les grandes étapes de la démocratisation du français à l'école ont été la cause indirectement avouée, travestie, refoulée hors des représentations dans l'idéologie dominante, de l'existence et de la consécration spéciale qui définit en général 'les styles littéraires' dans la France moderne." There are endless variations on this theme, some of them couched in emotive and dramatic language at one point an innocent joke in Péguy, involving a confusion between hectometres and kilometres, is described as "diabolically ingenious" and as symptomatic of "la rendance démagogique des élites cultivées à l'égard des 'primaires'".

More interesting than these outbursts is the application of the educational and sociolinguistic criterion to specific literary texts: Flaubert's short story, "Un Coeur simple"; two works by Péguy: *Pierre, Commencement d'une vie bourgeoise* and *Note conjointe sur M. Descartes et la Philosophie cartésienne*; some Surrealist poems modelled on traditional counting rhymes; finally, and inevitably, Camus's *L'Etranger*. In all these cases, except in the short essay on counting rhymes, the literary texts are confronted with certain passages and exercises in manuals used at the time in French primary schools, in order to demonstrate how these "models" were altered by the intrusion of more cultivated registers.

The results of the analysis are rather uneven. The section on Flaubert shows how the very first sentence of "Un Coeur simple" combines the ordinary an elementary French construction with a highly literary rhythmic pattern. Unfortunately, this promising line of inquiry is not pursued; instead, there is a close examination of the spoken language of the various characters, with some interesting observations on the usage of the "pauvre fille de campagne". Félicité, who speaks a perfectly correct and neutral French, without any regional, popular or archaic elements. The chapter on Péguy is perhaps the most successful of all, with some remarkable parallelisms between the *Note conjointe* and applications of the Froebel method in primary-school exercises. The section on counting rhymes makes some suggestive points about the Surrealists' attitude to words and to childhood, what Breton called "la fraîcheur d'émotion de l'enfance", but the actual analysis is tantalizingly brief.

The long section on *L'Etranger* reopens once again the endless debate on the use of the Past Indefinite and other idiosyncratic features of the language of Meursault. Barrère's famous explanation of Camus's choice of tense is brushed aside as "idealiste"; instead, this choice is traced to the teaching of French grammar at the primary level and interpreted as an aspect of Camus's attempt to reverse the hierarchy of registers and "promouvoir imaginairement le français élémentaire aux dépens du français littéraire usé dans le secondaire". Hence the "zero degree of writing" of which Barthes has spoken and which, it is claimed, symbolizes the struggle of bourgeois culture against the massive progress of elementary French and its inability to work on any other linguistic material than the common standard.

To prove her point, Mme Balibar places great emphasis on Meursault's casual remark that he had been a student but had had to abandon his studies. There is an obvious parallel here between Meursault and his creator. Mme Balibar has also been in touch with Camus's primary-school teacher and prints a letter by him on his impressions of his brilliant pupil. All this is useful background information but does not go very far towards explaining Meursault's psychology and the very peculiar language through which it is expressed.

There are also some points of detail which leave one unconvinced. Mme Balibar points out that there are a few Past Historic, in the book, but that they are "oubliés, supprimés par l'Imagination littéraire", and have been overlooked by literary commentators. Actually, the linguist R. Yvon had noticed this as far back as 1963 in an article in *Le Français Moderne*, where he gave some useful statistics and offered a very simple explanation: force of habit. It is also wrong to suggest that the avoidance of the Past Historic in preparatory and elementary teaching has nothing to do with the difficulty of its forms. "Je *fis* des pâtés" may indeed be less awkward than the tongue-twister "Je mulo e été tondu", which Mme Balibar extracts from a primary textbook, but other forms of the tense are notoriously complicated, as was already noted by Marot and Vaugelas. Some of the "Freudian" puns which are supposed to reinforce the authors' main thesis—*maman*; *école maternelle*; *Alma Mater*; *instruction (scolaire)*; *instruction (judiciaire)*; *interrogation (scolaire)*; *interrogatoire (judiciaire)*—seem rather far-fetched.

It is doubtful whether many students of French language and literature will have the patience to wade through the 500-odd pages of these two books, which are often repetitive and verbose, with the line of argument not always easy to follow. If they persists, and if they can disregard this irritation, the dominative rigidity and the polemical fervour, they will find a number of interesting details and, beyond that, a new criterion, limited in scope but none the less valid, for stylistic analysis.

The meaning game

By M. A. K. Halliday

PETER FARB :
Word Play
265pp. Cape. £3.95.

There is no ideal approach to the study of language; what excites one student may put another one off the subject for life. But for some at least *Word Play* will provide a pleasant mode of access. Entering language as it does by way of the social context, it is a refreshing start after a decade and more of preoccupation with syntax, it seems to celebrate what A. Makkai has called the passing of the syntactic age.

Peter Farb is an experienced popularizer. He has the advantage of being a non-specialist—someone who is not dependent on the subject he is writing about for either his material or his spiritual well-being. That at the same time his book should be respected by the specialists is a measure of its scholarly care. Detached though he may be now and again, he does reveal the opinions of his own: on linguistic taboo, which he denounces with copious illustrations; on Washoe's and Sarah's claim to language; and on the late President Johnson's responsibility for the Vietnam War.

The book is an excellent source for classic studies such as Boas's work on Kwakiutl place names and Friedrich's account of changes in Russian kin terms. Mr Farb's background is anthropological, and the most satisfying parts of the book tend to be the more anthropological ones. But many valuable points emerge in the discussion, such as the length to which people will go to assume (and fulfil) the intention to communicate, the complex and highly structured nature of dialogue, and the relation of poetry to everyday language.

The weakest section, as in many American introductory books on language, is that on phonetics; and there are, inevitably, a few errors here and there, for example the wrong scansion of the Chinese verse on page 119. More disturbing, somehow, is the tone of various generalizations: "Many Germans seem so extraordinarily susceptible to scatology that it dominates all other themes when they talk dirty." "When an American visitor innocently interprets an Egyptian's paralanguage as signifying mere annoyance, he is seriously underestimating the intensity of the emotion. The Egyptian is more likely signaling that he is vengeful and that the American had better be careful."

Being free of the domination of syntax, Mr Farb does not share the linguist's obsession with trees. (For the benefit of non-linguists, a tree may be defined as something a linguist cannot see the wood for.) His view of language is—to adapt K. L. Pike's conception—more wave-like than particulate; and this is reflected in the structure of the book itself, in which one topic undulates into another. Within one page we are led from technical Aerospace English, through the worship of silence, to personal naming in the Bible Belt; and many other such examples could be given. The result is not only very readable; it is also a valuable metaphor for the fluidities and continuities of the subject he is writing about.

But this makes it difficult to relate the treatment of language as a system to the rest; and Mr Farb does not really bring this off. In the last resort *Word Play* is unsatisfying, not because it lacks structure, but because it lacks an integrated and integrating vision of language. Man's ability to mean, besides displaying his essential continuity with the rest of creation, is more than a compendium of rules and strategies of play, useful though these are both in fact and as metaphors. This meaning potential, whether we want to call it the structure of reality, the social system, the culture or whatever else, is realized, not solely but critically, through language. We learn from Mr Farb's book how people play the meaning game. But we do not learn how it is that the meaning of language enables them to do so.

Bearers of ill-luck

By Guido Almansi

MARIO LUZI :
Vicissitudine e forma
202pp. Milan : Rizzoli. L.4,500.

Mario Luzi's most recent collection of poems, *Su fondamenti invisibili*, made us aware of a new, resolutely tragic tone in his voice. The *préciosité* characteristic of the Italian hermetic school had disappeared, and in its place we had heavy, slow-moving poems tending towards some negative revelation. Luzi has now produced a volume of critical essays, ranging in subject from Lucretius to Montale. The collection shows a remarkable advance on his previous critical work, if an increasing awareness of tragedy can be labelled as an advance. To use his own words about Leopardi, Luzi's criticism has become agonistic rather than consensual, though its adversary is less the poet or artist in question, than the world, seen as unfit for human habitation. This concept of a fatal divergence between the earth and its inhabitants is attributed to Lucretius, who has become Luzi's alter ego.

Lucretius is not the only poet with whom Luzi plays an ambiguous game of criticism and complicity. Like Leopardi he is the frustrated humanist, their common world a humanistic culture deserted by humanism itself: a sort of "orfanità umanistica". Like Novalis too, Luzi sees poetry as a way of life, as an absolute alternative perhaps to living. The modern poets share with Novalis the loss of tragedy, impossible in an irreligious society where there is no chance of testing the fallibility of man against the infallibility of a superior being. But the one poet above all from whom Luzi no longer seems capable of separating himself is Racine, the subject of the most accomplished and unpolished essay in the book: "Per una lettura di Andromaque". Racine did not see evil as the violation of a pre-existing order, but as the perpetuation of an earlier order based on evil, and here Luzi comes close to a public confession. Eros dominates the world of Racine's tragedies and Andromaque, the only character in the play of that name to be immunized against it by widowhood and grief, becomes "the eye of the hurricane", gazing at the surrounding turbulence. As a critic, Luzi wants to be Andromaque, whereas as a poet he is one of her antagonists; any compromise between the two impersonations is impossible.

Every page of this remarkable book turns out to be a desperate rather than a confident defence of poetry. Luzi seems to be making poetry into the legitimate expression of an inner world rather than a technique. But the battle for the preservation of this inner world is lost, and Luzi knows it. Hence its figurative quality of criticism and complicity. Like Leopardi he is the frustrated humanist, their common world a humanistic culture deserted by humanism itself: a *jettatore*, or bearer of ill-luck.

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Intuitions and interactions

By Nicholas Phillipson

Biographers will often tell you that they feel that they have somehow come to "know" or "understand" the man on whom they are working. It is an interesting sensation. We study the artifacts our hero constructs, whether they are paintings, poems, musical scores, memoranda, essays, diaries, speeches, bridges or scientific experiments. We read his correspondence with his family, friends, colleagues and strangers. We read the stories other people have told about him. And in time the feeling of knowing or understanding begins to grow on us. It is an intuitive feeling in the sense that it does not seem to stem directly from the data. It takes the form of sensing that our hero's actions have a fundamental consistency even although we cannot pinpoint exactly in what it consists, that particular actions seem to be characteristic of his behaviour as a whole, that one can even predict, in a general sort of way, what sort of things he will do and certainly not do.

The classic problem, of course, is to know what to make of such intuitions. We distrust them on empirical grounds because we do not know from what data they derive. We distrust them for reasons of psychological common sense because we are all too well aware of our neurotic capacity to see ourselves in our hero. But it is very difficult to ignore them. A capacity to treat our intuitions with a certain respect makes us want to capitalize them in some fashion. And we know that, even if we were to try and repress them, they would find their way into the finished work by means of suggestion, omission, or, more subtly, weave their way into our use of language and into our prose.

Traditionally, biographers have been content to let matters rest there, and to allow the presentation of their hero's personality to remain essentially intuitive. Biography, it is traditionally assumed, is a branch of history, and its purpose is to present and perhaps evaluate the "historically significant" actions of a hero, by which is meant those actions which were of consequence to contemporaries and to posterity. Thus, if a man achieved fame as a politician, the primary job of his biographer is to chart his political career and achievements, and not to allow the discussion of his less consequential actions in other walks of life to get the upper hand. To be sure, he cannot ignore them, for the basic demands of credibility require that he gives some idea of the range of human activity in which the hero was involved throughout his life. And if he does not pay enough attention to them his biography may turn into the sort of work that ought more properly to be called, say, "Politics in eighteenth-century England, with special reference to the statesman of your choice". But it is still assumed that, whatever consistency the hero's actions may have, whatever psychodynamic may animate them, the information will somehow come over to the reader covertly, as the weight of evidence about his actions in public and private life accumulates. The job of the biographer is to oil the wheels of this engine with occasional flashes of insight and, more potently, with whatever narrative power he can command to tell his story.

This is certainly not the sort of biography a Freudian would settle for. But there are far too many brilliantly successful biographies cast in this mould to write off the genre as redundant. Generically, its roots lie in the Chivalric or Christian Romance. The assumption is, as Thomas Carlyle put it, that the job of the biographer is "to delineate a likeness of the earthly pilgrimage of a man", and Gosse made the same point when he talked of biography as "the faithful portrait of a soul in its adventures through life". No one, said Carlyle, "lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to elbow himself through the world, giving and receiving offence". This is not a bad metaphor for the biographer who is anxious to acquire a feel for the mythic significance of the story of a man's life. It conveys the image of the subject as the hero of an allegory, as a man of passion and needs, and the sense of life as a set of encounters with the external world, in which the hero is tested by the men and events which press upon him and give him the opportunity to win fame and moral maturity.

In traditional biography, the enchanters, dragons and tempters of the romance are replaced by the files which the new Foreign Secretary finds on his desk or the stock of philosophical papers with which the philosopher works in order to try to define a role for himself. In that profession. The interest of an adventure story for author and reader alike lies in judging the skills and probity of the hero, and in deciding whether the rewards he receives during his various encounters and at the end of his journey are appropriate. If it is well done, this sort of biography can emerge as an absorbing study of an "earthy pilgrimage". But it is interesting to note that the treatment of personality remains essentially intuitive. In fine biographies like, say, Janet Adam Smith's *John Buchan*, Robert Blake's *Disraeli* or John Clive's *Macaulay*, the particular adventures of the heroes are set out systematically and are closely documented. But the feeling we get for the working of their personalities develops by implication as the story unfolds. They are knights who travel through life with their visors raised. But their faces are still shaded by the armour they wear.

To judge from the longevity and continued popularity of the genre, one must conclude that it continues to have a deep attraction for author and audience alike. Perhaps the reader's expectations of this sort of biography are like those of the child who demands to be told an adventure story. He will very soon lose interest in the story of Little Red Riding Hood if the storyteller wastes his time by talking too much about that intrepid heroine's school career, let alone about her personality or her upbringing. In such an adventure story the child seems to be prepared to take the personality of the heroine very much on trust. His interest is only kindled when she puts on her Red Riding Hood, takes up her basket and sets out on her journey through the wood. For it is only then that the child can begin the really interesting job of evaluating the behaviour of the heroine in her moment of peril. But this is sheer speculation. There is, however, a more formal, epistemological defence to be made of an intuitive approach to the presentation of personality, and this lies in the argument that there are seldom adequate data for a systematic analysis of personality. Letters, diaries or anecdotes which throw significant light on the subject are comparatively rare. Moreover, while it may be granted that the experience of childhood and adolescence is central to the formation of personality, there is likely to be an almost complete absence of data on a child's most intimate relations with his parents and family.

A psychobiographer would naturally reply that this is to take too literal and simplistic a view of the information that is contained in the sources. Every document has a manifest explicit content, but it would be naive to assume that that is the only information it yields. We may decide to write a letter at a particular moment because we have a particular piece of information to retail or a particular instruction to issue. But ordering the information in a way which is satisfactory to ourselves and intelligible to our correspondent is a complex business, and depends on the expectations we have of others, of ourselves and of the particular vehicle of communication. These in turn form part of an elaborate pattern of expectations whose roots lie in the needs we develop in childhood and adolescence. Thus, in an important sense, each particular document is a model of the mind of its author; as Virginia Woolf put it: "Every secret of a writer's soul, experience of his life, every quality of his mind is written large in his works." The problem, of course, is how to read the personality into the action, and it is the claim of psychobiography that this can not only be done but that it can be done systematically.

The classic exercise in psychobiography is Erik Erikson's *Young Man Luther*. This remarkable book is not so much a systematic study of Luther's early life as an interpretation of the central event in his early career—his rejection of the church into which he had been born—in the light of a general hypothesis about the creative and destructive power of the pursuit of identity, and a particular hypothesis about Luther's relations with his father. The general hypothesis derives from Erikson's own work on emotional disturbances in adolescence and early adulthood, and he tells us that the study of Luther was originally intended as a chapter in a book on that subject. The particular hypothesis about Luther's relations with his father rests on inference rather than observation. In fact we have almost no "hard" data about Luther's family and childhood, and Erikson summarizes the available evidence in a single, short paragraph. His hypothesis rests on an interpretation of the evidence of his adult writings and on a few contemporary accounts of his adult behaviour.

It goes without saying — or it should — that this is a memorable and deeply original book. After reading it, it is impossible to think of Luther or of conventional attitudes to evidence in quite the same way. And Erikson undoubtedly calls into serious question the traditional justifications for an intuitive approach to the study of personality in biography. But I doubt whether he has succeeded in bringing about the biographical revolution with which he is sometimes credited. Biography is an essentially interpretative art; the biographer's job is to make the actions of a remarkable man intelligible, and it is a fundamental principle of historical epistemology that we can only hope to render those actions intelligible which are documented. Thus convincing biography, like convincing history, is the business of classifying, presenting and commenting on those documents which report what the hero has written and what he is reported as having done. I take a commentary to be a set of general observations which are designed to relate particular documents and their contents to a wider historical, critical or psychological frame of reference. The interest of any commentary increases the more willing a commentator shows himself to be to pay serious attention to the form of the documents he is interpreting and the range and complexity of information contained within them. A commentary based on a single piece of information in a complex document may be suggestive. But, until it is developed in such a way as to make sense of as many other pieces of information in the document as possible, it will be no more than that.

Much of Erikson's analysis rests on his search for particular images, themes and motifs which recur throughout Luther's writings at particular periods of his early life. But what it does not require him to do is to analyse each document singly in order to extract whatever psychological information is contained within it. Moreover, because the evidence is quoted in snippets or is summarized in Erikson's own far from anonymous prose, there is little sense of distance between data and interpreter. Incidentally, this is a criticism which could not be levelled at his greatest work, *Childhood and Society*, which shows that no one is better able to present data for analysis in a straightforward way. His hypothesis about Luther's spiritual crisis thus seems to derive from a general sense of the themes which run through the data as a whole, and his intention seems to be to illuminate the study of the pursuit of identity in general rather than to make as much of the complex data of Luther's life as psychologically intelligible as possible. *Young Man Luther* remains a chapter in the book Erikson originally planned on the disturbed adolescent and young adult; it is a parable about growing up, and Luther is its hero.

Must a search for a means of extracting the psychological information in biographical data always be a matter of suggestion and intuition, even if it is of the superlative quality of an Erikson? Are the footsteps of the psychological biographer always to be dogged by the intractable evidence at his disposal? Is the sense of factuality we derive from a full and careful presentation of the data always going to be at odds with the intuitive sense of psychological actuality we experience when we read a favourite biography, or as we dig deeper into the materials of the life of the man whose biography we are trying to write? Perhaps. However, it may be worth taking the discussion a little farther by considering an approach to biography which has its roots in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. And, if there is anything in it, it may go some way to explain the extraordinary sense of psychological actuality which so many generations of careful readers have experienced when reading that remarkable work.

The impression of psychological actuality that Boswell's portrait of Johnson inspires does not derive, like Erikson's portrait of Luther, from any formally constructed hypothesis about his personality, for there is none. Nor does it derive from any consistent, implied theory of human nature, for metaphysical speculation frightened and perplexed Boswell throughout his life and drove him into fits of depression. The experience of daily life taught him that life was a chaotic sequence of fragmented experiences which seemed to be without form or coherence, a living demonstration of the reality of David Hume's discontinuous present. Yet the facts of human experience must surely have some cumulative consistency; if not, life itself was without meaning. So Boswell believed, as an act of faith, that, if the facts of human experience, his own and Johnson's, were set out systematically, the portrait of a coherent, consistent person must surely and inexorably emerge.

The minute, careful, systematic observation of human behaviour was Boswell's rather desperate stock in trade. Data about Johnson's daily existence were not collected for their memorability in a critical or historical sense. They were collected, as Johnson put it, "to display the minute details of ordinary life". Their purpose was to show Johnson in action as a social creature in a wide range of social situations, some of which developed quite naturally and others which were the product of Boswell's management. Johnson's behaviour was chronicled, just like his own, without any preconceived idea of what makes human behaviour consistent and what impels men to act as they do. But he does have a deep sense of what are the proper data for such a study.

What is so striking about the presentation of these anecdotes is how systematically they are constructed. Boswell first defines the social context within which the action takes place. Johnson is shown making an observation to his audience and, by so doing, assuming a role which he will try to sustain throughout the encounter. Boswell usually tells us what the audience's response is and also, if necessary, what Johnson does in order to sustain his role. The interesting situations are those in which Johnson is described as feeling under pressure during the encounter. Sometimes he senses that he is under attack. More often he senses that someone in his audience (usually Boswell) is not going to act out the role which Johnson had expected or hoped. Boswell then records the tactics which Johnson employs to defend himself and to restore order to this little world by assigning himself and his audience to roles which they will understand and, with luck, adopt.

In collecting and presenting his anecdotes in this way, Boswell was showing a remarkable sensitivity to the sort of data which a modern student of social psychology would want to employ in the study of a face-to-face interaction situation. It is also the sort of data which is relevant to the study of human behaviour that Adam Smith had made in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. Boswell knew Smith well and greatly admired him, and may well have heard the lectures from which this book derived during his student days at Glasgow. I suspect that any sense of psychological actuality that the *Life of Johnson* inspires would be described more properly as psycho-social realism, and that this is an avenue which it is well worth the biographer's while to explore.

It is customary to think that the *Life of Johnson* is unique because the weight of the evidence is anecdotal and unmatched in the case of the lives of other men. This belief is reinforced by Johnson's own dictum that truthful biography can be written only by someone who has lived in close contact with his subject. This seems to me to be too narrow a view. Consider again the biographer's growing sense of intimacy with his subject, which develops as the biographer increasingly immersed in data of his hero's life. I gested that this sense of stems from the feeling hero's life has a consiste can be sensed even if we define it or explain its ori effect of consistency has need not be exclusively primarily neurotic (altho biographer who ignores lem will clearly find hi trouble). Its roots may the covert rather than fest content of the evid derive from the fact that seen a character in counte tions in which he is interac a great many individua variety of ways. In time, to see him as an active, ing agent with different tions of himself and his in different situations, ing, as Adam Smith memora it, to be respected and resp to be loved and to be lovely.

Now this information is contained in accounts of face encounters. Every document composes is a communica If we read a man's corresp with a particular person learn what each party exp the other; in other words, try to grasp the rules which that correspondence and rela to those which govern the relations with other correspo In the same way, we can lea a man interacts with himself study of his diary or journal the audience is an alter eg Adam Smith called an Imp Spectator, a detached, symp and observant bystander expectations of the author directly from the author's expectations of the ordinary The job of the diarist is to alter ego what he would w hear about the business of th and to tell it in the way wh would appreciate most. The tion of the journal must be to be to give the author th that is hoped for in every interaction. Thus we can exp journal to be a record of anxiety and personal confusio if the author's alter ego will sympathetically to it. If he w do so, the author will have to his anxiety or terminate his j

Where I suspect this sor analysis breaks down on pr (though not theoretical) grou in the analysis of most treatis works of art. In such cases, fo most part, there is no cl defined specific audience with the author is interacting, as is in the case of a face-to-face counter, a correspondence journal. To ask what a philosop audience is and what are his pectations of it is to ask a virt unanswerable question. When first begins to think aroun problem in conversation, it is thing. When he reviews the gress of his thought a month after having read several books the subject, it is another. When drafts a chapter of his book for first time two years later, it is thing else. And so on. The patte of interaction that develop as author constructs a book are alm certainly too complex to be sed. Probably all that could said is that any author velops, in time, an internal impa spectator for whom, as his w advances, he will write increasin often. But again, I doubt wheth we can do more than bear in m such a spectator and respond tuitively to evidence which sugge his presence.

The attraction of the sort of lysis I have sketched out is that provides an approach to biogra cal data that does recognize the portance of assessing, as far as sible, the psychological content each particular piece of evide And, if you believe that the be biographies are those which ma fullest use of the available data, th is no small matter. Such an ap proach also has the merit of havin its roots in the ordinary, intuitiv grasp that the biographer has of th personality of his hero. Psychobio graphers will object that it remain an essentially descriptive approa to biography. Traditional bio graphers will rightly claim that diverts attention from their tim honoured duty of studying the h torically significant actions of a markable man. No doubt. But least it offers the possibility bringing a little more psychologica precision to the analysis of the be haviour of an interesting huma being about whom we know know nothing for certain beyond what is contained in the data he ha left behind him.

Orgia with the Borgias

By Michael Mallett

E. R. CHAMBERLIN :
The Fall of the House of Borgia
347pp. Temple Smith. £3.95.

One of the effects of current inflationary pressures in the publishing world has been to shift the interest of commercial publishers away from "academic" history towards "popular" history. The search to reach the last vestiges of a book-buying public has led to a pressure for popularization of the most blatant kind, perhaps associated with the belief that the only hope for commercial viability lies in tapping a wide American market. But, while it may be true that history to be popular must be discreetly overpainted and to some extent simplified, it cannot retain the title of history if it is manifestly inaccurate. Nor can such popularization shelter behind the excuse that the spirit of a period can be captured and transmitted even if the historical detail is at times misused. Historical intuition can only be based on correct historical facts in so far as they are ascertainable; the idea that somehow we can understand without knowing is one of the great modern educational fallacies. *The Fall of the House of Borgia* is described on the dust cover as "popular history on a grand scale". Whether "grand scale" is a permissible description depends to some extent on one's view of the Hollywood epic style in which it is written, but "history" is one thing which it most certainly is not.

E. R. Chamberlin, despite his title, has set out to tell the complete story of Alexander VI and his immediate family as Spanish interlopers on the Italian Renaissance scene. The story is introduced by an imaginative description of the historical and physical background which must rank as one of the most misleading accounts of Renaissance Italy to appear in recent years. The populations of the major cities are doubled and trebled to create the grand scale; Naples becomes the largest city in mid-fifteenth-century Europe with a population of "nearly a million" (212,000 in 1547 is Beloch's probably conservative estimate); Florence enjoys "fantastically growing wealth" despite the major controversy which has raged for more than twenty years about Renaissance economic depression; even distances are magnified to create the desired effect as travellers take *eighteen days* to go from Florence to Naples.

Such licence becomes more justifiable when applied to the personalities of the period and Mr Chamberlin achieves some lively insights into the contradictory characters of his main dramatis personae, Alexander, Cesare, and Lucrezia. But the secondary figures often emerge as grotesque caricatures; Calixtus III is still the scarcely literate miser of Vespasiano da Bisticci, and Caterina Sforza remains the prototype virago of nineteenth-century Romantics. Giovanni da Castro, the fortunate prospector who discovered the Tolfa alum deposits, becomes, for the purposes of the story, a Florentine rather than a local from Castro as logic suggests, or a Paduan as some historians maintain.

A typical example of Mr Chamberlin's technique is his discussion of the fortresses of the Romagna and the contemporary role of artillery. When he wishes to emphasize how easily Cesare took Imola in 1499, the fortress is described as weak and traditional, and the bombardment as "desultory". However, when later it is the strength of Cesare's artillery which needs to be emphasized, we are regaled with a quotation about the continuous thunder of the guns bombarding Imola being heard on the Florentine frontier miles away. In fact Imola, like many of the Romagna fortresses, had been remodelled in the second half of the fifteenth century and was far from being a traditional fortification. In the few serious sieges of this period it was frequently demonstrated that defensive measures had more than kept up with the artillery developments of which this author makes so much. Faenza, as he admits, withstood Cesare's artillery for more than six months, and it is manifestly absurd to suggest that the French army in 1494 had "far more guns than had existed throughout Italy" when we know that even a modest city was defended by more pieces than Charles VIII possessed.

It is the whole historical framework of the book which is its great weakness, but at the same time the solutions proposed to some of the main problems of Borgia history are far too clear-cut and often contradictory. There is little evidence that Cesare had a violent hatred of Juan in the years 1492-97, and as Mr Chamberlin seems in any case to be dubious about whether Cesare murdered his brother there is little point in building up the picture of such a hatred.

The idea that Cesare completely dominated his father in the later years can be refuted by much evidence, and indeed it is refuted in this book on the very page after the point has been made. The title of the book is apparently based on the belief that the fall of the Borgias started with the abandonment of the Spanish alliance in 1498, but this view is contradicted by the subsequent growing power and importance of Cesare in Italy and that of his father in European politics. These are genuine matters for debate, although they are debates which deserve to be conducted on the basis of a more complete view of the known facts. Here the bibliography and the notes, many of which are alarmingly inaccurate, reveal a perfunctory awareness of some of the main sources, but an almost complete ignorance of much of the recent secondary literature.

Intelligent conjecture is a necessary method in writing the story of the Borgias, and Mr Chamberlin shows himself capable of this, but all too frequently a fascination with the more lurid aspects gets the better of him. He tries to have the best of both worlds by describing with relish all the more notorious scandals attributed to the Borgias, while at the same time recognizing that they are to a large extent exaggerated or even mythical. There will be few whose moral sensibilities will be newly outraged by this latest catalogue of the supposed iniquities of the Borgias; those who may be outraged will be the many who seek from popular history to be informed as well as entertained.

Classes of Castile

By Roger Highfield

DON JUAN MANUEL :
Libro de los Estados
Edited by R. B. Tate and I. R. Macpherson
322pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £12.

Of the five great Castilian aristocratic writers of the Middle Ages—Don Juan Manuel, López de Ayala, the Marquis of Santillana, Gómez and Jorge Manrique—the first and earliest in date, Don Juan Manuel (1282-1348), if neither a chronicler nor a man of letters nor a poet, was the most prolific and the highest born. As the grandson of St Ferdinand and the nephew of King Alfonso the Wise, he belonged to the blood royal and at the same time, by his first marriage to Isabel, daughter of Jaime II of Majorca, he was closely related to the royal houses of Majorca and Aragon.

Three of his writings—the *Libro de las Armas*, the *Libro del Cavallero* and the *Libro de la Caza*—reflect the expected preoccupations of a medieval aristocrat in war, chivalry and the chase. But his most famous works—*El Conde Lucanor* and the *Libro de los Estados*—show that, despite his own disclaimers of learning (he wrote in the vernacular and claimed to be no specialist in Latin), he was a highly sophisticated man of wide-ranging moral and political interests.

The Libro de los Estados is didactic as well as being an "elaborate examination of the conscience of a Castilian nobleman in the early fourteenth century". Don Juan Manuel's view of the Estates and of their different duties is seen against the background of the great debate over the powers of Pope and Emperor and of the secular monarchies, which had come to a head under Boniface VIII and Philip IV of France, and which had continued in the contest between John XXII and the Emperor Lewis of Bavaria. It is also developed in the light of the theological revolution which had led to the triumph of Aquinas and Thomism over the pseudo-Augustinians. Don Juan Manuel was a patron of the Dominicans (he founded the friary of Peñafiel and left his manuscripts and his body to their care), and Dominican influences can be clearly traced in his book.

For historians the main interest of the work must derive from the fact that this medieval commentator on the morals and politics of his day was a vigorous participant in the fierce internal struggles of the reigns of Ferdinand IV and Alfonso XI of Castile. In his role as Adelantado of Murcia and of the Frontier he also knew the realities of campaigns against the Moors. (He was present at the battle of Salado in 1340.)

His preference for the *vita activa et contemplativa*, rather than monastic withdrawal, was reflected not only in his patronage of the Dominicans but also in his own life. Here he resembles another "valiant lord" of the fourteenth century who was also an author—the Englishman, Henry Grosmont, Duke of Lancaster, whose allegorical *Livre de Seyntz Medecines* was written (in 1354) between campaigns. Though this work and the *Libro de los Estados* are very different, both show a remarkable freshness and both bear striking testimony to the "intellectual capacity of the warrior class" of Western Europe in the fourteenth century. The *Libro de los Estados* is, moreover, no mere political tract. Don Juan Manuel adapts for his own purposes the well-known Eastern story of Barlaam and Josaphat and intersperses his description of the roles of rulers, nobles and commoners with lively and delightful stylistic sallies.

The text of the one surviving manuscript—Biblioteca Nacional 6376 (S 34)—has been fully and scrupulously edited by R. B. Tate and I. R. Macpherson. The previous editions by Gayangos, Benavides and Castro y Calvo are all shown to have been highly unsatisfactory for many reasons, in Gayangos's case because he seems to have altered his text without notice and to have employed amanuenses. In addition to two plates illustrating the manuscript and a letter in the author's hand taken from the archives of the Crown of Aragon, the book includes a long and learned account of the orthography, phonology and morphology of the text, six essential genealogical tables, careful notes, a select bibliography and a glossary. As the blurb says, here is "the most comprehensive treatment that this work has received in any language".

Fading Florence

By C. H. Clough

CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT :
The Rise and Fall of the House of Medici
364pp and 43 illustrations. Allen Lane. £4.95.

Heads of the Medici family directed the government of the Florentine state from 1434, with Cosimo's return from exile, until the death of the Grand Duke Giovanni Gastone in 1737. At the beginning of this period the city of Florence dominated the cultural movement now known as the Renaissance, and was one of the most prosperous cities of the world. Three hundred years later tourists remarked on the duchy's pitiable economic condition, and its court was extravagant rather than in the cultural vanguard.

These are the three centuries covered in Christopher Hibbert's *The Rise and Fall of the House of Medici*, which provides a lucid account of the Medici rulers, marshalled in chronological order. As Mr Hibbert himself comments, it is remarkable given the current interest in both Florence and the Renaissance that the most similar work in English in chronological range and general scope appeared as long ago as 1909—G. F. Young's ponderous double-decker, *The Medici*. Ferdinand Schevill's stimulating work of the same title is to be considered rather an essay, and covers only the period to 1574; the longer works by Selwyn Brinton, Collison-Morley and, most recently, Marcel Brion (a very attractive book), similarly all focus on the earlier heads of the family. Not that Mr Hibbert covers his period evenly, for the last century is squashed into some thirty pages.

Both Colonel Young and Mr Hibbert follow the same well-tried recipe of two ingredients in alternate layers: a broad slab of biography in its historical setting, topped with a thinner layer on the arts. But the last two chapters in Mr Hibbert's book are another thing entirely: choice morsels strained from Harold Acton's *The Last Medici*. All in all he is to be congratulated: his ingredients are well blended, his style makes for easy reading, and he delineates character effectively in a few colourful, yet apposite words. The Colonel's flamboyant appendixes are diluted to three, the only one in common being a genealogical table; the other two, "Notes on buildings and works of art", and "The principal Medici portraits, busts and statues in Florence", are original and useful. Mr Hibbert does not furnish authority for what he says, but he does give an ample bibliography. *The Rise and Fall of the House of Medici* provides a judicious synthesis of up-to-date information, and should effectively replace both Young and Schevill. Moreover, it is attractively printed and well presented, with forty-three relevant illustrations of reasonable quality, two maps and an index.

Still, it is not quite what one expects from the title. There is no attempt to define what is meant by rise and fall, and no examination of the factors that brought them about. Indeed, "The House of Medici" is not the book's concern, for only the heads of that family are considered. This is a fundamental point, since in consequence Mr Hibbert's work appears just as old-fashioned as Young's in its failure to ask, let alone try to answer, the questions that family-history entails. It should have been conceived on entirely different lines, so as to give an analysis of the entire family. What at any time occupied its members? How were members of the different branches educated, and into which families did they marry? Were all male members citizens of Florence, and to what guilds were they ascribed? Answers to such questions, of course, require original research, but a family history that attempted them would be amply rewarding and a pioneer work.

The more closely one examines Mr Hibbert's book, the less happy with it one tends to become. Chapters Fifteen and Sixteen are not even about the heads of the Medici, but narrative to bridge the exile of the major branch of the family from Florence from 1494 until 1512. Often there is superficiality. For instance consider Pope Leo X, whose aims are presented as clear-cut and consistent in the early years of his pontificate, when actually they were vacillating; here Francesco Nitti's *Leone X e la sua politica* (1892) should have been consulted. Again, the plot to assassinate Pope Leo X was far more serious and broader-based than appears from Mr Hibbert's narrative, as we know from F. Winspeare's *La congiura dei cardinali contro Leone X* (1957). There is no consideration at all of administration, despite the pointer given by Elena Fasano Guarini's *Lo Stato mediceo di Cosimo I* (1973).

There are few errors of fact, but some may be noted for a subsequent edition. The circumstances concerning Niccolò Niccoli's library should be corrected in the light of B. L. Ullman and P. A. Stadter's *The Public Library of Renaissance Florence* (1972). Cardinal Adriano Castellesi was not English, though for some years he was Cardinal Protector of England. Thomas Linacre did not reach Florence until 1487, and he remained there some three years. Federigo da Montefeltro was only a count in 1472 at Volterra, not a duke, and he did own at least one printed book; Francesco Maria I della Rovere married Eleonora Gonzaga, not Elisabetta; the last Duke of Urbino, Francesco Maria II, was not childless, and the Pope's claims to his duchy became effective with the duke's death, not his abdication. Girolamo Riario did not purchase Forlì in 1480. In 1494 Pisa was visited by Charles VIII and had revolted before Charles arrived in Florence. Cardinal Giovanni de' Medici did not escape by way of Voghiera, or even Voghera which is perhaps what Mr Hibbert intends, but Godiasco. Mr Hibbert mentions or alludes to the *lucco* on at least five occasions, but it is not certain he knows what it was. On page 21 he calls it "dark", yet the quotation on page 59 (which derives from Machiavelli's *Istorie Fiorentine*) correctly indicates it as scarlet, as does the allusion in the context of the gift to Donatello on page 92. Throughout the text, and in the index, Aguadello should read as Agnadello, Cadorna as Cardona, Dietisalvi as Diotisalvi, Pompelo as Pompeo; the plural of Bentivoglio is the same, not Bentivogli.

The Virgilian mode

By C. N. J. Mann

PETRARCH :
Bucolicum Carmen
Translated and Annotated by Thomas G. Bergin
Illustrations by Deane Keller
252pp. Yale University Press. £7.50.

Petrarch himself spoke of his *Bucolicum Carmen*, a collection of twelve Latin eclogues which he wrote and rewrote over a period of some twenty years, as an "ambiguous kind of poem that few might understand but many might find pleasing". Aided by this new translation, modern readers may understand the letter and yet still find the spirit exasperating. But, even within the highly artificial mode of Virgilian pastoral allegory, the range of Petrarch's interests, from the scholarly to the political, and the gamut of his affections, from passion to pedantry, may still be perceived.

English translations of his works, and especially of the essential Latin ones, being few and far between, this contribution by a scholar as distinguished as T. G. Bergin will be welcome. His introduction places the *Bucolicum Carmen* in context, though it relies for details of its diffusion on a study now sorely out of date (there are for instance not twenty-seven but at least sixty-one manuscripts of the whole work in existence). His stately rendering into English hexameters faces the Latin text (essentially that published by Avena in 1906), and is faithful enough to the original to partake on occasions of its obscurity, though this is to some degree remedied by the notes, drawn from a number of sources of varying reliability.

The enterprise, to make Petrarch the scholar and Latin poet accessible to a wider public, is admirable. It is to be regretted that neither the untidy typography nor Deane Keller's crude and inappropriate neo-Hollywood illustrations do justice to it.

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Tamilnad's temples

By J. C. Harle

DOUGLAS BARRETT:
Early Cola Architecture and Sculpture
866-1014 AD
142pp plus 99 illustrations. Faber and Faber. £20.

There is an extraordinary disparity in the quantity, as well as the quality, of the research which has been devoted to the different periods and art forms of the Indian subcontinent. Certain fields—miniature painting in particular—have attracted scrutiny of an intensity not far removed from that which has been devoted to European painting. The most famous monuments have, in most cases but not all, been favoured with major publications. Monographs, often of highly detailed research, exist in abundance; but there is none the less a tendency to favour the areas where a corpus of published knowledge already exists.

In other cases, scholarship tends to follow if not the market then the collectors, but even here the rule is not absolute. Private collections, more than museums, abound in "medieval" sculpture, yet there have been few, if any, large-scale stylistic studies of this rich field, from Gurjara-Pratihara sculpture to that of the Candellas. Those scholars who have spent a lifetime in active work with the sources shy away from the general history, and Coomaraswamy's pioneering work, now nearly fifty years old, still serves as an introduction for many students; such general works as do appear show the same unbalanced concentration on the early periods and those in which scholarship has been active.

The reasons are not hard to seek; some are honourable, some less so. The ruined or fragmentary nature of so much surviving temple architecture, the notorious scarcity of historical sources in the Hindu periods and the all but complete lack of information about the part individuals played in the creation of buildings and sculpture, all place the art historian at a great disadvantage. Added to this, the undoubted inconvenience of doing serious work in the more isolated sites of a huge country, where a way of life has to be adopted which, however delightful in its way, is considerably more arduous than that which confronts the student of the Quattrocento. On the shadier side, the spoliation of temples for profit, thus depriving so many sculptures of any attribution, compounds the difficulties. Finally, and not least, the tendency of some authors to mistake banal exposition for scholarly inquiry and to write the same books over and over again not only perpetuates old errors but gives the impression that far more scholarly material exists than is actually the case.

The situation as regards our knowledge of the art and architecture of Tamilnad, particularly of the earlier period, is far more heartening. Douglas Barrett has done more than anyone to make this so and the world owes him a debt of gratitude, for the sculpture and architecture of the Early Cola period (AD 850 to AD 1014) rank among the world's greatest artistic achievements. True, historical conditions in this largely self-contained region, perhaps the oldest and least changed of all the great entities which constitute India, facilitate the task of the art historian. Far from the main streams of conquest, most of the monuments are still intact and a huge corpus of inscriptions means that the history of Tamilnad is fairly well established. In the districts of South Arcot, Tanjore and Tiruchirapalli, surviving Early Cola temples are as abundant as Norman churches in the English countryside. Finally, the region has been fortunate in the scholars who have investigated its architecture, its superb sculptures in stone and its unequalled bronze statuary, from Jouveau-Dubreuil and Gravely onwards and including K. R. Srinavasan, P. R. Srinavasan, R. Nagaswamy and S. R. Balasubrahmanya. But it is Mr Barrett, with his *Early Cola Bronzes* and now *Early Cola Architecture and Sculpture*, who has written the definitive works on this great period's architecture and sculpture.

Mr Barrett deals with ninety-five temples (Jouveau-Dubreuil mentioned only three), and it is unlikely that more than one or two have escaped him during, as he says, "some dozen cold weather tours". His enumeration of the various elements of the Early Cola temple, and their variations, is exhaustive, although he has omitted to mention that the bases of the *panjaras* of the Brahmapuriśvara at Pullamangal, as opposed to the general base of its *vimāna* and *ardhamandapa*, belong to his type C4.

This is a labour of love, full of that unmistakable intimacy with the material. The temples or the sculpture shown in some fifty of the ninety-nine plates have never been published before. This is a measure of the extent to which Mr Barrett is a pioneer and it adds immensely to the excitement of his book. Yet it tends to detract from it for any but a specialist in the field, since it is virtually impossible to read without S. R. Balasubrahmanyan's two large books on Early Cola art at hand. The reader is referred to them some ninety times for sculpture not illustrated in Mr Barrett's book. One temple is described as the most important of the First Phase (of Mr Barrett's Three Phases) temples as well as the most satisfying to contemplate, and yet there is not one photograph, for the doubtless excellent reason that it is one of the few temples about which an adequate monograph exists.

Considering how much writing in this vein qualifies for "Pseuds Corner", it is a relief to find Mr Barrett's aesthetic evaluations of sculptures limited to single epithets: "mediocre", "incomparable", "splendid"; slightly less sparing in his remarks on the quality of the architecture, he reveals a sensitivity to style fully equal to his critical and historical acumen.

Whether or not Mr Barrett is correct in terminating the Early Cola period with the death of Rājarāja in 1014, instead of his accession in 985, will long be debated. The reason is obviously so as to be able to include all of the benefactions of the great Sembiyan Mahādevi, wife and mother of Cola kings and perhaps the greatest woman patron of fine buildings the world has ever seen. Building in the reign of Rājarāja, moreover, means the Brhadisvara at Tanjore, the tallest and largest temple building (not complex of buildings) in south India. That Mr Barrett has chosen to exclude this not very attractive colossus with its mediocre sculpture is thoroughly understandable but difficult to justify, except on the grounds that it is unique and on a quite different scale from all the other temples so definitively treated in this brilliant, if at times idiosyncratic, book.

Specialist Booksellers' Announcements

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Small and shapely

By Martin S. Newstead

NEIL K. DAVEY:
Netsuke
A comprehensive study based on the M. T. Hindson Collection
Preface by W. W. Winkworth
564pp including 1,322 illustrations. Faber and Faber with Sotheby Parke Bernet Publications. £25.

Neil Davey's *Netsuke* has been impatiently awaited by Netsuke collectors all over the world. It represents a kind of memorial to the late Marc Hindson, the most enthusiastic of Netsuke collectors and scholars. The sale of his collection at Sotheby's during the years 1967-69 was a milestone in the growth of interest in this Japanese miniature art, so strangely neglected by the Japanese themselves. No collection of comparable size or importance had come on the market since the beginning of the century, when such famous collections as those of Seymour Trower and Behrens were sold.

Their catalogues gave the Hindson sales an additional interest. These were prepared, in collaboration with Mr Davey, by Hindson himself, and into them he poured all the knowledge he had acquired during his collecting years. Hindson once told me about his beginnings as a Netsuke collector. Wishing to buy some dice he went into a London shop dealing in ivories and had to wait while another customer was being served. He listened to the conversation between shopkeeper and customer and looked at the little carvings they were discussing. When he left the shop he had bought a little ivory tiger, his first Netsuke. His interest aroused, he sought out all the information about Netsuke he could find. He met the eminent collector W. W. Winkworth and the formidable dealer F. Meinertzhagen, and this Netsuke-devoted trio spent hours during fire-watching duties in the war talking Netsuke and comparing the merits of their latest acquisitions.

Mr Meinertzhagen had been studying affinities between various artists by comparing their style, their carving techniques, the material they used, the subjects represented in their Netsuke, the finish they gave them, and the signature they used. When he published *The Art of the Netsuke Carver* (1956), he had classified most of the better-known artists into schools—Kyoto, Osaka, Tokyo, Nagoya, Iwami, etc—of which he gave tables similar to family trees. The catalogues for the Hindson sales were the first in which the Netsuke to be sold were arranged in accordance with the schools to which their carvers are assumed to have belonged.

Interest in the catalogues persisted well beyond their immediate occasion, and Sotheby's decided to reprint them in book form, entrusting Mr Davey with this task. They could not have made a better choice. Not only is Mr Davey today one of the most knowledgeable men in Netsuke but in his long collaboration with Hindson on the catalogues he got to know the collection almost as well as its owner did. The collection consisted of over 1,300 Netsuke, all of which are fully described by Mr Davey and the majority illustrated; in fact, Mr Davey has been able to add to the number of photographs contained in the original catalogues.

In an introductory chapter Mr Davey sets out very concisely the history of Netsuke, the way they were used, the materials they were made of, the different shapes they were given, the signatures and the "reserves" (lines of various shapes) surrounding them and, last but not least, the school into which the carvers are classified. This is followed by the description, item by item, of the Hindson collection. Before Mr Davey's book, a collector wishing to compare several examples of an artist's work had the tiresome task of looking through all seven catalogues.

Mr Davey has rearranged the material in such a way that all Netsuke originating from the same artist and all artists belonging to the same school are shown together. Each school and each artist is described as fully as possible—the information is, of course, limited. And, most important, the characters used by the artist in his signature are clearly indicated and in most cases a specimen of the signature is given. This will be valuable for collectors seeking to identify some of their own pieces or wishing to study the style of a certain artist or school.

It must be admitted that classification of carvers into schools cannot always be accepted without reservations. Most "Netsuke" carvers were treated as figures of little consequence, and very little is known about their lives. To place a carver into a certain school on the basis of the characteristics of his work must, therefore, be a delicate task. Mr Davey seems to realize this: with a very few exceptions he does not catalogue the carvers' pieces with the schools they are considered to originate from, but arranges them in a separate index according to the subjects they represent.

Mr Davey follows his description of the collection with a very useful "Index of Subjects and a Glossary of Japanese Terms", which brought us to the end of the book we should certainly welcome it not only as a great improvement on the old catalogues but as a valuable contribution to the rather scarce Netsuke bibliography. In fact, we come now to consider the book's most important section. Hindson had for many years compiled a list of artists incorporating all the signatures he had come across in Netsuke and all the names he could find in the existing literature. This index of known artists, containing over 3,000 names, forms the last part of Mr Davey's book. He has added to it and, in some cases, corrected it, but above all he has made the list even more instructive by adding to each artist's name the characters he used in his signature. There are also references which indicate where Hindson found the artist's name.

My only regret is that in this book, as in most postwar publications, the often crucial indication of long vowels in the phonetic transliteration of Japanese names has been completely ignored. As regards illustrations, the blocks made for the sales catalogues had to be used again and, judged by today's standards of printing, they may not satisfy everybody. But they are clear and enable a collector to form a very good opinion of what a piece is like. And this is probably more important than having artistic illustrations because Mr Davey's book is more than an ordinary art book: it is a rich source of information and will be used by Netsuke collectors like an encyclopedia.

From the bazaars of Iran

By J. E. Curtis

P. R. S. MOOREY:
Ancient Persian Bronzes
In the Adam Collection
207pp including 188 illustrations. Faber and Faber. £9.

The bronzes of West Persia have been a favourite target for collectors of antiquities ever since the late 1920s, when they began to appear on the market in quantity. The reasons for this popularity are not far to seek: the more common types are comparatively easy to find, both in the bazaars of Iran and the salerooms and dealers' shops of Western Europe and America; they are often modestly priced and in excellent condition; and some of the decorative pieces incorporating stylized animal and human shapes are very attractive.

Among the collections formed in recent years that of Peter Adam is one of the more important, containing nearly 200 items, many of which are unusual and a few outstanding. Too often, to the great detriment of scientific research, antiquities in private collections never see the light of day and are quite inaccessible to students, but happily in this case a full catalogue has been prepared by P. R. S. Moorey, of the Ashmolean Museum, who has already made himself the undisputed master of this field with his *Catalogue of the Ancient Persian Bronzes in the Ashmolean Museum* (Oxford, 1971). Predictably, the commentary in *Ancient Persian Bronzes* is authoritative and scholarly, and is supplemented by an excellent introduction, which anyone interested in ancient Persian metalwork would be well advised to read. The book is lavishly illustrated, each object having a photograph of its own, sometimes in colour, though in some cases the photographs do not reach the high standard set by the accompanying text.

The problems facing the student of ancient Persian metalwork have in a way been created by its popularity among collectors and museums. The keen demand for all sorts of pieces has encouraged dealers to obtain fresh stocks whenever possible, which at the local level has resulted in clandestine excavations by tribesmen in several parts of Iran. In this way many ancient cemeteries and shrines have been systematically looted, and information about the contexts from which the excavated items come—so essential to the archaeologist—has been irretrievably lost. Admittedly some controlled excavations have produced material with which the unprovenanced pieces may be compared (those at Marlik just south of the Caspian Sea and War Kabud in Luristan are good examples), but there will have to be many more before the sort of information that we so badly need can be assembled. As Dr Moorey remarks in his preface, the study of ancient Persian metalwork "is in the first instance a salvage operation, a slow process of assembling, sorting and sifting, which is still very much in the initial stages".

Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulties a significant advance in the study of Persian bronzes has been made in the past decade, thanks largely to the author of this catalogue. We are now in a position to recognize two major centres of production, although not always to distinguish between their respective products, the first in the west of Iran in the district corresponding to the modern provinces of Luristan and south Kurdistan, and the second the area around the town of Amlash on the south shore of the Caspian Sea. The Luristan industry flourished between the eleventh and eighth centuries BC; earlier pieces from Luristan are known, some dating back to the third millennium (indeed they are represented in the Adam collection), but they are not distinctively local, having much in common with the metalwork of Babylonia to the west and Elam to the south. None of the so-called "Amlash bronzes", on the other hand, appear to be earlier than c 1400 BC. Thus it is not possible to date many items with some degree of confidence, but little is known about the economic and social climate in which they were manufactured. For whom the bronzes were made, where the raw materials came from, and what produced the impetus necessary for the establishment of such thriving industries are still questions which remain largely unanswered.

Most of the pieces in the Adam Collection can be attributed to either Luristan or "Amlash"—north-west Persia—and fall within the date ranges indicated above, but a few objects date from the later Parthian and Sasanian periods. The collection incorporates a wide range of material, horse cheek-pieces and axe-heads being especially well represented. Items that may be singled out as being of particular interest include a fine bronze quiver-plaque with embossed and chased designs in five registers and a bronze bowl decorated with a narrative scene which apparently shows a prisoner being executed by an archer. In addition, the publication of several more bronzes with cuneiform inscriptions is especially welcome, since the latter often provide new historical information and sometimes indicate quite precise dates for the objects with which they are associated.

At the end of the catalogue there is a short appendix devoted to the gold and silver objects among which is a magnificent silver beaker decorated with friezes of goats reminiscent of those on the gold goblet excavated at Marlik.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

LIBRARIANS

ASTON IN BIRMINGHAM
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ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from GRADUATE CHARTERED LIBRARIANS (preferably with a degree in Science or Engineering) for a post as Assistant Librarian (Cataloguer).

Knowledge of Marc and some experience in a computer situation would be an advantage.

Salary within the Scale £2,118 to £3,060 per annum, plus threshold allowance, starting point according to qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further particulars from the Staff Officer, The University of Aston in Birmingham, Gosta Green, Birmingham, B4 7ET, quoting reference number 6/61/TLS.

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To ensure that children using the library are introduced to a wide range of children's literature and library activities, i.e., pre-school rhymes, competitions and talks. To advise parents and teachers on children's book selections, and to assist with the control and selection of stock and all clerical duties.

Ideally applicants should have experience with children in this capacity and have parts 1 and 2 Library Association Examination.

Application form from the Borough Librarian, West Hill District Library, Wandsworth, S.W.18. Tel. 01-874 1143.

BUCKINGHAM UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
LIBRARY—CLASSIFIER

APPLICANTS should be CHARTERED LIBRARIANS with experience of classifying by Dewey.

The Library of this new, privately-financed College is concentrating initially on Law, Economics, History, Politics, Life Sciences and Mathematics.

Salary, £2,800 p.a.; university superannuation.

Particulars from the Librarian, Buckingham MK18 1EG. Closing date: 10th February, 1975.

LONDON BOROUGH OF BRENT
LIBRARY SERVICE
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
Librarian's Grade £2,026-£3,028 inc.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for a POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Application forms from the Administration Manager, Room 905, Brent House, High Road, Wembley, Middlesex, returnable by 31st January, 1975. Telephone 01-903 0371 (24 hour Ansafone service). Reference number A/17 must be quoted.

CHELSEA COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

APPLICATIONS are invited for the appointment of LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the College Library. Library experience an advantage. Salary, according to age and experience, on Scale £1,317 to £2,311, plus £270 Supplementary London Allowance and £229.68 threshold payments. 35-hour week.

Applications, with the names of two referees, to the Librarian, Chelsea College, Manresa Road, London SW3 6LX, as soon as possible.

CHESTERFIELD COLLEGES OF ART AND TECHNOLOGY

Chartered Librarian required for the post of DEPUTY TUTOR LIBRARIAN. Teaching experience and a knowledge of the literature of art and design subjects would be considered advantages. Salary, Burnham Lecturer Grade I (at present £1,820 to £2,874 or £3,045 but under review).

Application forms, please quote ref. 414(b), and further particulars from the Chief Administrative Officer, College of Technology, Infirmary Road, Chesterfield, to whom the completed forms should be returned by Monday, 3rd February, 1975.

DUNDEE COLLEGE OF EDUCATION
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified LIBRARIANS with appropriate experience, for the post of Senior Assistant Librarian in charge of cataloguing in the College Library.

The salary scale is £2,604 to £3,450 plus threshold agreements and placing will be given according to experience.

For further details and an application form write to the Principal, Dundee College of Education, Park Place, Dundee DD1 4HP, to whom completed forms should be returned by 3 February, 1975.

UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN OR SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Honours GRADUATES with professional qualifications and/or experience for a POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN or SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Candidates should have good academic qualifications in Chemistry and/or Physics and an interest in developing Library resources and services including "information retrieval" in this area. Salary will initially be within the range £2,118-£2,787 on the scale £2,118-£4,896 plus F.S.S.U.

Applications (one copy only) with a curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of two persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent to the Establishment Officer, University of East Anglia, Norwich NR4 7TJ, to arrive by 7 February, 1975, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

FEMALE LIBRARY ASSISTANT

In early twenties for general duties in a special library. Work includes the supply of materials to a wide range of readers, assessioning of new stock and general library duties. Experience in a specialized or academic library and ability to type essential. At least two "A" levels or equivalent. Salary by negotiation between £1,650 and £1,700, three weeks' holiday and hours 9 to 5 and 4.30 on Fridays.

No Saturdays and no evenings.

Apply the Librarian, The Royal Town Planning Institute, 26 Portland Place, W1N 4BE. 01-636 9107.

GUILDHALL LIBRARY
PRINTS AND MAPS DEPARTMENT
RESEARCH ASSISTANT

Required for the Prints and Maps Department of the new Guildhall Library. Salary in Corporation of London Scales I-III rising to £3,280 plus threshold payments. Applicants should be Chartered Librarians preferably with experience in the field of maps or prints.

Form and further details from Librarian, Guildhall Library, London EC2P 2EJ. Closing date Saturday, 8th February.

GLASGOW AND WEST OF SCOTLAND COLLEGE OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE (Incorporated)
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

A Chartered Librarian is required to assist in the administration of a developing college library. Experience of college library work and/or cataloguing would be an advantage. Five-day week.

Salary scale: Grade I (graduates), £2,001 to £3,573 per annum; Grade II (non-graduates), £2,202 to £3,114 per annum; plus threshold agreement allowance.

Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the Secretary and Treasurer, 1 Park Drive, Glasgow G3 6LP, to whom the forms should be returned not later than Friday, 14th February, 1975.

HITCHIN COLLEGE

TUTOR LIBRARIAN (Burnham Lecturer Grade I) required for Easter 1975.

Applicants should be chartered librarians.

For further details and application forms apply to the Principal, Hitchin College, Cambridge Road, Hitchin, Herts.

Closing date for applications: 4th February, 1975.

HARINGEY
LIBRARIES MUSEUM AND ARTS SERVICE
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applicants should have passed Part 2 of the Library Association and are required to have a broad experience of library professional duties at an appropriate level, in a Children's and Schools' Library.

Salary within the scale of £3,028 to £3,370 including threshold payment.

Assisted car purchase facilities in appropriate cases, annual bonus for continuous service, and disturbance/travelling allowances.

Full details and application forms from Controller, Libraries, Museum and Arts Department, Central Offices, Bruce Castle, Lordship Lane, London, N.17 8NU returnable by 7th February 1975.

INFORMATION LIBRARY
UNILEVER

A small Divisional Library within Public Affairs Section needs someone lively and capable to assist the Librarian. The Deputy will work closely with the Managers in the Section and will need to be interested in current affairs and the business world. The work in the Library will involve contact with Unilever personnel at all levels as well as the public.

Previous library experience and a good education are necessary. Salary according to age and experience up to £2,650 (inclusive of London Allowance).

Application form obtainable from Miss Julia Household, Staff Department, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London EC4P 4BQ. Telephone (01) 353 7474 Extension 3063. For further information concerning the vacancy please telephone Miss Stanforth—Extension 2988.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON
COURTAULD INSTITUTE OF ART

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the Book Library of the Institute, which is a large art-historical collection serving the teaching and research needs of the Institute.

This post is primarily suitable for an applicant who, having completed some or all of the examinations leading to the Associateship of the Library Association, needs a further period of service in a recognized library in order to become a Chartered Librarian. An ability to type, an interest in the History of Art, and some linguistic knowledge, are also highly desirable for this post.

Initial salary within the scale £1,203 to £1,815 subject to revision (plus London Weighting and Threshold Supplement), depending on age, experience, and qualifications.

Before applying, write for further details to the Librarian (Book Library), 20 Portman Square, London W1H 0BE. Applications are returnable by 14th February, 1975, but some interviews may be held before that date.

LONDON, SE18 6PF
THAMES POLYTECHNIC
LIBRARY ASSISTANTS
(Two posts)

required for varied duties in the Polytechnic Library at Woolwich. Minimum of five G.C.E. "O" level passes required. Some typing desirable. Previous library experience an advantage. Commencing salary on Clerical Officer scale, up to £2,461 per annum including London weighting allowance and threshold payments.

Details and application form to be returned by 4 February, 1975 from the Secretary, Thames Polytechnic, Wellington Street, London, SE18 6PF, (01-854 2030 Ext. 3091).

LONDON SCHOOL OF HYGIENE AND TROPICAL MEDICINE
(University of London)
Keppel Street, WC1E 7HT

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN required to fill a post with responsibilities in readers' services and in serials control. Salary within the range £1,503 to £1,737 or, if qualified, £1,815 to £2,652 plus annual London Weighting of £270 and "threshold" payments of approximately £229.

Library school leavers considered. Four weeks' annual holidays, other benefits including superannuation.

Apply in writing, marking the envelope "Personal", to the Librarian, by 3 February, 1975.

LANARKSHIRE
COATBRIDGE LIBRARIES
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for a POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in Coatbridge Libraries, Lanarkshire. Salary scale £2,055 to £2,638 plus threshold allowance. Librarians who are not yet Chartered may be considered, salary being £1,923 to £1,986. Placing on the Librarians' scale will be given according to experience.

Applications giving the names of two referees should be sent to the undersigned, from whom further details may be obtained if required, by Monday, 3rd February.

Miss Alice K. Baird M.A., B.L.E., Librarian and Clerk, Carnegie Public Library, Academy Street, Coatbridge, Lanarkshire.

LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
HYNDBURN DISTRICT LIBRARIES

Qualifications: L.A. Examination Part 1.

Salary: Librarians' Scale £1,536 to £2,187.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above POST.

Salary starting points commensurate with qualifications and experience.

The appointment is superannuable and subject to certificate of fitness.

Application (naming two referees) by letter to the County Librarian, 143 Corporation Street, Preston, PR1 8RH, by 31st January, 1975.

CITY OF MANCHESTER
CULTURAL SERVICES DEPARTMENT
PRECINCT CENTRE LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified and experienced LIBRARIANS for the following POSTS in the Precinct Centre Library which is scheduled to open in April, 1975:

(1) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Lending Services.
(2) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Reference Services.
(3) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Children's Services.

Salaries. Post 1 Librarian's Scale (£1,536-£2,638). Posts 2 and 3 Librarian's Scale (B) (£1,536-£2,187).

Further details and application forms are available from the Principal Assistant: Personnel, Central Library, St. Peter's Square, Manchester, M2 5PD. Closing date is Saturday, 15th February, 1975.

NORFOLK COUNTY COUNCIL
CENTRAL LIBRARY
GREAT YARMOUTH
EAST NORFOLK DIVISION
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
Librarians Scale £1,536 to £2,638

Applicants should be qualified Librarians for the above post which is mainly concerned with the Divisional Request Service.

The County Council will reimburse 100 per cent of the cost of removal expenses and up to £250 disturbance allowance.

Application forms and further particulars can be obtained from the Divisional Librarian, Central Library, Tolhouse Street, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, to whom applications should be sent within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY COUNCIL
COUNTY LIBRARY
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS invited from qualified librarians for the POST which is based on the Blyth Valley Area. Chartered librarians are preferred but consideration will be given to applicants who have passed the Final Examination of the Library Association, or the equivalent.

Salary is on Librarian's Grade, £1,536-£2,638, with a minimum salary of £2,055 for Chartered Librarians, plus threshold of £230.

Further details and application forms returnable by 7th February, from the County Librarian, County Central Library, The Willows, Morpeth NE61 1TA, Northumberland (Tel. Morpeth 2386).

PUBLIC HEALTH LABORATORY SERVICE
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Preference will be given to graduate with Library qualifications, medical or scientific library experience and knowledge of languages. Salary within scale £2,196-£3,076 plus £126 London Weighting and Threshold Payment. Applications with names and addresses of two referees to Personnel Officer, Central Public Health Laboratory, London NW9 5HT.

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Requires a
COMPUTER INFORMATION OFFICER

Duties will include compiling and updating indexes (some held on computer), maintaining and increasing trade literature collection, enquiry work from within the company and from its clients, participating in and possibly managing research projects and market studies. Some library/information work training and/or experience helpful. Interest in computers and indexes essential. Location within easy reach of Surbiton and Kingston railway stations and shops. Salary £1,750-£2,200 negotiable.

Contact Georgina Dodd, PAL, 51 Portland Road, Kingston upon Thames KT1 2SH or telephone 01-546 9877.

British Steel Corporation — Head Office

Library and Central Registry Assistants

LIBRARY ASSISTANT
The Assistant will be required to undertake routine duties in connection with the large multinational collection of journals to deal with readers' enquiries and to keep records and collection up-to-date.

CENTRAL REGISTRY ASSISTANT
The Assistant will be required to file letters, reports and documents from all departments in Head Office. All items filed are indexed and must be readily found when required.

Candidates for both vacancies should preferably be of 'O' level standard. Some experience in libraries or in indexing would be an advantage and an ability to work on their own initiative is essential. Assistants work with people of their own age, and benefit from the social club which caters for a wide variety of interests, a subsidised restaurant and bar and 17 days annual holiday.

Women working on a part-time basis would be considered for these posts.

Applicants should telephone or write (quoting reference no. HO14/B) to:
Mrs. H. Anderson, Personnel Officer,
BRITISH STEEL CORPORATION,
P.O. Box No. 403, Grosvenor Place, London, SW1X 7JG
Tel: 01-235 1212 Extension 4064/4652.

SCOTTISH COLLEGE OF TEXTILES
LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the above-mentioned post. The duties are primarily concerned with cataloguing, classifying and indexing, and lecturing on the use of the library. Candidates should have passed any of the examinations qualifying for the Associateship of the Library Association, and preferably should possess a university degree.

Commencing salary, which is under review, will be in the range: £2,418-£3,249 (Graduate); £2,001-£2,832 (Non-graduate).

Applicants should write before 7th February giving names and addresses of two referees to the Principal, Scottish College of Textiles, Galashiels TD1 3HF.

WALSALL METROPOLITAN BOROUGH
LIBRARIES & MUSEUM SERVICES

COMMUNITY LIBRARIAN, A.P.4
£2,607-£2,880 p.a. plus Threshold

APPLICATIONS are invited from Chartered Librarians for the POST of COMMUNITY LIBRARIAN at a New branch library due to open September, 1975, in a large Comprehensive School and Community Centre. The post carries responsibility for the development of both the public and the school library service in the Centre.

Further details and application form, returnable by 10th February, from Director of Libraries and Museum Services, Central Library, Lichfield Street, Walsall, West Midlands.

CITY OF WAKEFIELD METROPOLITAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
EDUCATIONAL SERVICES LIBRARIES

ARCHIVIST, SO1 (£3,201 to £3,573) plus threshold payment.

Applicants should hold the Diploma in Archives Administration, or equivalent qualification and have had relevant experience.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Pontefract, Librarian Scale/APIV (£1,536 to £2,880) plus threshold payments.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, Hemsworth, Librarian Scale (£1,536 to £2,538) plus threshold payments.

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians, but applications will be considered also from Librarians who have completed professional examinations but are not yet on the Register of Chartered Librarians.

Further details for all the above posts and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Town Hall, Wakefield, to be returned by the 5th February, 1975.

CITY OF WAKEFIELD METROPOLITAN DISTRICT COUNCIL
WAKEFIELD AREA HEALTH AUTHORITY

EDUCATION SERVICES—LIBRARIES LIBRARIAN—PONTEFRACT POST GRADUATE MEDICAL CENTRE
Librarians' Scale A.P.I V (under review) plus threshold payments

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians, preferably with relevant qualifications and/or experience.

The Librarian appointed will be on the staff of the City of Wakefield Metropolitan District Council seconded to the Area Health Authority. Conditions of service will be in line with those adopted by the District Council. Hours of duty will total 37 hours per week (average) but duty rotas may include work outside normal office hours.

Further details and application form from the Secretary, Town Hall, Wakefield, to be returned by the 5th February, 1975.

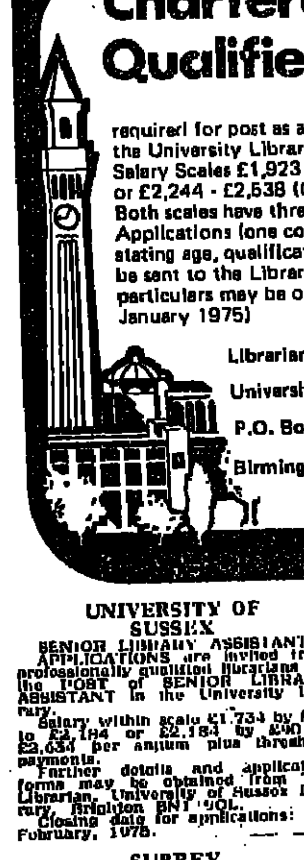
BOROUGH OF WOLVERHAMPTON
BRANCH LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited from CHARTERED LIBRARIANS or those who have completed the appropriate examinations.

Salary on Librarians Scale £1,536 to £2,634 per annum plus threshold payments. Superannuable post, medical examination.

Applications with names of two referees to Chief Librarian, Snow Hill, Wolverhampton, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

University of Birmingham



Chartered (or Qualified) Librarian

required for post as assistant in Reader Services in the University Library.
Salary Scales £1,923 - £2,187 (Qualified Librarian) or £2,244 - £2,538 (Chartered Librarian)
Both scales have threshold payments in addition.
Applications (one copy) naming two referees and stating age, qualifications and experience should be sent to the Librarian (from whom further particulars may be obtained, not later than 20th January 1975)

Librarian, Main Library,
University of Birmingham
P.O. Box 363,
Birmingham B15 2TT

UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX
SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT.

APPLICATIONS are invited from professionally qualified librarians for the POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the University Library.

Salary within scale £1,734 by £78 to £2,184 or £2,184 by £90 to £2,634 per annum plus threshold payments.

Further details and application forms may be obtained from The Librarian, University of Sussex Library, Brighton BN1 9QL.

Closing date for applications: 7th February, 1975.

SURREY COUNTY COUNCIL
REDHILL TECHNICAL COLLEGE
LIBRARIAN

A vacancy exists for a Librarian to take charge of the expanding College Library and the audio visual aids resource centre.

Now facilities, a progressive climate and a determination to make an impact on the community provides an opportunity which will attract a Chartered Librarian with enthusiasm and imagination.

The basic salary range is £1,869 to £3,633 plus threshold and London Weighting (£141), the starting point in accordance with qualifications and experience.

Local Government conditions of service. Relocation allowance and mortgage facilities available in approved cases.

The appointment can commence as soon as possible.

Further details and application forms available from The Chief Administrative Officer, Redhill Technical College, Gatton Point, Redhill RH1 2JX.

University of Dublin — Trinity College

ASSISTANT LIBRARIANS

Two posts of Assistant Librarian are to be filled.

(a) Assistant Librarian to take charge of the Arts Library (primarily an undergraduate lending library for Arts and Social Sciences). Applicants should be graduates with extensive experience of reader services work in an academic library.

(b) Assistant Librarian to take charge of the Bookstacks both within the College and at the Book Repository.

Applicants should be graduates with experience of bookstack organization in an academic library.

Salary will be on the scale £3,058 p.a.-£4,248 p.a., plus marriage and children's allowances paid by the College. There is a non-contributory pension scheme (transfer can be made from FSSU and other pension schemes).

Further particulars may be obtained from the Staff Secretary, Trinity College, Dublin 2. Applications for these posts should reach the Staff Secretary by Friday, 21st February, 1975.

Special Announcement to Booksellers

On February 21st the T.L.S. will publish a Display Advertisement Feature, on the back page to publicise the Provincial Booksellers Fair to be held in Exeter on March 1st and 2nd.

All Exhibitors at this Fair are invited to announce their participation and enquiries about advertising in this feature, and subsequent Booksellers Fair Features should be addressed to Miss Lesley Woodcock, T.L.S Advertisement Department, Times Newspapers Ltd., P.O. Box 7, New Printing House Square, Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8EZ. Telephone number: 01-837 1234 extension 437.

APPOINTMENTS

Cumbria County Council

Library

Assistant Schools and Children's Librarian

for School Library Services (West Division). Whitehaven, Cumbria.

The Cumbria Schools Library Service is a rapidly expanding service giving opportunities for wide experience both in Library Service to Education and work with young children.

Librarian's scale. Medical clearance. Post Superannuable.

Application forms, returnable by 10th February, 1975, and further information from the Assistant County Librarian, Education, Youth, Schools and Media Service, 1 Portland Square, Carlisle.

A. Fraser, Director of Legal and Administrative Services.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMUNICATION AND EUROPEAN STUDIES

Lecturer in Librarianship

Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Librarianship. Candidates must be qualified Librarians with a degree or equivalent qualification or experience related to European languages or studies.

Salary : Li £1,800-£2,874 (£1,686-£2,653)
Lii £2,700-£3,474 (£2,670-£4,479)
Plus threshold allowance of £229 p.a.

Salary in brackets is Houghton recommendation, which is subject to ratification.

Further details and application forms (to be returned by 17th February), may be obtained from the Bursar, Brighton Polytechnic, Moulsecoomb, Brighton, BN2 4FD Tel. 0273 67309.

Brighton Polytechnic

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARIES

LIBRARIAN

Chesterfield Central Library

SO. 1 (£3,201-£3,573) Plus threshold of £229 a year

Applications are invited for the above post from Chartered Librarians with good administrative experience and an interest in the development of links between the library service and other organisations in the community.

Further details and application forms are available from the County Librarian, County Offices, Smedley Street, Matlock DE4 3AG. Closing date : 5th February, 1975.

RURAL SERVICES LIBRARIAN

SUDBURY

Post N17

up to £2,538 per annum

Versatile, enthusiastic and committed Librarians are invited to apply for this post. The job involves responsibility for a rural mobile library service and four part-time libraries. The person appointed will be a member of the Divisional Management Team which is involved in the full range of management decisions in the County Library. Applicants should be qualified Librarians and be able to drive a car.

Special supplement under Threshold Agreement of £229.68 per annum is payable as an addition to salary.

For a job description and application form please contact the Area Librarian, Library Administration Unit, Shire Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. If you would like to discuss this job, please telephone Mr. H. I. Hammond at Bury St. Edmunds 63141, Extension 381.

Suffolk County Council

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

Senior Assistants

at the following :—

COUNTY REFERENCE LIBRARY, AYLESBURY
MARLOW LIBRARY
HQ. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SECTION, AYLESBURY

Salary on scale AP 3 £2,187-£2,538 + £229 p.a.

Threshold Agreement. Minimum qualification : Chartered Librarian.

NJC Conditions of Service. Successful applicants subject to medical examination. Removal expenses of up to £150 and Lodgings Allowance of £8.00 per week pending removal. Mortgage advances and guarantees also available in certain circumstances.

Applications (NO FORMS) together with the names and addresses of two referees to the County Librarian, County Library, County Hall, Aylesbury, Bucks, to be received by the 7th February, 1975, from whom further details may be obtained.

Assistant Librarian

South Northamptonshire District

AP 1/3 £1,765-£2,767 (including threshold)

Applicants should have passed at least Part 1 of their professional examinations for this post. Duties are those normal for a first professional post in a lending library.

The District is situated in a rural part of the County and the ability to drive would be an advantage.

Application forms are available from the Personnel Officer, County Secretary's Department, County Hall, George Row, Northampton, telephone 34833, ext. 5237. Closing date 31 January, 1975.

Northamptonshire Libraries

METROPOLITAN BOROUGH OF TRAFFORD
LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN

SO1 (£3,201-£3,573)

The person appointed will be responsible for the service to 127 schools in the borough. This post requires a Chartered Librarian with relevant experience and initiative who can maintain and expand this recently established service. Duties will include staff management, book selection and liaison with teachers.

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN (Children)

LIBRARIAN'S SCALE

Suitably qualified librarians are invited to apply for this post within the Stretford Division of the Library Service. Responsibilities will include the general administration of the Children's Libraries, including book selection, class visits and story hours.

Application forms and further details from Mr. B. Delve, Assistant Borough Librarian, telephone 061-872 6133 (extension 15).

Completed forms should be returned to Mr. J. W. H. Watters, Borough Librarian, Birch House, Talbot Road, Manchester M16 0GH, by 10th February.

H. W. D. SCULTHORPE
Chief Executive Officer and Town Clerk.

AN FORAS NÁISIÚNTA UM ARDOIDEACHAS LUIMNEACH
THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR HIGHER EDUCATION LIMERICK

There is rapid development in the Library Services on the new 120 acre riverside campus. High-level data processing facilities are available, circulation control is computerised, the catalogue is in process of conversion to a machine base. The Library is responsible for the utilisation and production of information media on the campus.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN 1

This post would suit a recently qualified graduate librarian who will be given the opportunity to work in all areas of Library Services. Applications from candidates with a computer technology qualification would be especially welcome.

Salary £2,290–£2,703

Application material available from the Personnel Office, The National Institute for Higher Education, Limerick, should be completed and returned by Friday, 7 February, 1975.

UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN
Trinity College

DEPUTY LIBRARIAN

A new post of Deputy Librarian, responsible for the coordination of the departments of the Library, for staff appointments and organization of staff training, and for the central services of the Library.

Applications are invited from graduates with wide experience in an academic library of reader services and technical services work, and at Sub-Librarian (or equivalent) level of staff organization.

Salary will be in the range £4,886 p.a.-£6,120 p.a. plus marriage and children's allowances paid by the College. There is a non-contributory pension scheme (transfers can be made from FSSU and other pension schemes).

Further particulars may be obtained from the Staff Secretary, Trinity College, Dublin 2. Applications for this post should reach the Staff Secretary by Friday, 21st February, 1975.

Librarian

In Government Departments

There are vacancies in the following Government Departments for candidates with good qualifications and some practical experience, expecting to obtain professional qualifications in the Winter 1974 examinations will be considered.

MINISTRY OF DEFENCE
Army Library Service, York.
Defence Operational Analysis Establishment, Bylleet, Surrey.
Royal Army Medical College, Millbank, London.
DEPARTMENT OF THE ENVIRONMENT
Transport and Road Research Laboratory, Crowthorne, Berkshire.
(Part-time applicants considered).
HOME OFFICE
Library, Central London (2 posts).

Further vacancies may arise in these or other Departments.

SALARY (Inner London) : around £2,300 to £3,110 less elsewhere. Starting salary may be above the minimum. Promotion prospects. Non-contributory pension scheme.

For full details and an application form to be returned by 5 February, 1975) write to Civil Service Commission, Alencon Link, Basingstoke, Hants, RG21 1JB, or telephone BASINGSTOKE 29222 (after 5.00 500 (or, for 24 hour answering service, 01-839 1992). Please quote G(A)624/2.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
LIBRARY SERVICE

IF YOUR HEART'S IN THE RIGHT PLACE, THE RIGHT PLACE IS IN HERTS.

We are now able to invite applications for three posts which offer opportunities for individual initiative. The [illegible] appointed must be prepared to promote and expand the use

Assistant Librarian, County Library Headquarters; a post concerned with such specialist services as the Drama Collection, the County Local History Collection and supervision of the service to W.E.A. classes.

Assistant Librarian i/c Tring Library; Tring is a town in the west of Hertfordshire with a population of nearly 10,000 and is at present served by an inadequate library. There is, however, a strong possibility of new premises within the next two years.

Trailer Librarian, North Watford; the trailer library visits ten service points throughout the [illegible] of Watford. Total issues are in the region of 9,000 per month. It is felt that the right applicant will find scope for re-planning.

Minimum qualification part I of the Library Association Examination. Salary within Grade A.P. II/III plus threshold payment.

For details contact Alan White, the Personnel Officer, Hertfordshire Library Service, Library Headquarters, County Hall, Hertford—telephone number Hertford 4242 ext 5497.

Applications within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

HERTFORDSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
LIBRARY SERVICE

CARE TO CHANGE YOUR TUNE?

Our library at CHESHUNT has a vacancy for an

Assistant Librarian

with responsibility for Music

The Assistant will work in harmony with seven other professional Librarians offering a wide-ranging service to the Cheshunt area and have a particular interest in the Music Library and its care of records, books and sheet music.

Minimum qualification: Part 1 of the Library Association Examination. Salary within Grade A.P. II/III plus threshold payment. For details contact Alan White, the Personnel Officer, Hertfordshire Library Service, Library Headquarters, County Hall, Hertford. Telephone number, Hertford 54242, ext. 5497. Applications within 14 days.

APPOINTMENTS

DUDLEY METROPOLITAN BOROUGH

LEISURE AND RECREATION
Libraries Division

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

SMALL SERVICE POINTS
Salary Librarians' Scale : £1,608-£2,538 plus threshold

Assistant to the Small Service Points Librarian required to help with the management and control of the 12 libraries, 2 mobile libraries, library transport services and services to housebound readers, old peoples' homes and hospitals throughout the Metropolitan Borough. Starting point depending on qualifications and experience. Casual user car allowance, assistance with removal expenses and housing.

Apply to Director of Leisure and Recreation, 3, St. James's Road, Dudley, West Midlands, DY1 1HU. Telephone : Dudley 58321, ext. 32 or 33. Telex 339831, for an application form and further details.

Closing date : 5th February, 1975.

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

Within Librarians Scale — Maximum £2,538 p.a. Minimum £2,055 p.a. for Chartered Librarian. Plus threshold agreement.

Qualified Librarians required to join a professional team at Denton Park Area Library. In association with the Children's Librarian for the City he/she will be involved in developing work with children in the West area of the City.

Fringe benefits include 100 per cent removal expenses, temporary lodging allowance, reimbursement of legal fees, incidental expenses, furniture storage expenses, and mortgage facilities may be available.

Application forms are available from and should be returned to the City Personnel Officer, Civic Centre, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 2BM (Telephone 28520) by 5th February, 1975.

City of NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

Metropolitan Borough of WIRRAL

DEPARTMENT OF LEISURE SERVICES

SCHOOLS LIBRARIAN

£2,880-£3,201

The successful candidate, who must be a suitably experienced Chartered Librarian, will be a member of the Young People's Service Team responsible for providing a school library loan service to 191 schools and will be based at Bebington Library.

Application forms from the Director of Leisure Services, 8 Riversdale Road, West Kirby, Merseyside returnable by 7 February.

IAN G. HOLT
Chief Executive

Normal Local Government Conditions of Service apply including payment of Threshold agreements.

National Library of Australia

Following the adoption by the Australian Government of the report of the Scientific and Technological Information Services Enquiry Committee (STISEC), which identified the need for Australia to formulate a national information policy and to improve its library and information services, the National Library has been designated as the national focal point for UNISIST (World Science Information System) and for ALBIS (Australian Library Based Information System) and is creating the first of its subject units – ANSTEL (Australian National Scientific and Technological Library).

These developments make it possible for Australia to pioneer a cost effective voluntarily based library and information system over the whole field of knowledge using traditional and computer-based services.

The National Library is seeking suitably qualified librarians and information scientists to fill senior vacancies in subject areas, as follows:

Information, Reference and Research Branch

Director $A17,776

The current duties of this position may be reviewed in the light of the proposals to develop library and information services to the humanities and the arts; current duties at present involve the operational direction and planning and policy formulation in the Branch.

Librarian Class 2 $A10,002-11,039
(ERIC) Educational Research Information Centre

Australian Library Based Information System (ALBIS)

Director $A17,776

Current duties include responsibility for surveys and feasibility studies for an Australian national library based information system.

Principal Librarian $A13,793-14,762
(two positions)

Librarian Class 3 $A11,478-12,794
Science and Technology

Librarian Class 3 $A11,478-12,794
Social Sciences

Librarian Class 3 $A11,478-12,794
Humanities and the Arts

Librarian Class 3 $A11,478-12,794
General

Australian National Scientific and Technological Library (ANSTEL)

Director of ANSTEL

(First Assistant Director-General) – $A21,417
Promote industrial, scientific and technological development throughout Australia by encouraging maximum utilisation of the National Library's extensive multi-disciplinary and inter-disciplinary collections in Science and Technology and maximum co-operation between the National Library and other bodies able and willing to contribute to national library and information services.

Librarian Class 3 $A11,478-12,794

Librarian Class 2 $A10,002-11,039
(two positions)

(At present exchange rate £1.00 = $A1.76)

Qualifications

Successful applicants will have proven ability to respond to a developing technology and substantial experience appropriate to the level of post offered. It is important that applicants also have a university degree in one of the subject areas indicated *and* professional qualifications in Librarianship or Information Science.

First-class air travel may be provided for selected applicants and their dependants and married appointees may be paid a living allowance until permanently accommodated.

Applications from both men and women are invited; please write giving full details of academic/professional qualifications and experience, indicating the area of activity which particularly interests you, to: The Recruitment Officer, Public Service Board, Canberra House, 10-16 Maltravers Street, London WC2R 3EH.

Closing date: 15 February 1975.

DREWING INDUSTRY RESEARCH FOUNDATION
Nutfield, Surrey

LIBRARIAN

The Foundation requires a Librarian immediately for work in the Archives Section. This post involves firstly, maintenance of a substantial library covering the fields of Technical Brewing, Chemistry and Biological Sciences and secondly, responsibility for an information service to the industry.

The post is suitable for someone leaving library school and who has, for example, one year's experience in an industrial library. Though a degree would be preferable it is not essential and more regard will be paid to ability in languages particularly German.

The commencing salary will be in the range £1,686-£2,207 per annum, and the post will be superannuated. Applications should be sent to the Administrative Manager, to arrive not later than 10th February 1975. Telephone No. Nutfield Ridge 2272.

City of Salford

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

LIBRARIAN

Grade Librarians—£1,536-£2,187 Bar-£2,538 p.a. plus threshold payment of £229 p.a.

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian at North Salford High School, Leicester Road, Salford 7. Applicants should be qualified Librarians and should preferably have wide experience in library work.

The person appointed will be expected to perform the full range of library duties and will be required to make a positive contribution to the development of the library and resources centre in the school. A Chartered Librarian will be paid at least £2,085.

Further particulars will be forwarded with applications. Post Reference Number 738.

This post is permanent, superannuable and subject to medical examination.

Commencing salary will be related to experience and qualifications. Application forms are obtainable from The Personnel Manager, Salford Civic Centre, Swinton M27 5AD to whom they should be returned by 7th February, 1975.

Please quote post reference number.

CONFEDERATION OF BRITISH INDUSTRY
Library

BIBLIOGRAPHER

Applications are invited for this senior post. It is principally concerned with stock selection policy and bibliography in specialised aspects of economics, public administration, law and industrial affairs and would suit someone experienced in the policy-oriented research literature of these fields. A sound knowledge of Government publishing and a grasp of Parliamentary procedure is necessary. A working knowledge of French is desirable.

This post is both stimulating and challenging, requiring self-reliance, flair and adaptability. The library is itself in a phase of consolidation although operating against a background of rapid change.

Salary dependent upon age and experience, in the region of £3,000 per annum.

Applications to the Personnel Manager, CBI, 21 Tothill Street, London SW1H 9LP.

Oldham Metropolitan Borough

LIBRARIES, ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN (A.P.4.)

Applications are invited for the above post from Chartered Librarians with good general experience in children's library work.

The major part of the job is the efficient and imaginative administration of the Central Children's Library, but also involves some stock editing at certain smaller libraries in the Borough.

Application forms and full details of the post may be obtained from the Director, Central Library, Union Street, Oldham OL1 1DN to whom applications must be returned by 4th February, 1975.